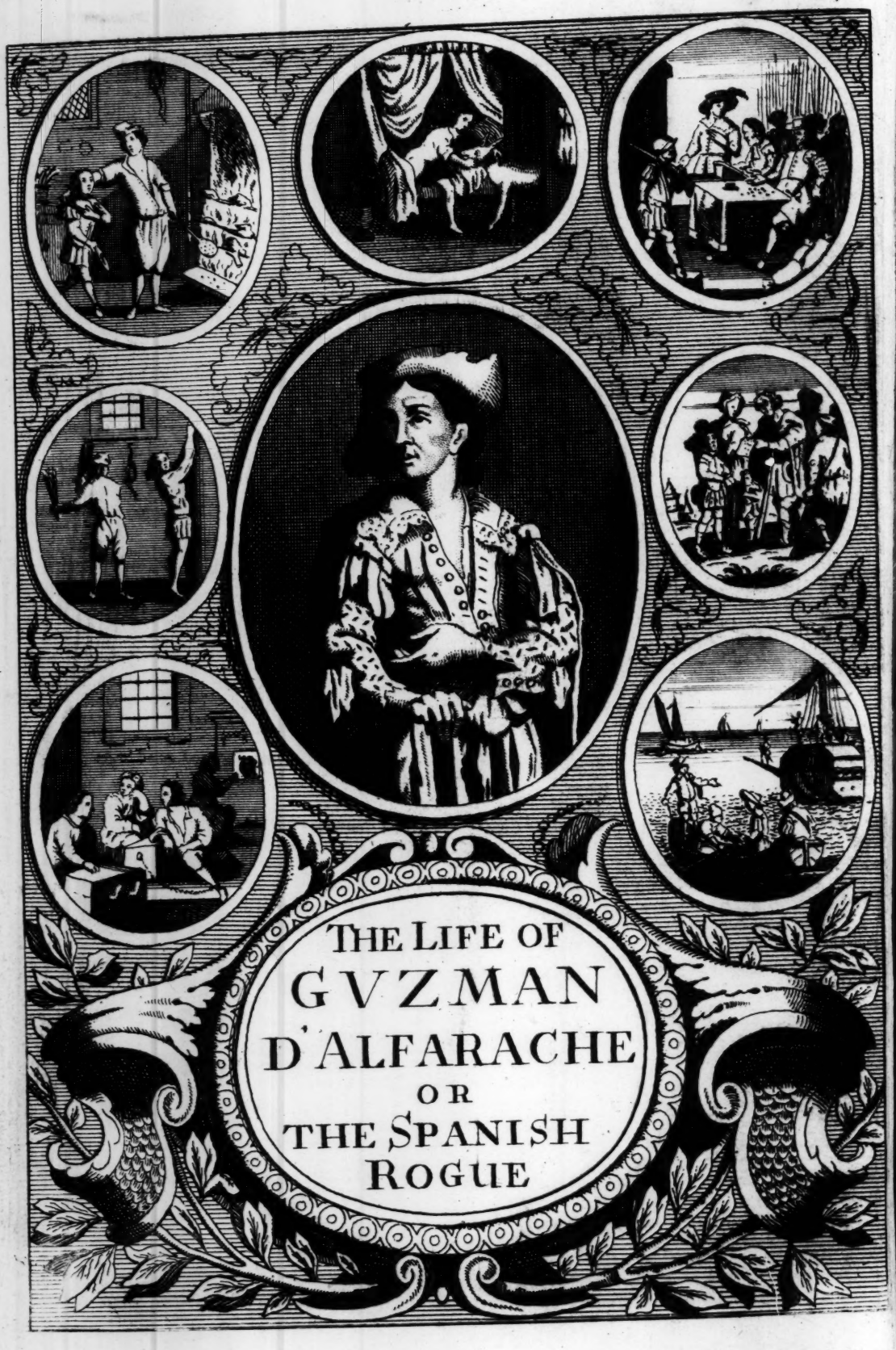

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THE LIFE OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE OR THE SPANISH ROGUE

THE

LIFE

OF

Guzman d'Alfarache:

OR, THE

SPANISH ROGUE.

To which is added,

The Celebrated Tragi-Comedy,

CELESTINA.

In Two Volumes.

Written in *Spaniſh*

By MATEO ALEMAN.

Done into *Engliſh* from the *New French* Verſion, and compar'd with the Original.

By ſeveral Hands.

Adorn'd with Sculptures by Gaſpar Bouttats.

VOL. I.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bonwick*, *W. Freeman*, *T. Goodwin*, *J. Walthoe*, *M. Wotton*, *J. Nicholſon*, *S. Manſhip*, *R. Parker*, *B. Tooke*, and *R. Smith*. 1708.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord Marqueſs

OF

MOUNT-HERMER.

My LORD,

THere's no need of acquainting Your *Lordſhip* with the Character of the following Treatiſe, which ſeems at firſt View to be deſign-

ed only for the Diverſion of the *People.* But whoever looks into it, will find the Author intended it for the Inſtruction, as well as the Pleaſure, of all Mankind.

Your *Lordſhip* is too well read, in both Ancient and Modern Learning, to receive any Light from us, in what concerns the *Belles Lettres.* And we ſhall be proud of the Honour of Entertaining You in ſome of Your Gayer Minutes, when You relieve Your Serious Studies with Things pleaſant and amuſing. Though we muſt be ſo Juſt to our Author, as to declare, That, beſides the Pleaſantry of the Story, there are as many uſeful

Reflections, with as much Ingenious Satyr, applicable to the Common Errors of Humane Life, in this, as in any Book whatſoever; notwithſtanding its Air is not ſo Solemn and Severe, as that of ſome of our *Moral Eſſays.*

The Reputation it is in Abroad, where it has found Admittance into the Cabinets of the moſt Learned and moſt Curious of the Politer Nations, ever ſince it was publiſh'd, ſhews, 'tis ſomething more than the Mean Hiſtory of a Vulgar *Sharper*; and that the Name of *Guzman* is only made uſe of, to deſcribe the *Manners* of ſeveral

Perſons of much better Condition than *d'Alfarache*. But Your *Lordſhip* will ſoon diſcover all this, without any Intimation from us; and 'tis ſufficient that we are forgiven for approaching You in this Way, without preſuming to interrupt You with a tedious Diſcourſe of the Goodneſs of our Author, whoſe Merit and Fame ſpeak more for him, than we can ſay in his Vindication.

Your *Lordſhip* will, we hope, find we are not too Partial in our Judgment; and though we cannot pretend to have preſerv'd all the Beauties of the *Original*, we may venture to affirm, there's enough

enough left to divert a Man, who is willing to be diverted.

Your *Lordſhip*'s High Birth, and Illuſtrious Alliance, place You in the Firſt Rank of the *Britiſh* Nobility; and Your Inclination to *Letters* and *Arts*, gives us the Promiſe, that You will be their *Protector*: They cannot hope for a more powerful One, and they never ſtood more in need of Protection.

If You are pleas'd to allow it to the *Tranſlation* of this Treatiſe, it will raiſe its Fortune above that of the *Original*: And whatever Cauſe Don *Aleman* had to complain of his Fate, the Tran-

ſlation will have as much Reaſon to boaſt of theirs, and be as Happy as he was Unfortunate. I am, with all imaginable Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Humble,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Devoted Servant,

J. Savage.

THE English Translators PREFACE.

THERE *is hardly any Language in* Europe *that knows not* Guzman; *and the* Spaniſh Rogue *is as much talk'd of, as if there was no other in the World: But, Alas! Don* Alfarache *is only an* Allegory *for all Mankind to learn by, or, at leaſt, in his Time 'twas a General Character for Particulars to ſee their own Pictures in; and there were few of the* Saints *of thoſe Days, but one Part or another of his Cloathing would fit them. We have the Happineſs to live in another Age;* Rogues, *thank our Stars, are as ſcarce now, as honeſt Men were in* Guzman's *Time. 'Tis a terrible Thing to think of ſo great a* Raſcal *as this* Alfarache. *How like a Monſter he would look at the* Royal-Exchange, Weſtminſter-Hall, St. James's Park? *People would be frighted at the Sight of him, as Children are with*

with Raw-head *and* Bloody-bones. *But, however, we will venture a little. 'Tis but to make them Start at firſt, they'l grow Familiar with him afterwards, and Ten to One, before they have read the Book out, they cry,* I ſee no Harm in him, 'tis the Way of the World. Every Body lives by his Wits, who would not be Rich and Happy if he could? Where's the Hurt if a Man can raiſe himſelf from a Dunghill to ride in his Coach, and be carried about in his Chair by better Men than himſelf. No Man's a Rogue that has Money in his Pocket. *Theſe are fine* Morals, *are they not? They are common enough we own; hardly a Gameſter, a Uſurer, a— But 'tis to no purpoſe to enter upon Particulars; hardly a Thriving Fellow in any Buſineſs but has theſe* Ethicks *by Heart; yet, as fine as they are, they brought* Guzman *to the Gallies, and we wonder his Diſciples eſcape ſo well as they do. As to this* Tranſlation *of him, 'tis not from the* Spaniſh *only, as our old dry* Engliſh Guzman *was, but faithfully done from a New* Verſion *in* French: *In which, all that was Tedious in the* Spaniſh *is left out, and all that was Pleaſant kept in. But let the* French *Tranſlator juſtify himſelf in this Caſe: He ſays in his* Preface, *with an Aſſurance, as if he could command Applauſe:* I dare ſay there are many good Things in this Tranſlation, becauſe they are none of my own, and ſome bad Ones, which I am not bound to vindicate And whoever lays them to my Charge, will do me Wrong: For, without Vanity be it ſpoken,

there

there would have been many more of the Latter, If I had not Abridg'd and Clipt them. I have alſo added ſeveral new Turns of Thought and Expreſſion, that the Whole might look with a Modern Air. 'Tis no eaſy Thing to make a *Spaniſh* Suit fit a *French-man*, eſpecially an old One. The *Antipathy* between the Two *Nations* appears in every Thing. Though this Book is not proper for Lent and Holidays, it will do well in Carnaval-time. 'Tis fitted to all Shapes and Sizes. A Saddle for every Horſe: A Man need but try it, and ſeveral Men, who believe 'twas made for others, will find the Coat ſits as well upon them, as if the Taylor had cut it out by their own Meaſure. The Misfortune is, every one believes he is Tall and Well-ſhap'd, and yet there are hardly any but Crooked and Hump-back'd Men in the World. There is no Man but looks on himſelf with Pleaſure and Admiration, and on others, only to Laugh and Rail at them. This is the Truth of the Matter. We can't Correct it; and he that would ſet up for a *Reformer*, will find he has a hard Task on't. I do not think my Author could hope for Succeſs, he knew Mankind too well, and was himſelf too wiſe to fancy he could make others ſo. Wherefore following his Example, I am, dear Reader, your moſt Humble and moſt Obedient, *&c. What can we add to the* French *Tranſlator herein? We have given the World a juſt,*

and

and hope a new entertaining Tranſlation. We found as much good Senſe and more Pleaſantry, as much Reflection and more Wit, in his Guzman, *than in the Original* Spaniſh. *True, his Reflections are not ſpun out to ſo much Length, but they compriſe as much Reaſon in fewer Words; and the Book, as he has manag'd it, is both more agreeable and more inſtructive. For whoever reads the Life of* Alfarache, *ſhould not do it as an Amuſement only; but conſider all along, that 'tis rather a* Fable *than a* Hiſtory. *Under the Perſon of* Guzman, *is meant ſeveral ſorts of Rogues whom we meet with in the World; and the Author having ſet a Mark by which we ſhould know them, we may the better avoid them. The* Great, *eſpecially, may ſee the Inconvenience of ſuch ſort of Servants as flatter them in their Pleaſures, make Vice eaſy, and bring Ruin on thoſe that truſt them.*

The Novels *that are intermix'd with the Story, were intended by the* Spaniſh *Author to relieve its Tediouſneſs, which, however, wants no Relief: For 'tis equally Uſeful and Diverting. We ſhall ſay no more of the Original, having this fair Recommendation of his Work from Gentlemen of his own Country, That the Author Don* Aleman *was a Perſon who had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by his Merit. Don* Luys de Valdes *tells us in his* Elogium, *printed before the* Spaniſh *Edition of* Guzman, There never was a poorer Scholar, a richer Mind, nor a more perplex'd Life than his. He preferr'd being a poor Philoſopher, before the

Character

The *Engliſh* Tranſlators Preface.

Reader before he comes at it: For which Reaſon, we omit much more than has been ſaid already, and leave the Work to ſpeak for it ſelf.

THE

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THE Life and Adventures of *Lazarillo de Tormes:* Written by himſelf. Tranſlated from the Original *Spaniſh*, and illuſtrated with Twenty curious Copper Cuts. In Two Parts, in *Twelves.*

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Character of a wealthy Flatterer. He ſerv'd *Philip* the Second in ſeveral conſiderable Employs, and left his Service, becauſe he could not conform himſelf to the evil Practiſes by which he ſaw others enrich themſelves. He behav'd himſelf ſo uprightly in all the Places he enjoy'd, that he got nothing but Eſteem by it. He ruin'd his Health by his great Application to his Studies. His Fame was as much celebrated in *Italy*, *France*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*, as in his own Country. His Name was hardly ever mention'd without ſome pompous Epithet, and many ſtil'd him the *Spaniſh Divine*. In leſs than Three Years Time he ſaw his Works tranſlated into ſeveral Languages. I have heard, *continues he*, of Twenty ſix Impreſſions of his Book, which in all contain'd Fifty thouſand Copies. The Univerſity of *Salamanca* might boaſt of *Mateo Aleman*, as *Athens* of *Demoſthenes*, or *Rome* of *Cicero*; and an *Auguſtine* Fryer at a Publick Act in that Academy declar'd, There never was a Book of greater Uſe, both for its Morality and Delight, than the Life of *Guzman*. One *Mateo Lujan*, tempted by the Applauſe given the True *Mateo Aleman*, publiſh'd a Second Part to it; but 'twas ſoon diſcover'd to be written by another Hand, and it accordingly met with different Succeſs. *Aleman* was then buſy'd in wri-ing the Life of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, which he did, in Performance of a Vow made to write it on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickneſs. *We find*

find another Elogium *in* Spaniſh, *before the Life of* Guzman, *written by Don* Alphonſo de Barros; *who, after very great Commendations of the Work, both as to its Pleaſure and Profit, writes thus:* The Life of our Hiſtorian, *Mateo Aleman*, was as Inſtructive as his Book. For he was very far from being ſuch a ſort of Perſon, as he inſinuates in his Hiſtory. He was bred up in the Study of the *Belles Lettres* from his Youth, and, while a Boy, was never out of ſome Employment or other; ſo that his Life can by no means be charg'd with Idleneſs in any Part of it. When he left the Court, and the laſt Place he held there, which he ſaid related to State Affairs and the Miniſtry, 'twas that he might have more Time to follow his Studies; and having afterwards Leiſure for ſuch a Work, he undertook this. He has follow'd *Horace*'s Rule, in mingling the *Utile* and the *Dulce* together. His main Deſign was to Inſtruct; and all the Reward he expected for his Labour, was the Pleaſure of having been ſerviceable to the Publick. Children have the ſame Obligation to him, as they have to their Fathers who take care of their Education, and ſhew them how to live in the World; and Fathers may learn here how to inſtruct their Children, and teach them to avoid thoſe Rocks which lie in their Way, and threaten them with Deſtruction. *But if we ſhould ſay all that has been ſaid of this Author, and his Book, by his Country-men and others, we might tire the*

Reader

THE CONTENTS OF THE First BOOK.

Chap. I. GUZMAN *tells who and what his Father was; discoursing by the by, of Detractors and Backbiters; of unconscionable Traders; of unjust Judges; of wicked Notaries; and at length takes Notice, That over-nice Dressing is ill in a Woman, but worse in a Man.* Page 1

Chap. II. Guzman *goes on with an Account of his Parents, and tells who his Mother was; describing, for our better Instruction, the evil Condition and bad Qualities of a lewd Woman; of Bawds; of a Sensual and Lascivious Man; and concludes, that dishonest Love is the Ruin of a Man's Honour, Estate and Life.* 24

Chap. III. Guzman *leaves his Mother's House, and, by the way, discourses on the Torments of Hunger: Afterwards he tells you what befel him with an Hostess, recounting many notable Instances of ill Government.* 46

Chap. IV. Guzman *tells the* Muleteer *what had befallen him with his Hostess, and reflects upon unnecessary Laughter. Then he tells you Two short Tales; One of a Courtous Physician, and the other how Two Soldiers serv'd his Hostess; and, at last, falls into a Learned Discourse about pardoning of Injuries.* 57

Chap. V. Guzman *tells how he and the* Muleteer *eat several Parts of a young Mule, having it impos'd upon them by his Host at* Cantillana *for Veal: And afterward proceeds to shew the many Rascally Tricks that wicked Hosts put upon poor Travellers.* 63

Chap. VI. Guzman *goes on, and tells how the Villany of his Host of* Cantillana *came to be discover'd; and what afterwards befel him and the said Host.* 70

Chap. VII. *Man's Misfortunes are here discours'd of; and for that purpose, a Story told of the Gods of ancient Times. Then* Guzman *tells you, how he was apprehended for a Thief, and by what Means he came to be releas'd. Lastly, one of the Gentlemen promises to tell a Story, which you have in the following Chapter.* Page 79

Chap. VIII. *The Amour of* Ozmin *and* Daraxa. *A* Novel. 91

The Second BOOK.

Chap. I. GUzman, *in his way from* Cazalla *to* Madrid, *speaks of the bad State and Condition of a miserable Man; and thence takes Occasion to Discourse gravely on the Consequences of Want, Shame, Castles in the Air, and the like: And at last, tells how he came to serve an Innkeeper, with the wicked Dispositions of that sort of People.* Page 237

Chap. II. Guzman *leaves his Host, and goes a begging towards* Madrid, *where being arriv'd, he continues that Employment; and having learn'd other Arts, falls at last upon a Discourse of Vain Honour.* 249

Chap. III. Guzman *goes on with his Discourse against Vain Honour; and, at last, comes to speak of Persons in High Posts, and their mean Extraction.* 255

Chap. IV. Guzman *gives you a long and witty Discourse, of his own Invention, against the Vanity of Honour; touching, by the by, on the Vices of Servants, Shopkeepers, Notaries, Proctors, Judges, Artificers, Apothecaries, Physicians and Lawyers.* 264

Chap. V. Guzman *tells how he serv'd a Cook; and, by and by, takes occasion to reflect upon several Professions. He condemns Gaming and Gamesters. He relates a small Theft of his. He discovers the Rogueries of Stewards, Cooks, Butlers, and other such-like Officers; and acquaints you how much Great Men are commonly abus'd by their Servants. He speaks of Kings, and their miserable State; and shews the Vanity of Inferiours contending with Superiours. At last, he condemns those Masters that use their Servants ill, and tells the ill Consequence of it.* Page 272

Chap. VI. Guzman *goes on, and tells what pass'd farther between him and his Master, till he was dismiss'd his Service.*

He

He takes an Occaſion to condemn Idleneſs and ill Company. He recounts the Spoils and Trophies of Cooks, and relates a pleaſant Paſſage between him and his Miſtreſs. Page 292

Chap. VII. Guzman *takes up the Basket again, and makes many uſeful moral Reflections on Mankind. At laſt, by means of a Theft, he got a great deal of Money, and left* Madrid. 30

Chap. VIII. Guzman *tells how he arriv'd at* Madrid, *and ſet up for a Gallant there; that having two Intrigues, they both ſucceeded unproſperouſly, and that at length quitting that City, he was ſerv'd a ſcurvy Trick at* Malagon. 320

Chap. IX. Guzman *tells the Meaning of a certain Proverb; and after proceeds to ſhew how he was liſted for a Soldier, yet refus'd by the Commiſſary. He thence takes occaſion to reflect on the Abuſes of that and other Poſts; and at laſt comes to ſpeak of Want of Money, and the Conſequences of it.* 346

Chap. X. Guzman *ſets forth the Diſadvantages of one that is decay'd in his Fortune, and how difficult it is for an honeſt Man to get into any Employment. He acquaints you, how he ſupplied his Captains Neceſſities by his Rogueries; and afterwards, how he came with him to* Genoa, *where he diſcharg'd him, notwithſtanding his former Services, meerly becauſe of the Dangers he expos'd him to.* 357

The Third BOOK.

Chap. I. GUzman *diſcourſes of Riches and Poverty, and the Effects of both. Then he proceeds to tell how he was rejected by his Relations, and what Trick he had play'd him while he was in queſt of them; and how at laſt he took the Road directly towards* Rome. 371

Chap. II. Guzman, *in his Journey towards* Rome, *diſcourſes of his Parſimony and good Husbandry; and at length tells you how, upon his Arrival at his Journeys end, he turn'd Beggar again; and what Inſtructions he had from an old Proficient, who communicated to him the Laws and Ordinances of that Fraternity, which he acquaints you with.* 386

Chap. III. Guzman *tells you of ſome new Laws he learn'd; and how he was ſerv'd for begging at an unſeaſonable Hour, and afterwards laugh'd at by an old Proficient, who inſtructed him better: Then he acquaints you with the daily Practiſes and*

Exer-

Exercise both of himself and his Companions, whereby they got wherewithal to live, not only plentifully, but luxuriously. Page 395

Chap. IV. Guzman *Discourses of Charity, and the many Benefits of it. Then he tells, how he came to be reliev'd by a certain Nobleman, who thought his Act meritorious. Afterwards he proceeds to shew what a free Life and Liberty a Beggar enjoys* 400

Chap. V. Guzman *tells a strange Story of one of his Profession, and then proceeds to cry up a Beggars Life in Opposition to all others. At length he acquaints you, how he was serv'd at* Gaeta *for Counterfeiting.* 405

Chap. VI. Guzman *discourses of Alms-giving, and the many Advantages of it: And then tells you how, upon his return to* Rome *and falling to his old Trade of Begging, he was taken in by a Cardinal, pretending to have a sore Leg, who order'd him to be cur'd by two Surgeons, who agreeing with him, impos'd on his Eminence, and got a great deal of Money. He lastly acquaints you how, being cured, the Cardinal took a fancy to him, and made him his Page.* 412

Chap. VII. Guzman *speaks of the many Changes in this World, and laments his own late Change of Life, as not comparable to the Condition of a Beggar. He tells you several little Thefts of his; and at last acquaints you with one that he was soundly lash'd for, which, however, he sufficiently reveng'd on the Executioner.* 420

Chap. VIII. Guzman *tells, how he reveng'd the Cardinal's Gentleman-Usher upon his Secretary: And afterwards acquaints you with a notable Theft of his, which had like to have cost him his Place; but his Eminence retain'd him out of meer Charity, in hopes he might have an Opportunity to teach him better, and prevent, if possible, his utter Destruction.* 427

Chap. IX. Guzman *speaks of Charity in relation to the Cardinal; and then shews the Inconveniencies of Masters being over-rigorous and unkind to their Servants. He next tells you another Theft of his, and how well he came off. Afterwards he proceeds to treat of Gaming, and shews the Rogueries of it. Here he tells a pleasant Story; and at last, having recommended some Laws for Gaming, acquaints you how he was dismiss'd the Cardinal's Service, and on what Condition he was to return into it.* 436

Chap. X. Guzman *goes into the* Spanish *Ambassador's Service, and tells you what Tricks he play'd there; and above all, one very pleasant one that he serv'd a* Frenchman, *and another that he play'd a* Cordouan. 451

Chap. XI. *The* Amour *of Count* Palviano *and* Eleonor. *A Novel.* 460

THE LIFE and ACTIONS Of the Famous *SPANISH ROGUE* Guzman d'Alfarache.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Guzman *tells who and what his Father was; discoursing by the by, of Detractors and Backbiters; of unconscionable Traders; of unjust Judges; of wicked Notaries; and at length takes Notice, That over-nice Dressing is ill in a Woman, but worse in a Man.*

I Was so desirous, Courteous Reader, to relate to thee the Adventures of my Life, that without allowing my self Latitude enough, I had like to have passed by what is the very *Basis* of it, the sooner to engage thee in the Reading my Story; but over and above that it was altogether essential to my

Diſcourſe, I ſhould thereby have expoſed my ſelf to ſome *Sophiſt* or other, who would have been apt to have accuſed me of not proceeding *à Definitione ad Definitum*, from the *Definition* to the *Thing Defind*; that is to ſay, of not telling who my Parents were, and of how uncertain an Origin, before I came to ſpeak of my ſelf. 'Tis true, I have a great deal to ſay on this firſt Head, and if I had a mind to enlarge into Particulars, might, perhaps, afford a more ſatisfactory Entertainment by ſuch a Relation, than by any Account I can give of my own Actions; but I ſhall content my ſelf with what is moſt important, and paſs by the reſt as either unneceſſary or improper for me to tell. Let ſome other leſs Scrupulous Perſon beat that Buſh for me; for my part, I care not ſo far to participate of the Nature of the *Hyena*, as to unearth the Dead to procure my ſelf Suſtenance; and let me tell you, as there have never wanted Cenſurers in the World, ſo no doubt my Parents will never want Chroniclers. However, in the little I have to ſay of them, you will poſſibly be apt to imagine I ſay too much, and be ready to call me Fool or Blockhead for dwelling ſo long on other People's Defects, while I take ſo little notice of my own. This I allow to be true; yet give me leave to procure my ſelf as good a Character with you as I can, ſince certainly to boaſt of Wickedneſs is much worſe than to be really wicked. You muſt likewiſe believe, if I acquieſce in that Holy Command which enjoins me to honour my Parents, it is becauſe I have Hopes their Frailties may conceal mine: Not that I have a mind to ſecure my Reputation at the Expence of another Man's, though that be a common Thing to do, but only to render my Faults the more excuſable, ſince certainly one diſcovers ones own Weakneſs whenever one expoſes that of ones Neighbour. I own Slanderers are ever blameable; but I hope that Crime will be never juſtly imputed to me, in regard of my Parents, ſince what I have to

ſay

ſay of them will be always ſo artificially ſet off, that whoever ſhall read it, will be apt to cry, *Bleſſed be the Man who knows ſo well how to gloſs the Crimes of his Anceſtors.* Nevertheleſs, to ſpeak truth, their Story is ſo well known, and their Actions have made ſo great a Noiſe in the World, that 'twould be meer madneſs in me to go about to excuſe them; and therefore to do them the greater Service, or rather Juſtice, I muſt relate all Matters concerning them according to the very Text, wherein, however, I ſhall give the Lie to ſeveral Commentators upon their Lives, who, as often as they have had occaſion to mention them, have never failed to add ſeveral Articles of their own Invention, which have always been to their Diſadvantage, but never to their Credit. Thus the greateſt part of the World goes, and thus it fell out with a Gentleman, a Stranger, who I my ſelf knew at *Madrid.* He was a great Lover of Horſes, having two the fineſt for Shape that could be imagin'd. Theſe he would have willingly tranſported to his own Country, but it being againſt the Law, he reſolved to have them painted, that he might at leaſt have the Satisfaction of ſhewing their Pictures to his Friends. For this purpoſe, he had recourſe to two of the moſt Famous Painters at that time in this City; to each of whom he gave a Horſe to Paint, promiſing, whoever ſhould excell the other, ſhould, over and above the ſtipulated Price, have a generous Gratuity. The two Painters ſet to Work, and one painted the *Sorrel* ſo wonderfully fine, that there wanted only Life and Motion to make him a real Horſe; and he had kept the Likeneſs ſo well, that a Man could hardly diſtinguiſh the Copy from the Original. The other drew the *Dapple-Grey*, which indeed was, in the main, a fine Piece, but came far ſhort of the other in Perfection. This Painter, however, excelled in one thing; for having placed his Horſe in an open Country, he repreſented under him fine Landſcapes, ve-

nerable Ruins, Superbe Antiquities, and divers good Pieces of Modern Architecture, and over him he drew ſome fine Skyſchapes. All about him he left Shrubs, Meads, and ſmall Water-falls: Hard by, and in the corner of the Piece, he hung all manner of Horſe-Furniture on the decayed Trunk of a Tree, placing a Hunting-Saddle at the foot of it, which, for Workmanſhip ſcarce had its Equal. Theſe two Pictures thus finiſh'd, the Gentleman who employed the Painters liked the Performance of the firſt beſt, as he had a great deal of Reaſon to do, paying him not only what he had agreed for, but making him withall a liberal Preſent of a fine Ring. The other Painter obſerving how generouſly his Rival had been dealt by, and conceiving a far greater Opinion of himſelf, demanded an exceſſive Rate for what he had done; which the Gentleman being ſurpriz'd at, ask'd him how he could require ſo much, ſince he ſaw what he had juſt then given for a Piece that was of much greater Value? As for my Brother's Horſe, anſwered this Painter, I have nothing to ſay to it, it may be it may excel mine; but, ſure I am, my Landſchapes and Ruins deſerve alone more than all his Picture. As for your Landſchapes and Ruins, replied the Gentleman, I had no occaſion for them, we have enough of thoſe in our own Country; all I deſired was, a true Repreſentation of the Horſe I gave you to Paint, which, ſince I could not carry away in the Original, I had a mind to ſhew to my Friends in a good Copy. The Painter replied, A Horſe only in ſuch a large Piece as you required of me, would have had but a very poor Effect, and therefore I was obliged to accompany him with ſeveral Ornaments and Accidents that might ſet him off. Alſo, I thought ſo fine a Beaſt, without Bridle and Saddle ready to put on him, would look as mean as a *Beau* without his Equipage, or a fine Lady without her *Toilet*. Now I have taken ſo great Pains, proceeded he, about this

Bridle

Bridle and Saddle, by Embroidering, and the like, that if ten times the Money you gave the other Painter were laid down for them, it would not above half anſwer their Value. The Gentleman hearing all this Bragadochio ſaid, and having already the Picture he deſired, told him frankly, Sir I required only a well painted Horſe from you, for which I am ready to pay you what you can deſire in Reaſon; but as for your Horſe Furniture, your Ornaments and your Accidents, I have no occaſion for them, and therefore deſire you would diſpoſe of them to ſome other Perſon. The Painter hearing what he was to truſt to, and finding the Gentleman reſolved upon what he ſaid, was fain to lower his Price, and take what he could get.

How many People have we now a-days like this Painter, who for their over-doing have been no better recompenſed. A plain ſimple Horſe is only required of them, and they give you him Bridled and Saddled. If you deſire any one to tell you a Story, he'll be ſure to lard it with ſome trifling *Digreſſions* of his own, the better, as he'l acquaint you, to ſet it off. No Horſe, though painted, can be in order, according to theſe Story-Tellers, without a Bridle and Saddle. This is my Father's Caſe, whoſe Life has been impoſed upon by Commentators, who will ever be varying from the Truth: It is the Mode to do ſo; and you ſhall hardly come into any Company where ſomebody or other is not ſlander'd. Scarce any body is ſpared. When you come in, you ſhall be loaded with Compliments and Civilities; and before you go out, be torn to pieces with Flattery, or downright Railing. My Parents were honeſt enough, though againſt whoſe Reputation there might poſſibly be ſomething to be ſaid, as there is againſt moſt People's. Who can be ſo happy as not to be talk'd of? You may imagine, if I had been to chuſe what part of the

Blood of *Adam* I would have deſcended from, it ſhould have gone hard but I would have pitch'd upon the pureſt. But this is not a Matter in our Choice, we muſt not be our own Carvers; every one muſt be content with what Lot has been aſſign'd him. He that has fore-ordained theſe Things knew well what he did, and 'tis not for us to diſpute it. Be his Name for ever bleſſed. If it pleaſed him, I ſhould have natural Failings, yet were I well deſcended, for *La Sangre ſe hereda, y el Vicio ſe apega*, Blood is by Inheritance, whereas Vice is Adventitious. He that is what he ought to be, ſhall be looked upon as he is, and not be obliged to anſwer for the Iniquities of his Parents.

As for my Father and Anceſtors, they were Natives of the *Levant*. They came to ſettle at *Genoa*, and were ingrafted with the *Nobleſſe*, for which Reaſon I ſhall term them *Genoeſes*, tho' in truth they were not born in that Country. Their Employment was ſuch as is generally practiſed by the Gentry of that Commonwealth, *viz.* Exchanging of Monies to all Parts. This got them ſome Reflections, and indeed they were a little accuſed of Uſury. They have often been reproach'd with this Vice to their Faces, but they were a patient, peaceable, mild ſort of People, and took no notice of it. When a Man does well, he need not to value what is ſaid of him, and every Body knows this Trade has been always allow'd, and, for ought I know, ever will be. It is every where practiſed, and, perhaps, on account of our Sins, more here than elſewhere. But what I can never away with, nor pretend to vindicate, is the Cuſtom of lending Money upon Pawns with exceſſive Intereſt, which in a little time, if the Pledge be not withdrawn, ſhall eat it up, and conſume it. This I know is practiſed every Day, but which does not make it leſs Villanous. Another ſort of Roguery there is, called

* *Cam-*

* *Cambio Seco*, or a dry kind of *Exchange*, which finds nothing to anſwer it. Theſe muſt needs be downright Cheats, for we hear the Voice of *Jacob*, but feel the Hands of *Eſau*. Though my Parents were accuſed of theſe and the like Villanies, yet I proteſt, I never ſaw any ſuch Thing by them, and for that Reaſon can abſolve them in my Conſcience. As for what generally goes by the Name of *Exchange*, it may be practiſed either one way or the other, that is, well or ill, and therefore I am not ſurpriz'd if ſome People are reflected upon for their ill Practices that way; but what aſtoniſhes me is, that Perſons ſhould be ſlandered right or wrong, becauſe they deal in a Method that is ſometimes liable to Cenſure. 'Tis true, if I ſaw a Religious Perſon enter a Houſe at Midnight through a Window, with a naked Sword in his Hand, and a Buckler at his Girdle, I could not imagine that Perſon was going to confeſs any Sick Body. But for ſuch a Man as my Father, who prayed daily, frequented Religious Exerciſes, Communicated duely every Month, and Confeſſed himſelf as often as there was occaſion; to think, I ſay, that ſuch a Perſon would be guilty of Hypocriſy, or the Villanous Practices we have been ſpeaking of, were downright Injuſtice and Calumny. I can aſſure you on my Word, he had a large *Roſary* of Fifteen compleat Sections, out of which he was taught to Pray, I mean, in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, and a great *Chaplet* of Beads, whereof each was as big as a Hazle-Nut; and now, to ſuſpect ſuch a Man! Theſe my Mother gave him, which ſhe in like manner had received from hers. This *Roſary*, I can ſafely ſwear, was ſeldom or never out of his Hands; however, no Body can truly judge of the Heart of Man but God, yet you ſhould

* Cambio Seco, *is a Myſtery among Merchants to aſſign over Bills, for Example, from* Antwerp *to* Bezanſon *in* Lorain, *where there is no Trade or Merchandizing, from whence they ſhall be remitted to* Genoa *purely to gain Time for Payment.*

ſee him every Morning at *Maſs*, devoutly kneeling on both Knees, with his Eyes caſt up to Heaven, his Hands lifted up and croſſed upon his Breaſt, and then you ſhould hear ſuch Ejaculations and Sighs fly from his Mouth, as were alone ſufficient to inſpire all around him with true and flaming Devotion. But Slander, when it has a mind to attack any Body, does not ſtick to do it even at the foot of the Altar; and I know not how many reproachful Things were ſaid of him upon this Occaſion: Yet let good and diſintereſted People judge how perverſe and raſh it is to paſs ſo uncharitable a Cenſure on One that appeared ſo truly Religious. All this unkind and unjuſt Uſage which he had from the Inhabitants of *Genoa*, made him reſolve to leave that Place; which he at length did, taking occaſion for his Departure, from the Breaking of one of his Correſpondents at *Sevil*, with whom he was but two much engaged. He embark'd then, with deſign to go and find that Perſon out; but the Ship, wherein he was, being taken by the *Corſairs*, he was made a Slave, and carried with all that were with him to *Algiers*. Now was my poor Father at his Wits ends, very diſconſolate, you may imagine, to think he had not only loſt his Money, but his Liberty to boot. His Fortune, nevertheleſs, was to fall into the Hands of a Rich old *Patron*, who had a young and handſome Wife. My Father, as you'll find by the Sequel, was both well made, and had ſly inſinuating Ways with him, which ſufficiently won on his *Patron*, who put entire Confidence in him, yet had no leſs Influence on his Miſtreſs and Patroneſs. I will not trouble you with the Particulars of this laſt Affair, my Father having never thoroughly acquainted me with them; all I think proper to tell you is, That after a Years Slavery, his *Patron* happening to die, his Miſtreſs propoſed to marry him, and give him all ſhe had got by her Husband's Death, provided he would but turn *Turk*. This was a great Trial for him to undergo,

dergo, but believe me, I have known Several for leſs Advantage run that Riſque, and I could bring you divers Examples, if I pleaſed, of that kind, and thoſe of our own Times; for it has of late been but too common for Men to make their Fortunes at the Expence of Heaven. 'Tis true, my Father was a great Religioniſt, and perfectly Devout, but then he was at *Algiers* a Slave, and, that for ought he knew, during his Life. On the other hand, he ſaw his Miſtreſs both Rich and Beautiful, and tho' the Step he was to take was terrible, it was nevertheleſs ſlippery. In ſhort, he complied with her Requeſt, but tho' he conſented to turn *Turk*, he reſolved not to die ſo. It was only to better his Fortune; and how many have we now a-days that would do the ſame on a leſs Account. How many are there, I ſay, that to ſecure their Fortunes, or acquire better, make a ſhew of one Religion, whilſt in their Hearts they are of a contrary Perſwaſion. I know this is generally condemned, and, it may be, with Reaſon, but it is nevertheleſs commonly practiſed. Intereſt is a ſtrange thing, my Father was ever ſubject to it from his Cradle, and indeed it was the *Lar* or Houſhold-God of his Family. I have often heard him talk of that Generation; for, thanks to my Stars, I never knew them. He would, I ſay, for Converſation's ſake, often tell me, they were a ſort of Animals who loved to get what they could, but would part with nothing: That with them Oaths and Lies coſt little, eſpecially where they were to deny any thing had been entruſted to them: That they took a great deal of Pains to ſee themſelves paid whatever was due to them, but never cared to pay any Body what they themſelves ow'd: That they lov'd to gain, and ſpend freely, eſpecially where 'twas at another's Coſt; but tho' they got Money by Wholeſale, they never lent it out but by Driblets, and that at exceſſive Intereſt, and upon good Pawns, which were ſoon eat out by it. In a Word,

they

they never parted with any thing they had got, tho' never ſo unjuſtly, unleſs they were forced to it; and ſometimes too, they had the better of the Law by the generous Fees they gave their Council. Many more of theſe kind of Gallantries he told me of them, which I omit, as being nothing but what has been practiſed before, and will ever be, I believe, as long as the World laſts. But to return to my Father's Misfortune.

The News of his being taken by the *Turks* no ſooner came to *Genoa*, but it was known at *Sevil*, where his Rogue of a Correſpondent having notice of it, he greatly rejoiced, for he was his principal Creditor; and having thus got rid of him, he doubted not but ſoon to get clear of the reſt. For this purpoſe he ſet about a ſmall Compoſition, as is cuſtomary for Bankrupts to do, which, however, was eaſily accepted; and having ſome Money left, he ſoon paid off every Body but my poor Father, whom he deſign'd never to pay, though he ow'd him more than all of them together. Being thus, as he thought, a clear Man, he began to ſet up for Trading a-new, tho' all his Effects were owing to other People's Loſſes. My Father, who had ever this Villain in his Thoughts, ſought all Opportunities to write to *Spain*, that he might hear what was become of him, and at length he received Advice that he had ended his Matters, and was become a new Trader, having greater Buſineſs than ever. This was ſo far from nettling my Father, that he greatly rejoiced at it, ſuppoſing by that Means one time or other to get himſelf paid, and wherein he was not diſappointed. 'Tis true, he had turn'd *Turk*, and married a *Moor*, but that did not trouble him, for he look'd upon himſelf never the more a *Mahometan* for wearing a *Turbant*. He doubted not but to make up all thoſe Matters with his Wife's Money, which he deſign'd to carry off as ſoon as he could. With this View, he told her he was

deſirous

deſirous to Trade; and that as part of her Fortune lay in Lands, it was but reaſonable ſhe ſhould turn it into Money for that end. She eaſily conſented, and ſo having got all her Portables in a readineſs, his next Buſineſs was to find an honeſt Chriſtian Captain, who, out of conſideration of his Misfortune, might deliver him from his Apoſtacy, by tranſporting him to his own Country. He luckily lit on an *Engliſhman*, who tho' he was perſwaded of the ſincerity of his Intentions to return into the Boſom of his Mother-Church, yet demanded of him 1000 *Chequins* for that piece of Service, if he did it for him. My Father offer'd him 200, but the Captain told him, he could not run the riſque of loſing his Life and Veſſel for ſo little, and ſo he was obliged to give him 600. The Bargain thus ſtruck, and right Meaſures taken, my Father embarked on board his Skiff, for it was no better, and before any Diſcovery was made of their Departure, they were got half over to *Malaga*, where they ſoon after arrived. This was a proper Place for my Father to land at, becauſe he had not from thence above 30 or 40 Leagues to *Sevil*; whither he was impatient to go in queſt of his Bankrupt. At his landing, his firſt Thought was to get reconciled to the Church, which he had offended by his Apoſtacy, and therefore he immediately went to ſome *Monks* of his Acquaintance, to whom, you may imagine, he did not give an imperfect Account of his Slavery and Sufferings, for he was naturally Eloquent, and a good Comedian. In ſhort, he ſo far touch'd the Pious Fathers with his Tears and lamentable Story, that he ſoon obtain'd Abſolution for his Crime, and was again received into the Arms of the Church. Being got rid of an Affair of ſo great importance, his next Thoughts pointed directly towards *Sevil*, whither he ſoon after came altogether unexpected by his Correſpondent, who was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee him next morning at his *Levée*, dreſs'd more

like

like a Gentleman, than a Slave. The News of my Father's Apoſtacy had got long before him to *Sevil*, and therefore the Correſpondent, upon firſt ſight of him, could not but believe him to be a Spirit in that Form; however he was ſoon recovered from his Aſtoniſhment by my Father's demanding an Account from him, but as they had had long Commerce together, which was interwoven with a great deal of Roguery on both ſides, and which does not uſe to be entred on Traders Books, he had a great Advantage of my Father, by denying abundance of Shares in Villany which were nevertheleſs due to him. Even among Thieves there's a Religious Obſervation of ſome unwarrantable Things; but this Rogue was worſe than a Thief in that particular, for he would own nothing but what could be proved againſt him. At length, after many Papers *Pro* and *Con*, Receipts given and taken, Demands and Replies, Reproaches, hard Words and Returns, an Accomodation was agreed upon, that my Father ſhould loſe a conſiderable deal of what he demanded. Of any precious Liquor ſpilt, we muſt recover what we can. My Father was well adviſed at *Malaga*, when he was told he muſt rid himſelf of the Itch of *Algiers*, otherwiſe he had not got a Penny of this Dog, who was Rogue enough to have given the Fathers of the *Inquiſition* half of the Debt to have diſpatched him out of the way. But ſince this was not in his Power, what Reports did he ſpread about the poor Man through *Sevil*? What a Noiſe did he make of the two times that he broke, which indeed were not without Fraud; but where are the Merchants that can always honourably acquit themſelves under this Misfortune? Is this Practice of repairing one's ſhatter'd Fortune at another's Expence ſo new in the World? No, it is nothing among Merchants, and nothing has always been ſo common; for they eaſily make one another amends by reciprocal Failing. If it were ſo great a Crime as ſome

may

may imagine, would not Juſtice, think you, ſoon ſtop the Progreſs of it; but, on the contrary, we ſee every Day one or other break, and for one that is puniſhed, a thouſand go ſcot-free? And now pray whence do you think all this comes? Is it not, that the Bankrupts have Money enough to clog the courſe of Juſtice, by feeing thoſe that are to puniſh them? What is not to be done with Money? You need not wonder at this ſo much, for it is what is practiſed every Day, and there are thoſe that make a Trade of it. Good God! You'l cry, but what can they pretend to the Confeſſor? Why the ſame they do to the Courts of Juſtice. Give him but Money, and he will find ſome way or other to excuſe you. God alone will not ſuffer himſelf to be either corrupted or deceived; but as for Confeſſors, they refer the Matter to the other World, and leave the Criminal by his Crime to live ſplendidly in this. He may probably have time to repent and implore Mercy, and that's all the Care is taken of him. Believe me, of all the Acts of a good Chriſtian, Reſtitution is what is leaſt practiſed. A Man ſhall live well as to other Particulars, give Alms, relieve the Oppreſſed, comfort the Sick, and the like; but when you come to demand of him what has been ill got, he turns his Deaf-Ear to you. Tell him but his Father or his Unkle have uſed indirect and unlawful Means to procure an Eſtate he is in Poſſeſſion of; that they got their Cauſe more by Intereſt than Right; and let him be never ſo much a Zealot, he will not be moved at ſo unwelcome an Harangue. And then as to Reputation, which is a Thing that ought to be valued next to Life, who is there that takes care to reſtore it after they have taken it from one? No Body, certainly; for every one dies a Liar, as he has liv'd a Slanderer. This they look upon as a Trifle, a ſtroke of Wit, a ſoft Revenge, a War without Blood-ſhed; and, in a Word, a Thing that is to be given and taken reciprocally without Offence. But let's return to ſpeak of my Father.

I can hardly forgive him the two Breakings before-mentioned, although he was my Father; for if I am a Friend to *Plato*, I muſt be more ſo to Truth. Conforming my ſelf therefore to that Saying of the Philoſopher, The World muſt excuſe me if I think this Crime a greater than that on the Highway, and more worthy of Puniſhment. Hold, cries one of theſe Gentlemen, who begins to find himſelf ſtung, You are too forward, methinks, Sir; Pray where did you read that this was ſo great a Crime? In what Author, I beſeech you? Will ſuch an Ideot, Gally-Slave, and Hang-Dog as you, pretend to make Laws for others, when you deſerve the worſt of Puniſhments for your own Crimes? Not ſo faſt, I prithee, Good Friend, reply I; If I am any ways to blame in this Particular, it is meerly becauſe I have pretended to give Leſſons to ſuch as will never receive them, neither from me nor any Body elſe. I would patiently endure all the ill Names you are pleaſed to give me, which to my Misfortune are but too juſt, if I could but apply the leaſt Remedy to your Crimes, that is, have got you and my Father fairly hang'd, as you very well deſerv'd. But let the Matter go as it will, ſince, as you ſay, it is none of my Buſineſs to make Laws; and ſince there are Crimes, of as great Importance, which need reforming as much as this. Let the Perſons, whoſe Employment it is, take care of that; for my part, I will ſay no more of it at this time.

My Father's Correſpondent did not content himſelf with abuſing him only on the Score of theſe two Breakings; but, through a Diabolical Spirit of Vengeance, went about to reveal an Affair which had been laid to ſleep with Money, and which related to the counterfeiting of a certain Bill of *Exchange*, wherein, as we ſay, he was to have the *Alcalde* or Judge for his Father, and the *Notary* for his Godfather. Now, among many other excellent Qualities my Father was Maſter of, you muſt know one, and

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that

that none of the leaſt, was, that he could counterfeit Hands to a Miracle. This you may imagine was no eaſy Thing to do, but he had it *ad unguem*. What induced him to it, was the many Perplexities he lay under, and which came ſo thick upon him, and all of a ſudden, that he was forced in a manner to ſeek out for Money to ſhield him againſt the Sword of Juſtice. His Plot however did not take, he was diſcovered in his Roguery; and, to ſave himſelf from Puniſhment, was fain to give the *Alcalde* and *Notary* each of them a good Purſe of Gold, which drained him ſo much, that he was obliged at laſt to Break again. 'Tis true he had ſome advantage by Breaking, having the uſe, or I might better ſay, Propriety of other People's Money for nothing; but then he had likewiſe ſome Loſs too, for his going off was not altogether ſo fraudulent, but he had cauſe to repent of it, and had perhaps ſome reaſon to exclaim againſt both the Judge and Notary. As for Judges, there are both good and bad among them; but for *Notaries*, good God! where are any to be found that acquit themſelves honeſtly in that Calling! I muſt hereupon tell you a Story. One *Friday* in *Lent*, a certain Preacher whom I went to hear at St. *Giles*'s Church in *Madrid*, where he Preached before the Grand Council, happening to ſpeak of the Officers of Juſtice, began with the *Chief-Juſtice*, and came down to the *Notary*, whom he reſerv'd for the laſt; "See here, ſaid he, my "Chariot ſticks, it will not move a jot further for the "Mud and Mire that ſurrounds it; and unleſs an "Angel from Heaven is once more pleaſed to deſcend "and diſturb the Water, I know not how I ſhall get "out of this Whirlpool. I muſt needs ſay, Gentle-"men, added he, That for theſe 30 Years that I have "been a Confeſſor, I have not known one of the "many Thouſands I have Confeſſed, except ſome "few *Notaries*, but who, tho' he might have re-"turn'd ſeveral times to his Sins, has at length,

"through

" through the Grace of God, ſo thoroughly reform'd " his Life, as to become a new Man. The Wencher " has in time come to a Senſe of his Folly, in keep- " ing a Baggage that Nos'd him. The Gameſter " is reclaim'd from his Paſſion for Play, by being con- " vinced he is made a Property of by ſome Perſons that " are more expert at it than himſelf. The Thief, or " Robber, quits at length his infamous Life, either " through Shame, or the fear of a Halter. The Slan- " derer hearkens to the wholſome Advice is given him " by his Friends, and leaves off Railing. The haughty " proud Man becomes at laſt ſenſible of his human " Infirmities, and allows he is nothing but Organiz'd " Clay. As for the Liar, the bare Turpitude of that " Vice makes him to quit it, as well as the many Affronts " and Hiſſes he undergoes daily on that Account. " Laſtly, The preſumptuous Blaſphemer is reform'd " from his horrible Impiety, either by the Reprehen- " ſions of his Kindred or Friends. In a Word, I " have known of all theſe Sinners that have bid fair " for Heaven, and ſhew'd conſiderable Inſtances of " Amendment. But for *Notaries*, Good God! of " whom ſome few have fallen into my Hands, I have " not met with one who has diſcovered the leaſt To- " ken of Repentance. They are to Day what they " were Yeſterday, and will be to Morrow, and to " Lives end, what they have been ever been " from their Births; that is, the ſame Rogues ſtill. " I know not who their Confeſſors are, and cannot " but wonder how any Body can give them Abſolu- " tion. They not only live Ill, but practice Wicked- " neſs inceſſantly. For two *Ducats* they'l write what- " ever you'd have them, though it extend to the " greateſt Injuſtice, and never let a he or ſhe Crimi- " nal ſuffer, if they have but Money to ballance their " Crimes. They rob this good Man of his Honour " and Eſtate, and that innocent Perſon of his Life; " and for a few Pence, will make even the greateſt

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" Offender

" Offender appear blameleſs. They are ſuch inſatiable " Hunters after other Men's Properties, that they " hardly leave them, that have the Misfortune to have " to do with them wherewithal to keep the Wolf " from the Door; and have moreover ſuch a knack " at converting anothers Subſtance into their own, " that I believe the very Devil himſelf could not wreſt it " from them. All this makes me apt to think, if any " of theſe Harpies ſhould have the happineſs to be " ſav'd, (which, nevertheleſs, I look upon to be next " to Impoſſibility) the Angel that guards the Gate of " Paradice would give the Word to his Brethren " within, That they ſhould make more than ordinary Re- " joicing, for that a *Notary* was come to Heaven! Here the Preacher ended his Moral Reflection, and proceeded to the Application, which I ſhall omit.

Theſe *Notaries*, to excuſe themſelves for all theſe ill Practices, will tell you, the World is not now as it was formerly; that now-a-days People muſt live as they can, ſince they cannot do ſo as they would; that Expences become greater every Day, and new Taxes are ſucceſſively invented to burden us with. They will likewiſe let you know they had not their Places for nothing, and therefore may be reaſonably allowed ſome by-ways to reimburſe themſelves; and beſides, they'l above all acquaint you how many *Vacations* there are in the Year, and that they ſhould ſtarve if they were not ſometimes well paid for their Work. How unhappy and miſerable is the Condition of a Man, when he is forc'd to make uſe of ſuch weak Reaſons to palliate ſo great Crimes!

Let us next come to the Judges, who are ſuppoſed to give nothing for their Places, and therefore cannot have the ſame Excuſes the *Notaries* bring, in caſe they ſhould be ſuch Raſcals as to have occaſion for them. Now of all the Rocks that are in this Sea of the World, (for the World in ſome Meaſure may be pro-

perly ſaid to be a Sea) none are ſo apt to Shipwreck one as theſe Judges Poſts. A Man that accepts any of them, had need to examine himſelf well before he enters upon his Office, for when he is once in, he is apt to do as his Predeceſſors have done before him. Judges are in Strictneſs God's Vicegerents, or rather Earthly Gods themſelves. But, good Heaven! What Gods of this kind have we now-a-days upon Earth! To be convinced, we need only examine after what manner Juſtice is now adminiſtred. We need only ſee, whether any Cauſe, Civil or Criminal, be now judged according to the Rules of Reaſon and Juſtice; or whether Intereſt, Revenge, or ſome ſuch-like ſiniſter Ends, have not the greater Share in its Determination. How terrible a Thing is this to reflect upon, and how little are theſe Men acquainted with thoſe they preſume to repreſent! How much Blood and Injuſtice have they to account for before the King of Kings, whom they have this way not a little offended! How much Money have they to reſtore to thoſe they have ſo egregiouſly wrong'd! Theſe are ſo many Truths, as a Chriſtian can never doubt of, and which can never offend any but ſuch as have renounced that Name. What! ſhall the Life, Honour, Eſtate, Fortune, or Quiet of a Man, be entirely at your Diſpoſal, becauſe it has pleaſed God and your Prince to let you be the Judge of them according to Equity and Juſtice; and yet will you preſume to pronounce your Deciſions wholly out of a private Peke, particular Intereſt, or unaccountable Inclination? A Cauſe that you might have ended in 24 Hours, will you extend to as many Years, purely becauſe you have ſome By-end, or are affraid to diſoblige ſome great Lord who has recommended it to you? A poor Wretch that you have kept for many Years in Priſon, ſhall be ill treated, abuſed and neglected, becauſe he has no Body to ſolicit for him, nor Money to bribe your Injuſtice; when at the ſame time,

time, another, who is a thouſand times more guilty, ſhall be protected by you for his Pence againſt all Evidence and Verdicts. Is this, Gentlemen Judges, what you call doing your Duty? It were well for you if the World were Eternal, as ſome have falſly dreamt, or that you might never die, for whenever you do, you'll have a fine Account to give to your Maker. You'll have a fine Account, I ſay, to give of your Extortions, Bribes, falſe Judgments, Cruelties, and the like, which an everlaſting Gulph of Sulphur can only recompence, and Hell-fire duly reward. Theſe are not Fables, Gentlemen, that I aſſert to you, but eternal Truths, which are as immutable and durable as the Divine Being.

But let's ſay no more of theſe Judges, for if we ſhould pretend to go through with their Crimes, a large Volume would hardly contain them, and which, for its Prolixity, might juſtly deſerve to be burnt, as well as the Subjects of it. Let it ſuffice to affirm in one Word, That almoſt whatever belongs to them is Criminal. They are, 'tis true, the Expounders of the Law, but how they do it, every Day convinces us. A certain Peaſant, who ſolicited hard a Suit at *Granada*, which his Pariſh had with the Lord of the Place, coming one Day into the *New Square*, ſtood gazing at the Door of the *Chancery*, which is one of the fineſt Buildings in all *Spain*. Over this Door the King's Arms was ſupported by *Juſtice* and *Fortitude*, which cauſed our Country-man to make ſeveral Reflections. Another Country-fellow of the ſame Pariſh, who knew what this came about, ſeeing him ſo attentive, ask'd what he ſtar'd at ſo earneſtly, and why he did not go in to ſolicit his Buſineſs? The firſt Country-man anſwer'd, I find I have nothing to do here. How, ſaid the other, did not you come to ſolicit our Cauſe? Yes, replied this, I did; but ſince Juſtice is placed ſo high, and has on one ſide the King's-Arms, and on the other Force, what can our

poor Pariſh expect! It were better for me to return home, than ſtay waiting here, for I find our Cauſe is loſt.

My Father's Correſpondent attack'd him farther as to what related to his Perſon, affirming, he took more Care to ſet himſelf out than a tawdry Woman could. 'Tis true, being a handſome Man, as I have already inſinuated, and no hater of the Fair Sex, he neglected nothing that might render himſelf acceptable to them, which is not only natural, but allowable for any one to do, that has a mind to make himſelf belov'd. I muſt own he friz'd his Hair, perfumed himſelf from Head to Foot, and took more than ordinary Care of his Teeth and fine Hands, for which laſt he had a Particular and moſt Excellent kind of Paſte. I likewiſe confeſs he took a great deal of Pains about his *Muſtacho*'s, which were duly turn'd up every Night with Wax, and Inſtruments made on purpoſe. 'Tis alſo true, that a-Nights, before he went to Bed, he provided two Curls for his Temples, which the Women now-a-days call *Favourites*; and that he was every Morning at his Glaſs, tricking himſelf up with the like Fooleries. Moſt of this I was an Eye-witneſs of whilſt he liv'd, and could not but think him highly to blame for minding ſuch Trifles at his Age. But what of all this; was he to be reputed ever the leſs honeſt for theſe Things! He lov'd Women, and herein he imitated their Follies. This is all can be ſaid upon this Head. But as for Painting, and the like, as this Villain of a Correſpondent gave out he did, I poſitively affirm it to be falſe, or at leaſt aſſure you, I never ſaw any ſuch Thing, and I was almoſt always with him. My Father had no occaſion for any thing of that kind, having as good a Complexion as any Body. He was fair, and of that ſort enclining to reddiſh, which People never want a good Skin; and as for his Carnations, they held very good to the laſt. If he uſed Red in any part, it was his Lips,

which

which were not ſo well colour'd as could be deſired. My Father had moreover this Ridiculous in him, for I would have you to believe I would not ſpare him where he was blameworthy, in that he waſh'd his Neck and Breaſt every Night and Morning with Milk and bitter Almonds ſoak'd in it, and ſometimes with Bean-flower Water. But this is a Thing ſo common among *Beaux*, that one may ſee Examples of it every Day in the Week.

For my part, who, thanks to my Stars, have not ſeen a little of the World, I have known not only young Men that have Plaiſter'd, Painted, and wore Patches, but alſo old Leachers, who made uſe of thoſe ſort of Arts to make themſelves yet more deform'd; and who, when once their Cruſt was off, were hardly to be known: But theſe People were look'd upon as *Merry-Andrews*; and tho' they happen'd by theſe Means to enſnare the Hearts of Women, they were ſure to be laugh'd at by the Men, eſpecially thoſe of Sence. After this, we cannot blame Women ſo much for theſe ſort of Follies, ſince Men that are, or ought to be, wiſer, practiſe the ſame thing. Notwithſtanding, it is certain, that Natural Deformity pleaſes even beyond this artificial Beauty. Nothing charms more than Nature, and one loſes half the Pleaſure of a Thing as ſoon as it diſcovers it ſelf to be Artificial. What makes me always laugh is, that thoſe Women who paint moſt, ſtill think to deceive the cleareſt-ſighted Men, and imagine they know nothing of the Matter. 'Tis true, they may impoſe upon Sots and Dotards, who are blinded by the Paſſion they have for them; but ſuch as have the Uſe of their Eyes, and the Freedom of their Hearts, will never look upon them but with Contempt. Women likewiſe are not ſo much to be reproach'd with the uſe of their *Toilet*, ſince I have known a great many Men guilty of the ſame Folly; I mean, not only ſuch as were young and handſome, but even old decrepit

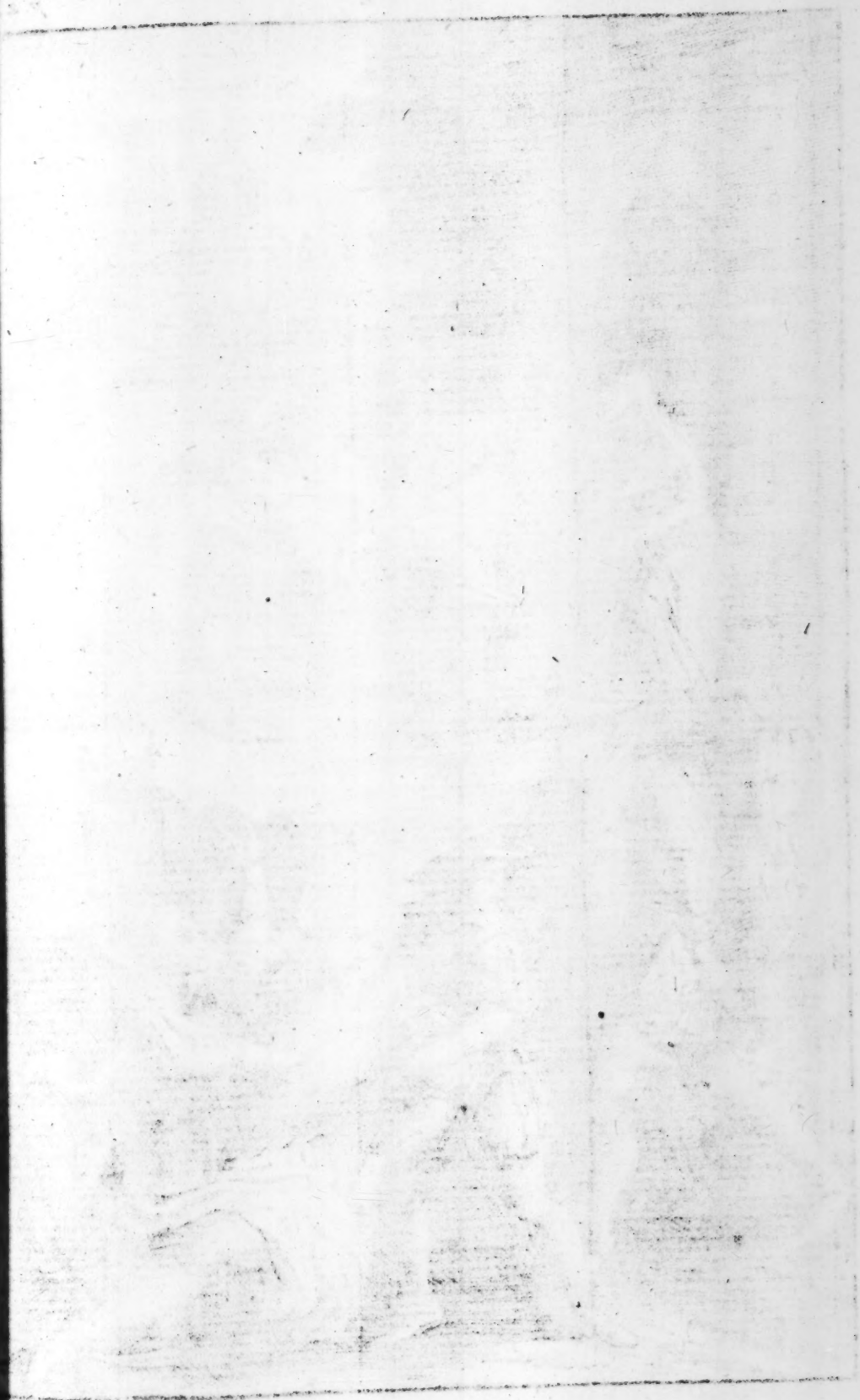
Fellows, who, one would think, ſhould have other Buſineſs to mind. Some, however, among theſe fuſty old Wretches, tho' thus Artfully diſguiz'd, ſhall believe themſelves as beautiful as Angels. I was never more ſurpriz'd, than the other Day upon entring the Chamber of one of theſe *Narciſſus's*. It was about Ten a Clock in the Morning; I went to ſolicit him about a certain Buſineſs, and as I was particularly acquainted with him, I enter'd freely without knocking. I thought to have found him in his Cloſet reading or writing, or about ſome important Affair, and was not a little diſappointed to ſee him at his *Toilet*. 'Tis true, I had been told more than once that he valued himſelf on his Beauty, and thought no Man could be more proper to charm a Lady; but that I look'd upon as Railery, altho' he had ſuch Geſtures with him when he was in Women's Company, as were enough to make any Body laugh. He would then put on the Languiſhing Air, roul his Ferret-Eyes about, draw up his Mouth to half its Bigneſs, bite his Lips, and endeavour to ſoften his harſh Voice. Now judge, by the remaining part of his Picture, if he was not a fine Fellow to charm a Lady: His Face was neither little nor great, but both together; the upper part being wholly diſportion'd to the lower, and which, for length, might outmeaſure a Foot. His Complexion was neither fair nor brown, but reddiſh, and all over ſtudded with blewiſh Pimples. His Eyes were not much larger than a Ferret's, and, like them, red and fiery, promiſing a great deal of Luſt, and very little Honeſty. His Noſe was ſmall, and a little turn'd up at the tip, with two large Noſtrils, that gap'd ſo wide, you might ſee the bottoms of them, and ſmell what would not very well pleaſe you. His Mouth, to ſpeak properly, was like nothing ſo much as a Hen's A——, and not leſs wrinkled. What remain'd of his Teeth, for moſt of them had been cough'd out, were between black and yellow, and alto-

altogether left without Gums by the Scurvy. The beſt Thing about him was his Chin, which being little, and cock'd up, had ſomething of Beauty in it. As for his Shape, it was wholly *Dutch*, as were likewiſe his Limbs, which were ſtrong and robuſt. His Legs were like two large Poſts, all of a bigneſs, and his Feet altogether as Monſtrous. His Hands were to the full as broad as they were long, and his Arms of equal Proportion. Now judge you, if this was not a rare Fellow to have ſuch an Opinion of himſelf! If he had any thing to recommend him to the Ladies, 'twas his brawny Back, which indeed promiſed much, and, perhaps, might take with them. It was one Morning, then about Ten a Clock, that I went to pay a Viſit to this beautiful *Adonis*. I ſurpriz'd him at his *Toilet* ſo fardled up, that I knew not whether it was a Man or a Woman, and was about to have retired, as thinking my ſelf miſtaken in the Chamber. He was likewiſe aſtoniſhed on his part, and the more ſo, becauſe I had found him in that Condition. Quitting his Curling-Pincers he had in his Hand, and throwing off his Combing-Cloth, which, by the by, was as fat and durty with Oil and Powder as a Cook's Apron with Greaſe, he ran to embrace me, and carry me into his Anti-Chamber, that I might not ſee what was upon his *Toilet*. There indeed was a compleat Apothecary's Shop, abounding with Paſtes, Pomatums, Eſſences, Paint, Dentifrices, Perfumes, *&c.* treaſur'd up in Gallypots, Glaſſes, and the like. Having thus ſurveyed his whole Treaſury, tho' he thought I had not, I had a Word or two with him in the next Room about my Buſineſs, and ſo left him.

CHAP. II.

Guzman *goes on with an Account of his Parents, and tells who his Mother was; deſcribing, for our better Inſtruction, the evil Condition and bad Qualities of a lewd Woman; of Bawds; of a Senſual and Laſcivious Man; and concludes, that diſhoneſt Love is the Ruin of a Man's Honour, Eſtate and Life.*

ALL theſe Stories and Inventions, as well falſe as true, which this curſed Correſpondent of my Father's, who was by the by a good Tongue-Pad, had publiſh'd of him throughout *Sevil*, had like to have had Credit with the Inhabitants of that City where he was not ſufficiently known, had not he ſo well behav'd himſelf by his modeſt and juſt Dealing, as to gain both the Eſteem and Friendſhip of the beſt Merchants there. He had brought a good Purſe of Money with him from *Algiers*, which, with what he could ſell his Jewels for, might amount to at leaſt 20000 *Francs*. He recover'd no leſs of his Correſpondent; all which was nevertheleſs but little with him, who had all along been a great Trader. No Body made greater noiſe than he upon the *Exchange*, and whilſt he play'd the honeſt Man, and kept to his Buſineſs, no Body ſucceeded better. He had a Houſe in Town, and another in the Country, both which were nobly Furniſh'd, and the latter at St. *Juan d'Alfarache*, from whence I took my Name, was in great meaſure the Cauſe of his Ruin. As he naturally lov'd Pleaſure, he would be there almoſt continually, and truſt his Affairs in Town to Factors and Servants, who would not fail to make what uſe they could of their





their Opportunities. Finding this would not do, he had recourſe to Play, which, with many other irregular and expenſive Ways, ſoon brought him low, and in the end empties the fulleſt Purſes. He was in this Condition, when being one Day at the *Exchange* in *Sevil* near the great Church, where the Merchants, walking in a kind of Gallery, eaſily ſee all that paſſes in the Street, he of a ſudden diſcover'd a Chriſtning coming that way, which ſeem'd to belong to ſome Perſons of Diſtinction. Immediately every Body was for ſeeing what they could, eſpecially when they heard it whiſper'd about, that the Child belong'd to ſome Perſon of Quality who did not care to own it. My Father, being as curious as any Body, preſs'd forward to get into the Church, and planted himſelf near the *Font*, not ſo much out of a Deſire to ſee this Ceremony, as the Face of a certain Lady whom a Knight of the Order of *Alcantara* led, and whom he judg'd to be probably the Goſſips to this Child. The Lady had a good Air, was well Shap'd, walk'd briskly; and my Father concluded, if her Face was but anſwerable, ſhe muſt be a lovely Woman. He was not diſappointed, for upon her unveiling her ſelf, as ſhe did ſoon after, he was charm'd to Admiration, for ſhe had not her Equal for Beauty at that time in all *Sevil*. This Lady was afterwards my Mother, whom this good Knight had maintain'd for ſome time out of the Profits of two luſty Benefices he enjoy'd. My Father gaz'd, like a Statue, on this incomparable Charmer, and ſtood as if he had been Thunder-ſtruck during the whole Ceremony. My Mother was one of thoſe Women who eaſily receive Impreſſion at firſt Sight, from one ſo well made as my Father; and therefere ſhe no ſooner ſaw him look ſo earneſtly at her, but ſhe let him underſtand, his Addreſſes would not be indifferent to her. This gave him great Satisfaction; to augment which, ſhe let fly a tender Look or two, which, in a Word, quite undid

undid him. The Chriſtning ended, the Knight and Lady return'd from whence they came, but my Father could hardly move from the Place where he ſtood; however, at length he recover'd, and did not forget to follow his Miſtreſs, that he might know who ſhe was, and where ſhe liv'd. Upon Enquiry, he found ſhe was kept by this old Knight, whom ſhe had liv'd with a good while. He could not imagine ſhe could have any kindneſs for ſuch an ungainly old Hunks, and therefore concluded his Addreſſes muſt needs be welcome to her. With this Thought, he contriv'd all the Ways he could to ſee and ſpeak to her, but to little purpoſe; all the Favour he obtain'd of Fortune was, to ſee her once or twice at Church, but which was always with her old Gallant, who could not live a Minute without her. Nevertheleſs, as Water at length pierces Marble, my Father, by trying many Ways to carry on his Amour, at laſt met with a *Duenna* proper for his purpoſe, who being outwardly Religious, had eaſy Admittance into the Knight's Houſe without being in the leaſt miſtruſted. This old Woman, who did nothing but Pray from Morning till Night, was withal very Charitable, and having received ſeveral conſiderable Preſents from my Father, with a Promiſe of many more, thought ſhe muſt not be ungrateful, but make what Return ſhe could by doing him what Service ſhe was able. Accordingly ſhe eſpous'd his Intereſt, ſpoke to the Lady about him, and altho' ſhe did not ſucceed immediately, did not doubt but ſhe ſhould with the Aſſiſtance of more Money. That was not wanting, for my Father finding her Natural Bent, ſtill took care to foreſtall her Inclinations, being Generous even to Prodigality, eſpecially where his Love was concern'd. The *Duenna* did her Duty, and ſhe was well paid for her Pains. *Billet-doux* went and came, and Jewels and other Female Gallantries were preſented as often as there was occaſion. No Body has a Heart of Iron, and if Gratitude

titude were expell'd out of the World, God knows what we ſhould come to. You muſt not wonder then if my Mother, who was not born with the Diſpoſition of a Tigreſs, yeilded ſo far to my Father's Perſeverance and generous Temper, as to take ſome notice of him. The old Woman, who was a true Subſtitute of *Satan*, was not wanting to blow the Coals, by every Day ſuggeſting to my Mother, what fine Qualities my Father was Maſter of. My Mother was as ſenſible as ſhe of what ſhe ſuggeſted, but being a Woman of Wit, had more regard to her Intereſt than any thing elſe: She knew ſhe could have Lovers enough upon uncertain Terms, but ſhe was willing to be ſatisfi'd of the Condition of her new Gallant, before ſhe ventur'd upon him, and before ſhe quitted her old Knight, who was ſo kind to her, and doted ſo much upon her. Love, however, is generally prevalent, and whenever the Parties are agreed, Mountains ſhall divide to give them way, and Darkneſs preſent it ſelf at Noon-Day to conceal them. The old Knight had no other Charms but his *Ducats*; he Cough'd, he Spawl'd, was incommoded with the Gravel, and oftentimes with the Gout: He poſſeſs'd my Mother weakly, whereas my Father attack'd her vigorouſly. How then could a Town ſo ill defended, and ſo couragiouſly ſtorm'd, be expected to hold out? She yielded at laſt, but that upon honourable Terms, which ſhe had learn'd to make of my Grandmother, who was alſo a Woman of Experience. My Father granted all Demands, provided he might but enter the Place, and the Articles were perform'd on both ſides with great punctuality. The only Difficulty now, was to get an Opportunity and Place of Interview; for, as I told you before more than once, the old Knight was ſo inſeparable from his Miſtreſs, that nothing almoſt could be tranſacted without his Privity. However, my Father and Mother contriv'd the Matter thus: She propos'd to the old Gentleman to

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go and take the Air with her at *Gelvas*, a Village hard by St. *Juan d'Alfarache*, where they had formerly been together at a certain Houſe. It was now Summer-time, and he could by no means refuſe his fair Miſtreſs what ſhe deſired, neither indeed had he any Inclination. Of all Parts of *Spain*, *Andalouſia* is the moſt Pleaſant, and in all that Province, no Retirement is ſo charming as this they had choſen. The famous River *Guadalquivir* waters and renders it fertil, winding about in ſuch various *Meanders*, as ſeem'd as if it had not a mind to leave it. The whole Neighbourhood abounded with Pleaſure-Houſes, Enchanting Gardens, Grotts, Fountains, Caſcades, and all kinds of the moſt delicious Fruits and Flowers. In a Word, both the Sight, Taſt and Smell, were here to be raviſh'd to Admiration. The Time being agreed on, the Day quickly came, and Proviſions were ſent before, that they might be able to return after Supper, according to Cuſtom. The neceſſary Servants were alſo ſent with the Proviſions; and next Morning betimes, the Knight and my Mother ſetting out with the *Duenna*, who was always of their Company, it was not long before they came in ſight of my Father's Houſe, by which they muſt of neceſſity paſs. Here my Mother began to fall into a Fit of the *Cholick*, telling thoſe about her, That if they did not ſtop immediately, ſhe muſt inevitably drop from her Horſe, and die. This greatly ſurpriz'd the old Knight, inſomuch, that he knew neither what to ſay nor do; which the *Duenna* perceiving, and it being now her Cue to ſpeak, ſhe repreſented to my Mother that was to be, that it was neither ſeemly nor befitting one in her Condition to continue in the Highway where ſo many People were going and coming inceſſantly; and therefore, ſince there was a Houſe in ſight which ſeem'd to belong to ſome Perſon of Diſtinction, ſhe had better cauſe her ſelf to be carried thither, in hopes to find Relief by Reſt, and ſome Cordials

Cordials ſhe might get there. This Advice mightily pleaſed the old Knight, and the cunning Gipſy my Mother (for ſuch I will call her, tho' ſhe was not yet ſo) having conſented that they ſhould do with her what they pleas'd, provided they carried her, for walk ſhe could not ſo far with thoſe Pains ſhe felt, the two Footmen that were with them did that Office for her, whilſt the poor afflicted Knight walk'd before to harangue the People that ſhould come to the Door. As I have already told you, this Houſe was my Father's; and he had ſo prepar'd the old Houſe-keeper he had there, that ſhe no ſooner heard a knocking at the Door, but ſhe ran in great haſte, and ſeem'd ſurpriz'd to find Strangers there. Good God! ſaid ſhe, I had like to have broke my Neck for haſte, verily believing it was my Maſter that knock'd ſo furiouſly. We muſt beg your pardon, replied the old Knight, ſince Neceſſity, and the Condition you ſee this Lady in, has oblig'd us to it. What ails the Lady, quoth the Houſe-keeper, and what Service can I do either you or her? We only deſire, anſwer'd the Knight, you would be ſo kind as to let her reſt a-while on a Bed, and give her ſome Cordial or other to relieve her from the Cholick, which ſhe is exceedingly tormented with. If that be all, replied the Houſe-keeper, you could not have pitch'd upon a more charitable Houſe, for our Maſter has given us charge to relieve all honeſt Paſſengers, and much more ſuch Perſons as you ſeem to be. Come in, come in a-God's Name Sir, proceeded ſhe, both you and your Lady, and I'll do what I can to ſerve her. I am only ſorry my Maſter is not at home, for he would be ſure to treat you after another-gueſs manner than I can pretend to, and, perhaps, more ſuitable to your Quality; but what is in my Power, you may depend on. She then conducted my Mother into a fine Chamber with a noble Bed in it, which was but half finiſh'd, to take away Suſpicion. All

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things being in a readineſs, as perfum'd Sheets, ſoft Pillows, and a Satin pink'd Quilt, the Sick Lady was put to Bed, who ſtill complaining of great Pains, hot Trenchers were brought her by the *Duenna* to apply to her Belly; but being afraid they would give her the Vapours, ſhe ſlid them down to the bottom of the Bed without perceiving. Having drank a good Draught of mull'd Wine, ſhe deſir'd the Company would leave her to her Repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe doubted not would procure her Eaſe. The poor Knight always ready to oblige her, but more particularly at this time, when he judg'd Reſt would do her good, was the firſt that left the Room. He took Care, however, to leave the *Duenna* with her to help her to any thing ſhe wanted, and ſo having deſir'd no Noiſe might be made to diſturb her, he lock'd the Door, and went into the Garden to take a Turn whilſt ſhe ſlept. My Father, as you may imagine, was not far off, lying hid in an adjoining Room, where he heard all that paſs'd; ſo that the Company was no ſooner gone, and the Guards ſet, (the *Duenna* and the old Houſe-keeper) but he ventur'd forth, and came into my Mother's Chamber, with whom he had ſuch a tender and lively Converſation, that, as I afterwards heard, I owe my Being to that very Minute.

The Sun, which now began to make himſelf felt in ſpite of all the *Fraicheur* of the Shades and Fountains, at length drove the Knight from the Garden, who not knowing whither to go, and being uneaſy till he knew how my Mother did, came with a ſlow and grave Pace towards her Chamber, which gave time to the Guards to advertiſe my Father, who retir'd, and lock'd himſelf up as before. The old Knight enter'd, and coming ſoftly to the Bed-ſide, ask'd his Dear Lady, in a low and whining Tone, how ſhe did. She ſeeming to be awak'd, complain'd he had diſturb'd her, and ſaid ſhe wonder'd he could not

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ſuffer her to ſleep one quarter of an Hour. Good God! cry'd the Knight, a quarter of an Hour. I'm confident, my Dear Angel, thou haſt ſlept theſe two Hours and more. That's likely, replied my Mother! but however it be, I'm ſure I never had more need of Reſt than now. It may be ſhe did not lie much, tho' ſhe ſpoke altogether with that Intent. She, however, own'd, ſhe had found great Relief by what had been given her, and was in manner quite recover'd; which the old Knight being exceedingly glad to hear, and perceiving the Day to be far advanced, he adviſ'd her to paſs the remainder of it there. She conſented, providing the People of the Houſe would but give her leave; and ſo the old *Cavalier* was employ'd to ſpeak to the Houſe-keeper about it. She told him, her Maſter, who was very much a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour, would be very proud of that Favour, and conſequently adviſ'd him to ſend for his Servants from the other Houſe that was not far off, which he immediately did.

Whilſt theſe Orders were giving, my Father found Means to get out of the Houſe by a private way, and return'd to *Sevil*, that he might appear upon the *Exchange*, and come back at Night after his uſual Cuſtom. He thought every Minute an Hour till he was again in his Miſtreſs's Arms; nor could he eaſily forget the time he had ſo agreeably ſpent in her Company. He came back, between Five and Six a Clock, with a very gay Countenance; and the old Knight no ſooner ſpied him, but he went forth to pay him his Compliments, and beg Pardon for the Liberty he and his Company had taken. My Father, who knew the beſt of any Body how to make uſe of Words that coſt nothing, ſo charm'd the old *Cavalier* with his Civilities, that there was ever after a ſtrict and inviolable Friendſhip between them, inſomuch that he himſelf introduc'd him to ſalute his Lady, who was then walking in the Garden becauſe it began to be cool.

cool. The two Lovers look'd with that indifference on each other, as if they had never been acquainted, and as it was not yet altogether a proper time to walk, it was propos'd to Play at *Primera* a-while in an Arbour, where it was exceeding cool. The Lady won, and my Father loſt, or rather ſuffer'd himſelf to loſe by an Agreement between them. After this, the Company took a Turn or two in ſome of the Walks, and, upon their ſitting down, they were invited to a Collation which my Father had prepar'd for them in the middle of the Garden. The Supper ended, and the Time for returning to *Sevil* come, they went into a neat Barge of my Father's, which he had cauſed to be ſet off with green Boughs and Flowers to ſhelter the Company from the Inclemencies of the Air, and to afford them agreeable Objects. This Barge was ſurrounded by a great many leſſer Ones, in ſome of which were Conſorts of Muſick, and Perſons that Sung and Play'd on divers Inſtruments. Thus the Company could not be more agreeably entertain'd; which had that Effect on the poor old Knight, that he never thought he could make Acknowledgments enough to my Father for it, and from whom he could not be parted, without having firſt a Promiſe of ſeeing him again ſpeedily.

This Friendſhip was ſo well concerted, and ſo prudently manag'd, both by my future Father and Mother, that it laſted during the Life of the old Knight, who, in truth, liv'd not much longer. He had been a great *Debauchée*, and given himſelf up entirely to all ſorts of Pleaſures, without any Fear of the other World, or Regard to this. It may be he knew there was a God, but he liv'd as if there had been none; altogether abandoning his Soul, and neglecting the Duties of a Chriſtian. The End of a Man diſcovers what he is, and it was his deplorable Fate to die as he had liv'd; for in Three Days time he found himſelf ſo overwhelm'd with Diſeaſes, that he had no leiſure to think

think of any thing elſe, and ſo expir'd with all his Sins about him. A ſtrange Fatality this attending Mankind! who, tho' they fear Death above all Things, are ſo negligent in preparing for their latter Ends; and tho' they every Day ſee Examples of the ſhortneſs of human Life, live as if they believ'd themſelves Immortal.

I was ſome few Years old when this poor Knight died, but was not his only Heir, for he had other Children by other Miſtreſſes that had the ſame Pretences with my ſelf, and were in like manner entertained in his Houſe. We were all Loaves of the ſame Wheat, yet, (as the ſaying is) every one had a different Oven; but if my Brothers had not coſt the old *Cavalier* more than I did, he would have maintain'd them cheap enough. I was the only Child my Mother had; but as I was the youngeſt, there was reaſon ſhe ſhould take care to Prog for me, and procure me a good ſhare in the Inheritance. In a word, ſhe provided for me like a Woman of *Andalouſia*, for thoſe are fam'd for having Wit, even in their Fingers. Every one, in ſhort, made up his Bundle; but beſides that my Mother had done conſiderably during the Life of the good old Man, ſhe did not forget to augment her Store with what was beſt, now he was at his laſt Gaſp; for as ſhe was his Favourite-Miſtreſs, ſhe had the Keys of all, and might conſequently ſcrape up what ſhe would. What was deplorable, is, That he loſt even the Sheets from his Bed before the Breath was out of his Body. All was ſpirited away in a Moment, ſo ſoon as the Phyſicians had given him over, and they ſaw there was no hopes of Life left. When he was dead, the Kindred came about him; but tho' they ſaw there was nothing for them, they found themſelves under an Obligation to bury him for Honour's ſake; which, however, they did at as little Expence as they could, and without ſhedding many Tears, for only they

that have ſomewhat left them are oblig'd to that Duty. The Mourners muſt be paid, to be ſure, and Heirs only have the Priviledge of dry Eyes, becauſe their Hearts are ſuppos'd to be full of Joy. I could here tell you a pleaſant Story that offers much to the purpoſe; but I dare not, becauſe it relates to a certain Gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, and for whom I have ſome Deference. The Kindred of the deceas'd, who expected great *Aſſets* from a Perſon who had above 2000 *Ducats* a Year in Church-Revenues, beſides what he had of his own Patrimony, which was alſo conſiderable, and who knew his Houſe to be nobly furniſh'd, and that all manner of Plate was to be found there that ſuited with one of his Quality, began to be ſurpriz'd when they ſaw only that left which could not be carried away, *viz.* the Lands and Tenements, which, however, were deeply engag'd for great Sums. All this made them enter Caveats, and put out Advertiſements for Diſcovery of conceal'd Matters, promiſing great Rewards; but which was to little purpoſe, for Thieves will be faithful to one another even where honeſt Men will not. My Mother, 'tis true, had the beſt Excuſe for what ſhe had got of any of them; for when my ſuppos'd Father would come home in good Humour with ſome Moveables he had bought, he would commonly ſay to her, *This, my Dear, is all thine*; *This is all for thee:* And Heaven reſt his Soul, to ſay Truth, he was a very kind Man. Now was not this a Gift in Form, and ought my Mother to have any Scruple upon her Conſcience, after ſo fair a Conveyance? Beſides, ſhe might well be ſaid to have earn'd what ſhe had; for who would lye by ſuch a fulſom old Fellow every Night for a common Penſion? You muſt needs acknowledge, a Gallant of his Years was not a very proper Bedfellow for ſo young and handſom a Woman as my Mother was. Moreover, the Divines, to whom ſhe put Caſes of Conſcience

ſcience upon this Occaſion, acquitted her of any Crime, providing ſhe parted with a little Money to ſay Maſſes for the Deceaſed. But what is moſt lamentable relating to this Knight, who died the moſt miſerable of all Men, and which deſerves our Reflexion the moſt, is, That Divine Providence ſuffer'd him to have much the ſame Fate with the Poor he had forgotten, and whoſe Revenues he enjoy'd; for either our Religion is falſe, or it is true, to ſay, That the Goods of the Church are the Patrimony of the Poor; that the Church has them confided to her as the Mother of the Poor, and for their Uſe; and that ſhe afterwards diſtributes them in Truſt to Lay-Perſons, who are to render a ſtrict Account of them. If this be ſo, as moſt certain it is, How dare Prelates, Abbots, Priors, Canons, and other Eccleſiaſticks, apply them altogether to their own private Uſe, as they are but too frequently accuſtom'd to do? Nay, we hear every day, theſe People preach Charity to us, while they have little or none of it themſelves. Do you now-a-days ſee any of theſe Holy Folks, with their high Collars, and their promiſing Countenances, viſit Hoſpitals, Jails, Alms-Houſes, and ſuch-like Places, as they ought to do? No truly; And perhaps you'll tell me, they avoid theſe, as they do Stage-Plays, Gaming-Houſes, Merry-Meetings, and other Divertiſements, meerly becauſe they are not convenient for them. They, forſooth, muſt be ſuppos'd to be in their Studies reading or compoſing ſome florid Sermons; and when ever they receive Viſits, it is from the *Beaux Eſprits*, and whenever they pay them, it is to the fine Lady, not on the ſcore of Love, you muſt imagine, but out of pure Friendſhip, which is not Criminal before God. There their Converſation was upon Gallantries, Witticiſms, Puns, Quibbles, Conundrums, and the like fooliſh Levities; but without amuſing our ſelves any longer about theſe Trifles, let us enquire what they do with

theſe Goods of the Poor confided to them by the Church. What they do! Why, they build fine Houſes in the Country, whither they retire for Study and Prayer-ſake; for you know, both theſe are becoming a Divine. Theſe they furniſh finely, and above all get a magnificent Library, which you know is Eſſential to, and, as it were, the Duty of their Character. They muſt render themſelves Learned before they Preach, and indeed whether they Preach or not. They muſt divide their Lives between Prayer and Study; and they would have you to believe they do not Study but to be able to Pray the better. But all this while, what becomes of the Poor? Muſt they Starve for want of what is due to them? The Poor! Why, I confeſs, they ought not to Starve; but then let them live upon Charity. As for the Prieſt, he muſt live according to his Quality and Rank, let what will become of the Poor. He muſt keep a good Table, and have a ſuitable Equipage, not being oblig'd to Faſt and do Penance, as the poor Begging-Friars are. To live thus, is for the Honour of the Church, which he cannot do at leſs Expence; and every one will allow, he that ſerves the Altar ought to live by the Altar; and that he that has one or more Benefices, (for ſome you know have more than one) ought to have reaſonable Recompences for his daily Duty. All this I grant: But why ſhould what belongs to the Poor be employ'd in building Houſes, buying Furniture, erecting Libraries, providing good Tables, paying unneceſſary Servants, and the like Expences, which you ſay are, as it were, Eſſential to a Benefic'd Perſon? You make me laugh to hear you talk thus. Are Clergymen only oblig'd to take Care of the Poor, and do Alms? No, I don't ſay ſo; but I affirm they are more oblig'd to thoſe Duties than other Men; and that what in others is term'd Charity and Almſgiving, in them ought to be call'd Duty and Reſtitution. You ſcan

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the Matter too narrowly, Sir; and, according to your Rules, I don't know what Clergyman could be ſav'd. I'm afraid moſt of us would not, becauſe our Profeſſion requires abundantly more Circumſpection than thoſe of other Men, and yet, for the moſt part, we are looſer in our Conduct than any: However, it muſt be allow'd, a great many of us acquit our ſelves piouſly of our Duty, tho' perhaps the greater number does not.

But hold, *Guzman!* What have you to do to meddle with the Church? Know you not, that they are People the leaſt apt to forgive of any? Are you another St. *Charles Borromeo*, commiſſion'd to Preach and give Leſſons? No, by no means; but when the Oven is once heated, a Spark or two will fly out. I beg your Pardon, good Reader, not only for this Fault, but whatever others of the like kind I may be guilty of hereafter. I muſt confeſs, I am apt to fix upon any thing that ſtands in my way, and ſhall undoubtedly do the ſame for the future, whatever Advice you give me to the contrary. But take no Notice of me, 'tis ſufficient if I ſpeak to the purpoſe; and if not, you need not reform your ſelf by me. You do not enquire, whether a crooked Fellow made the Clothes you have on; if they fit you, 'tis well enough. I acquaint you nevertheleſs with my Humour, that you may Arm your ſelf with Patience. If my Characters don't pleaſe you, I hope, at leaſt, they won't tire you. I ſhould as much wonder that they pleas'd every Body, as that they pleas'd no Body. Every one has his Taſt; but then the miſchief is, every one thinks his own the beſt; and we have but too many fantaſtick People in the World. Some Sot, it may be, will tell me, we muſt not diſpute of Taſts, but then there is nothing more true than that there is a good and a bad Taſt; and how ſhould we come to know them aſſunder but by diſputing, tho', indeed, the obſtinacy of Mankind is now grown ſo great, that few can agree about it.

But let's return to ſpeak of my Mother, who requires it of me, and who, being Widow to an old Gallant, was glad to find a young one in my Father. For my part, I was now about four years old, and had this in common with her, that having loſt one Father, I quickly found another, which by the by is no ſmall Advantage, and a ſure Way not to become an Orphan. My Mother, like a cunning Woman, knew well how to fob me upon them both, tho', perhaps, I belong'd entirely to neither, and that ſome third Perſon had a Finger in the Pye. When I was with the old Knight, ſhe would tell him, I was as like him as if I had come out of his Mouth; and when I was with the other, who upon her Veracity I have always taken for my true Father, ſhe would make him believe, I reſembled him as much as one drop of Water did another. All theſe Matters, however, are uncertain, for how many People are there in the World who have only reputed Fathers! How many Princes and great Lords, who owe their Beings, next under God, to Footmen and *Valet de Chambres!* What a Hurricane would it raiſe in Families, if the Children ſhould happen to be like their Fathers only. 'Tis a pretty ſaying indeed, That if Blood ennobles, it muſt be that of the Mother, whereas theſe Things are wholly caſual. For my part, they ſhall never trouble my Head, and all that I know of the Matter is, that I'm certain I'm a Gentleman, becauſe I'm the Son both of a Knight of *Alcantara* and a Noble *Genoeſe*. And then for my Mother's ſide, ſhe was Nobility it ſelf, being deſcended from a long Train of illuſtrious Anceſtors of the very beſt Families in *Spain*, inſomuch, that you might make a Tree of their Genealogies, as large as that of the Houſe of *Toledo*. It is nevertheleſs poſſible, my Mother might have had a third Gallant of not ſo good a Family as the other two, for ſhe that deceives one Man, may as well deceive two. Examples are but too frequent of this kind,

kind, eſpecially where the Parties are bound only by the Ties of Love or Intereſt, and not by that of Marriage. 'Tis well known, Love has it's Whimſies; and what is belov'd to Day, ſhall be hated to Morrow; and then as for Intereſt, when a Woman is only tied to a Man by that, he that bids more ſhall be ſure to have her. But for married Women, that's quite another Thing. A Contract is a Contract, and 'tis not ſo eaſy to ſeparate what Heaven has join'd.

It is not but married Women have their Gallants, who are to them inſtead of Second and Third Husbands; but then the Husbands always remain, and the Gallants would have enough to do to drive them out of their Beds. The married Women have alſo a Priviledge above the unmarried in that, by an extraordinary Rule in *Arithmetick*, they ſatisfy two Men for one, of which the Gallant makes the Number, for the Husband always paſſes for a Cypher; ſo that if they happen to be ſo chaſt as to have but one Stallion, they ſerve but one Man, tho' they lie with two. For my part, I always went for the Son of the *Levant* Gentleman, I own'd him for my Father, and therefore, according to Juſtice, he ought to diſown me neither in this nor the World to come. My Mother, who ought to know beſt whoſe Son I was, for Intereſt-ſake put me upon my Dead Father. All I know of the Buſineſs is, that the Noble *Genoeſe*, who was either my Father, or not my Father, it matters not whether, lov'd us both, my Mother and I, ſo cordially, that at length he married her. He knew very well what Reputation ſhe had, and that he was likely to come ſpeedily into the Order of *Actæon*; nevertheleſs nothing could diſſwade him, have her he muſt, and ſo he ſoon had. He was one that was very conſtant to what he lov'd, but, believe me, in other reſpects he knew what he did. My Father's Affairs, as I have already told you, began to be a little untwiſted when he firſt came to know my Mother; but

ſhe made him plentiful Amends for the Expence he had been at in courting her, by putting into his Hands not only what the old Knight had left her, but alſo what ſhe had purloin'd from ſeveral others, with whom ſhe had liv'd as a Miſtreſs. Her ordinary Maxim was, to refuſe nothing that was offer'd her; and ſhe had this particular good Houſwifry, to live as much as ſhe could at other Peoples Charges, inſomuch that, with nine or ten thouſand *Ducats* ſhe had ſcrap'd up, ſhe ſoon ſet up my Father again, and ſav'd him from a ſecond Breaking he was juſt about to make. In ſhort, he thought himſelf exceeding happy to get her, and I hope you have nothing to ſay againſt it, for theſe are Matters that happen every Day. If only untouch'd Virgins were to marry, I dare promiſe the World would ſoon be at an end, or at leaſt it would not be ſupported by Marriage. Your tried Women contribute moſt to Generation, whereas Maids are ſo ſqueamiſh, 'tis a long while before you can bring them to't, and ſo much time there is loſt, that might, methinks, have been better ſpent. Well, but when you get a Maid, ſhe has always ſome Love Intrigue or other running in her Head, which if ſhe can accompliſh, then Good-night to all Marriage Joys. That's the very Reaſon, ſay you, I would not have her. But pray, Mr. *Squeamiſh*, (reply I) I have known as nice as your Worſhip that have married ſuch Ladies without ſcruple, altho' they knew they had theſe Failings. Would you have me ſhew you one of theſe? I can do it if I pleaſe, and one that at firſt Sight, you would take for a Man that muſt have a Woman cut out on purpoſe for him, and who would not look upon one that was not of the ſtricteſt Virtue. 'Tis he you ſee there, and whom you know as well as I. You are not ignorant what a miſerable Hand that mercileſs Cenſurer of good natur'd Husbands, and tender Wives, has made of it; and that, after all his Caution, he has pitch'd upon

one

one for a Wife, that makes no ſcruple of going at Noon-day to beat up her Lover's Quarters. This is no Secret, for every Body knows they have been above three Hours together without any bodies interrupting them. In three Hours, you know, there may be a great deal done, eſpecially between Perſons ſo well inclin'd, yet the doting Coxcomb will have it, ſhe came thither only to ſtring a Necklace; and that tho' ſhe and her Paramour were both ſeen ſiting or lying on the Bed together, (I can't tell which) there was nothing paſs'd between them. For my part, I believe the ſame, nothing but what ſhould, for I would not wrong my Neighbour, by judging ill of him, for the whole World. In a Word, this individual Marriage-hater married this Lady, whom he thought never the worſe for ſuch a Slip. I will not pretend to tell you, whether 'twas Love or Intereſt made him do this fine Feat; but this I can aſſure you, he's none of the beſt Natur'd, nor none of the moſt Amorous Men in the World; Love being what does not at all agree with his Age, for he's much turn'd of Forty. Likewiſe one may compute, that ſuch a humourſom, brutiſh, ſplenetick and ſilent Fellow, is always old, tho' he be but five and twenty. He was naturally all this, and he's yet become more ſo ſince his fine Marriage. *Capricorn* is never without theſe ſort of Influences, and 'tis ſaid he had that *Sign* for his Aſcendant. What is ſaid, is ſaid, and a Man can't go contrary to his Star. It muſt be own'd, however, that a Self-ſufficient Fool can't be better puniſh'd than this Coxcomb was. This is only part of a Story which I tell you by the by, and one Day or other, perhaps, I may tell you the reſt, for my Memoirs are already provided, and I have enough to make you laugh till your Sides crack. But let us return once more to ſpeak of my Mother, whom my Father took with all her Faults, and laugh'd at thoſe that went about to undeceive him.

Every

Every one knows beſt where the Shooe wrings, and 'tis the greateſt Impertinence for any Body to pretend to ſhew one. If my Father's Shooe had wrung him, he would ſoon have found it out. The World would certainly go better, if every one minded what only belong'd to him. I am now to tell you, my Father ſo effectually recover'd himſelf with my Mother's Money, that he never was in a better Condition. His greateſt Misfortune was, he lov'd ſplendor and ſhow, and would have a fine Equipage, coſt what it would. He led this courſe of Life ſo long, that, it being impoſſible it ſhould laſt, he at length found himſelf oblig'd to go aſide again, which almoſt broke my Mother's Heart. He likewiſe was ſo much concern'd at it himſelf, that ſeeing no Hopes to recover his loſt State, and live as he had formerly done, he languiſh'd for a while, and at length died, regretted by no Body, but thoſe that had loſt Money by him.

My Mother was both greatly afflicted and embarraſs'd at his Death. We had already ſeen the Houſe at St. *Juan d' Alfarache* go, as likewiſe that in the City, to ſtop the Mouths of Creditors. All our ready Money went alſo by little and little during his Lifetime. My Mother, notwithſtanding, being as vainglorious as he, would needs bury him as ſumptuouſly as if he had died in the moſt proſperous Condition. This you may imagine drain'd us pretty handſomly, and there wanted but little to reduce us to the greateſt Miſery. We had now only ſome few Goods left, which my Mother intended to ſell, and live as well as ſhe could upon what they produced. For my part, young as I was, I had a little Ambition in me, and therein I truly reſembled my Father: Such a quiet and retir'd Life as my Mother intended to lead, was not at all to my Liking; I had been us'd to Noiſe and Buſtle in my Father's Houſe, and I could hear no more of that. I had been likewiſe bred with a Spirit of Liberty, as being the only Son, and could not now

now endure to be govern'd by a Woman, who, I could plainly perceive, had little Government of her ſelf. As I was hot and headſtrong, I often plagu'd her to the very Soul, and would needs be Maſter of the Houſe, tho' I were not above 13 or 14 Years old. In ſhort, we had Quarrels almoſt without ceaſing. She wiſh'd a thouſand times ſhe had had a Girl inſtead of me, who, ſhe ſaid, might have been a Support to her old Age, as ſhe had been to that of her Mother; who, by the by, was an admirable Woman at all ſorts of Love-Intrigues. She had bred up her Daughter in the ſame Profeſſion, who, as you have already heard, was a Model for Virtue and Honour. Never had Child ſo many Fathers as ſhe. There were enough for her to chooſe out of; but leſt ſhe ſhould make an ill Choice, her Mother choſe one for her. My Grandmother was one of the fineſt Women of her time, and had the moſt Wit, and beſt Breeding. Her Houſe was not ſo much a School of Love, as of Politeneſs and Gallantry. It was only free for the greateſt Quality, eſpecially the younger ſort, whom ſhe kept under great Diſcipline, and who might well be ſaid to be fine Gentlemen, after they had been inſtructed a while by her. She had my Mother by a random Stroke, for ſhe hardly knew how her ſelf; but ſhe nevertheleſs did every one of theſe Gentlemen the Honour to lay her at their Doors, and ſatisfied every one ſhe had ſome Reſemblance with them in ſome Particular. She alſo never fail'd to call her by the Name of the Perſon that was by; and when there happen'd to be two or more, as there ſometimes was, then ſhe was call'd in ſhort *Donna Marcella*, which was her Chriſtian Name, but as for the *Donna*, that to be ſure was never forgot. My Grandmother all along had a kindneſs for the Family of the *Guzmans*, and as one of her Gallants happen'd to be of that Name, and whom ſhe lov'd beſt of any, ſhe thought ſhe could not do better than make her Daughter deſcend from a Houſe

a Houſe ſo illuſtrious, tho' ſhe confeſſed to him at the ſame time in private, that for ought ſhe knew, ſhe might be begot by a certain Lord, who was a near Relation to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, a Grandee of *Spain*.

In ſhort, my good old Grannum was a very underſtanding Woman, and altho' ſhe always liv'd great, ſhe never wanted for any thing, for as her Beauty began to decline, my Mother's began to riſe. Now you muſt know, a lucky occaſion happen'd much about this time to teach my Mother her Trade, for hitherto by great chance ſhe had continued a Maid. It ſeems a Merchant was newly come from *Peru*, who meaſur'd Money by Buſhel-fulls, and who coming to my Grandmother's Houſe, bargain'd to give her 4000 good *Ducats* for her Daughter's Maidenhead. The Offer, you may be ſure, was accepted; and after my Mother had learn'd her Trade, ſhe went on in it very couragiouſly. Never Chriſtian acquitted her ſelf better of her Duty, and if ſhe had had the good Fortune to have a Daughter in my room, or at leaſt to have brought me a Siſter into the World, we ſhould no doubt have been in better Circumſtances than we now were, for my Mother underſtood her Profeſſion perfectly well, and had an excellent knack at Communicating it to others. Beſides, *Sevil* was a wonderful proper Place for this ſort of Practiſe, being the common Refuge for Perſons of the moſt eminent Virtue, and who could not fail of getting good Livelihoods there; but if *Sevil* had not been ſufficient, *Madrid* would have plentifully ſupplied that Defect. My Misfortune, however, was to have little or nothing to do there, wherefore being a ſort of Encumbrance to my Mother, becauſe I was of the wrong Sex, I reſolved to go ſeek my Fortune elſewhere; and it came into my Head to go viſit my Kindred at *Genoa*. For this purpoſe I thought proper to take the Name of my Mother, which was *Guzman*, as being more honour-

honourable than that of my Father, and to add to it *d'Alfarache*, which beſpoke me a Perſon of Quality. I knew of what Importance it was for ſuch Knight-Errants as my ſelf to have Names of Conſequence, and was ſatisfied that the Titles of *Count* and *Marqueſs* are commonly taken up by ſuch People with leſs Reaſon than I had taken theſe. Without a Title, a Man in a ſtrange Country is little minded; and with one, I have heard of an ordinary Tradeſman's Son, who had a little Money, and was tolerably handſome, that has got admittance into the moſt ſplendid Courts, and made himſelf equal to thoſe Lords whom he was not worthy to ſerve as a Page: 'Tis true, a Man muſt manage theſe Matters with a great deal of Caution, otherwiſe he may chance to be kick'd and degraded to his Primitive Condition, but thoſe that have Sence know well how to avoid theſe Diſaſters; and if the worſt come to the worſt, 'tis but going into another Prince's Territories and you get clear of all; and may, if you think fit, play the ſame Game over again. This, in truth, is not very warrantable, but every one has a different Taſte, and, for my part, I'm for this ſort of Life. Can any thing be more charming, than for a Man who, perhaps, is deſcended from the very Dregs of the Populace, to ride in his Coach and Six, with his Pockets full of *Piſtoles*? How he comes by them is not material, but if he has a good Addreſs, and can ſpeak well, he ſhall enter where another Perſon of much greater Conſequence ſhall be excluded, and at Hours that no Body, perhaps, but himſelf can be admitted. When one has a Talent for Things of this Nature, I think one ought to make uſe of it. What does a Man come into the World for, but to make a Noiſe; right or wrong, I ſay, he ought to make a Noiſe. Perhaps, Reader, theſe Maxims may not be to thy Liking, but they are proper for ſuch Rogues as I am, and therefore thou muſt not be ſurpriz'd if henceforward I make uſe of them.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Guzman *leaves his Mother's Houſe, and, by the way, diſcourſes on the Torments of Hunger: Afterwards he tells you what befel him with an Hoſteſs, recounting many notable Inſtances of ill Government.*

NOW was I in my Thoughts, the illuſtrious Don *Guzman d' Alfarache*. I was a Young Lad that had a great deal of Wind in my Head, but little Money in my Pocket to carry on my Projects. I was not yet well enough acquainted with the World, and I had a mind to learn what it was made of. This was a great Undertaking I aſſure you, and I think I did well to begin it betimes. The worſt was, being an only Son, I had not only been plentifully, but nicely brought up, had had my full ſwinge of Pleaſure, and was now entring upon the Stage of the World, which is a Sea full of Rocks and Quick-Sands, eſpecially to one of my Age, who was capable of but little Reflexion. I had often threatned my Mother I would leave her when ſhe leaſt expected it, and, perhaps, ſhe deſir'd no better, tho' ſhe pretended the contrary, and endeavour'd to alter my Reſolution. But at length ſhe having one Day rattled me more than ordinary on account of ſome Money I had ſtolen from her, and whereof we had but little in the Houſe, I caught up my Cloak briskly, and, going out, told her, if ſhe ſaw me any more ſhe muſt give me better Language. As the Day was far ſpent, my Journey was not over great; I went no farther than St. *Lazarus*, a Chapel but a little way off from the City. There ſitting me down on the Steps, I began to con-

ſider

ſider what I had done. 'Tis true, I left my Mother's Houſe in a great fury, and walk'd at that rate as if Bailies had been at my Heels, but you ſee how ſoon I was tired; I am hardly got half a League off before I begin to repent, and Night and Melancholy have thrown their Sable Cloaks over me. I found my ſelf alone at a Church Door without knowing whither to go. Beſides, it was Supper-time, and my Belly began to tell me ſo; yet as Misfortunes never come ſingle, it happen'd to be *Friday* when I could get no Fleſh; but what ſignifies either Fiſh or Fleſh, if I were ſo far off from an Inn that I could not come at them. 'Tis true, I had Drink enough, for Plenty of fine clear Water ran within a Foot of me; but what ſignifies Water to a raw Stomach? Wretched Repaſt, unfortunate Adventurer! I might be ſad, 'tis certain, but Sadneſs would not fill my Belly. I then began to find the difference between my Mother's Houſe and a Church Door; between a Table cover'd with good Victuals, and not a Morſel to eat; between a certainty of having a good Lodging, and not knowing where to lay my Head. But, however, what plagu'd me moſt, was Hunger. There's no Pain, but what Eating can aſſwage, nor none, but what is augmented by Faſting. When one has no Jaw-work, no Pleaſure is reliſh'd, nor Comfort entertain'd. Then every Body is out of humour, and hardly any Body knows wherefore. We Talk and Preach, and lay down Maxims for each other's Conduct, but to little purpoſe. While I was in this Quondary, ſeeing the Church open, I had a mind to go in and reſign my ſelf into the Hands of God, beſeeching his Divine Majeſty to direct me what I was to do. I did as I was diſpos'd, but was fain to make my Prayer ſhort, becauſe the time was come that the Church Door was to be ſhut, and I was intreated to walk out. This ſeem'd an ill Omen, for what could I think when I was driven even out of the Church, which is the common

mon *Aſylum* for the Unhappy. I did not know what to think on't; but obey I muſt, and ſo out I went. 'Tis true, I did not go far, for I car'd not to venture further than the Place where I was before, the Night being exceeding dark. There ſitting me down, in ſpite of my ſmall Courage the Tears began to flow from my Eyes. I did not know whither to go, forward or backward, dreading Precipices before, and Wolves behind, ſo great was my Panick Fear. In the midſt of theſe Diſquiets, Sleep ſeiz'd me, when putting my Noſe within my Cloak, and leaning my Head againſt the Iron Raiis, I ſlept ſo heartily, that the Sun had been up two Hours before I awak'd. This put me in mind of a Story of one *Montagne*, who accompanying his Wife's Corps to the Grave, and happening to paſs by a Tavern, where he knew they ſold good Wine, he ſtop'd, and pretending ſome extraordinary occaſion to call there, deſir'd his Friends and Relations to proceed forward, and he would follow them. He went in, and being under great Affliction, call'd for a Pint of Wine, which having drank, he call'd for a Second, a Third, and a Fourth, till at length, being got very Drunk, he fell aſleep upon the Table. The Funeral Ceremony ended, the Company wonder'd he did not come, and therefore thought proper to go and look for him, fearing he might have ſwoon'd on the Road, thro' Grief. As they went along, they enquir'd of every Body, and heard nothing of him; but at laſt coming to the Place where they had left him, they found him aſleep on the Table. Calling him, he ſtarted up, and immediately recollecting his Error, cried out in a great Agony, Alas my Dear Wife! what an unfortunate Day is this to me! You muſt pardon me, Gentlemen, ſince you ſee how God has afflicted me, for nothing is ſo apt to make a Man ſleep, as Affliction. So, I believe, it far'd with me; Grief and Melancholy had made me ſleepy, but then it was not after a good Drinking-bout as this

Man's

Man's was, for 'tis well known I had nothing to drink but Water, and that's but ſmall Comfort, Heaven knows. I had now faſted from *Friday* Noon to this time, and that you may imagine was no ſmall Matter for one to do, that conſtantly had his four Meals a Day. This, nevertheleſs, did not hinder me from ſleeping heartily, altho' in ſo improper a Place, inſomuch that, as I told you before, I did not wake till *Saturday* Morning, and which, perhaps, I had not done then, if ſome Country Wenches, who were probably going to a Wedding, had not diſturb'd me with their Muſick. At this Noiſe I ſtarted up, and, hardly awake knew not for the preſent where I was, and at laſt could ſcarce perſwade my ſelf I had been aſleep out of *Sevil* at a Church Door. When I was pretty well come to my ſelf, and found how the Caſe ſtood, that is, that I had left my Mother and was in queſt of better Fortune, I cried, I'll on a God's Name, ſince the Fates have ſo allotted for me; which ſaying I got upon my Legs, and ſeeing ſeveral Ways, and not knowing which was beſt to take, I choſe the broadeſt, and you know whither that leads. That Commonwealth muſt needs be ill govern'd where the Feet do the Office of the Head, and Reaſon and Prudence have nothing to do. My Feet then were my Guides, and I follow'd them whitherſoever they led me. I were like that Mountebank of *La Mancha*, who having never ſtudied, and not knowing how either to Write or Read, carried about with him a Bag full of *Recipe's*, on one ſide of which he put thoſe for *Juleps* and Cordial Potions, and on the other thoſe for Purges and other Phyſick. When he came to viſit any Sick Body, he put in his Hand at random, and drew forth what came next, crying, *God grant it may do thee good*, and ſo ſent it to the *Apothecary*. In like manner, conſidering the Road I had taken at random, I might ſay to my ſelf, *God grant*, Guzman, *it may do thee good*. But as Divine Providence never ſends any Misfortunes

but ſuch as one can bear, and that for Ends beſt known to himſelf; ſo even the Worſt may be made good Uſe of if we conſider rightly of them, and we ought at leaſt to give Thanks that we are not totally forgot. For my part, I have more than ordinary Reaſon to make Acknowledgments on this Account, for my Misfortunes have taken me upon leaving my Mother's Houſe, and kept me Company all the while without giving me the leaſt Reſpit. 'Tis true, they come from the Hand of God, but they are nevertheleſs what we draw upon our ſelves by our ill Conduct. There is, however, a great Difference between Misfortunes; thoſe that come from the Hand of God he may deliver us from if he pleaſes, they are like Mines of fine Gold or rough Diamonds, which the Hand of a skilful Workman can bring to Perfection; but for ſuch as a Man brings upon himſelf by his irregular Conduct, they are gilded Pills, which both deceive the Taſt and Sight by their falſe Appearance, and diſorder and overturn the whole Conſtitution of the Body.

Setting out then, as I've already acquainted you I did, I travell'd two Leagues that Morning, which, tho' not very large, was nevertheleſs a great deal for a young Man to do, who had never gone ſo far outright in his Life, and who, beſides, had had his Belly full of Wind for twenty four Hours together. I was, you may gueſs, ſwingingly tir'd, and believ'd I was got to the *Antipodes*, or had diſcover'd another World, like *Columbus*, when I ſaw an Inn before me. This Inn I enter'd all ſweaty, cover'd with Duſt, quite harraſs'd out, and damnable hungry, as you may conclude from what I have already told you. Being Noon, I enquir'd for Dinner, and was inform'd there were only new-laid Eggs in the Houſe. As for new-laid Eggs, quoth I, they may do well enough if they are really ſo. You need not doubt that, ſaid the Hoſteſs; but ſeeing me a raw Lad, and believing I had

a good

a good Stomach, ſhe thought ſhe might put any thing upon me. Laughing in my Face with a gay Air, ſhe ask'd me whence I came. I told her, from *Sevil.* And whither art thou going, Child? cried ſhe, putting at the ſame time her naſty Fiſt under my Chops, and making as if ſhe would kiſs me. This made me to turn my Head, but which I could not do ſoon enough to avoid a beaſtly Belch that came hot from her Stomach, which no doubt would have poiſon'd me, and communicated her Diſtempers to me, had not I turn'd ſo haſtily about, and by that means eſcap'd the greateſt part of the Infection. What I had of it, ſat very ill upon me, and if I had had any thing in my Belly beſides, I ſhould undoubtedly have vomited. To be civil, nevertheleſs, and anſwer her Queſtion as well as I could, I told her, ſtretching forth my Neck as far as poſſible from her, that I was going to Court, and deſir'd her only to give me ſome Dinner. She then made me ſit down to a three Legg'd Cricket that was ſomewhat crazy, and laid before me, for a Napkin, a courſe Cloth that had but newly clean'd the Oven. On this Cloth ſhe plac'd for a Saltſeller the bottom of a broken Earthen Pot, with Salt mix'd with Durt and Greace; and gave me to Drink the Water ſhe juſt then took from the Chicken, which was muddy, and in the ſame Earthen Veſſel. Having thus done, ſhe ſet before me for Bread, a piece of a Cake as black as my Hat, and at the ſame time ſerv'd up in a very filthy crack'd Platter, a ſort of *Omelet*, which, nevertheleſs, might better be term'd an Egg-Poultice. This *Omelet*, Bread, Drinking-Pot, Drink, Saltſeller, Salt, Napkin and Hoſteſs, were all of a Piece, that is to ſay, as naſty and forbidding as poſſible; yet I, who had faſted thus long, and whoſe Guts reproach'd me with their unkind Uſage, fell on as heartily as if it had been the fineſt ſet-out Table in the World. That I might make ſome Amends for what was paſt,

I eat on both ſides my Mouth, as Hogs do Acorns. I felt indeed ſomething grate between my Teeth that does not uſe to be in an *Omelet*, but that matter'd not, I eat on for all that, and if there had been twenty little Chicken therein, I had ſwallow'd them, Bones and all, ſo well nigh famiſh'd I was. At length, however, this *Omelet* ſeem'd not to have the ſame Taſt as *Omelets* us'd to have, at leaſt I did not think it like thoſe I had eat at my Mother's Houſe; but this I eaſily reconcil'd, believing the difference of the Country might be the Cauſe of it, and that Eggs were not in all Places of equal Goodneſs. In a Word, after I had eat all, and that was no ſmall *Modicum* neither, I found my ſelf ſo well ſatisfied, that I thought I was more than ordinarily happy in getting ſo good a Repaſt; for moſt true it is, that Hunger is the beſt Sauce, and that Neceſſity will force its way thro' Stone-Walls. As I work'd with both Hands, as well as with both Jaws, the Buſineſs was ſoon over, and I had met with no Let or Hindrance, if it had not been for the Bread, which indeed I had much ado to get down. I eat, 'tis true, by Intervals, becauſe the Meat being very bad, my Mouthfuls muſt have had time to get into my Stomach, or they would have choak'd me. I began with the Cruſt of my Bread, and ended with the Crum, which indeed was the worſt, for it was not above a quarter bak'd; but as bad as it was, I left none to find Fault with. I did as Boys do by Cherries, who, tho' they begin with the plumpeſt and ripeſt, uſually eat all before they have done. If this Bread had been good, three Pounds, according to my Fancy, would not have ſatisfied me. 'Tis true, that Year the Harveſt was very bad in *Spain*, and then the City of *Sevil* was wont to ſuffer extreamly, but that's no wonder, ſince it ſeldom has Corn ſufficient for its Inhabitants, even in the beſt of Seaſons. God knows who is the Cauſe of it, and it would not have become me to dive into the Reaſon,

ſon, becauſe I was but a Boy. All I might obſerve was, that 'twas the ſame Thing almoſt in all other Cities which are govern'd alike. They that have the Adminiſtration of Affairs, do not buy their Poſts for nothing. They muſt have Advantages one way or other to reimburſe themſelves, and, as the Saying is, *So many Magiſtrates as there are, ſo many Blood-ſuckers are there.* Good Times likewiſe are not the beſt for them to Prey in, but Bad are ever more proper, when they do not fail to haraſs the poor People unmercifully. Hence it comes, that in few Years they are drawn by Coaches and Six, build magnificent Houſes, furniſh them ſumptuouſly, maintain delicious Gardens at vaſt Expence, and go cloath'd, both themſelves and their Families, like ſo many Princes. Do you think the bare Revenues of their Poſts can afford all this? No, certainly, there is ſomething more in the Wind, and, which the People ſhall be ſure to feel. 'Tis the Abuſe of their Power is the Deſtruction of the Subject, and to excuſe themſelves they only cry, Why it belongs to the Publick; as if it were not as great a Crime to rob the Publick, as a private Man. A venerable and honeſt old Gentleman, obſerving one of theſe Officers to exceed his Charge, ſaid to him, out of Zeal for the Publick Good, Is that Mr. *N*—— what you ſwore to in the Town-Houſe? What's that to any Body, anſwer'd he haughtily, ſince I'm ſatisfied I do but my Duty. 'Tis probable he call'd doing his Duty, turning every thing into Money, for he ow'd a great deal; whereby having heap'd up a good Sum, he not only paid what he was indebted, but in a few Years erected himſelf into a Great and Potent Lord. Were it not better then, inſtead of Oaths which theſe Officers and Magiſtrates are made to take, which nevertheleſs do but ſerve to damn them, and abuſe the Credulity of the poor People; Were it not better, I ſay, That theſe Offices and Employments ſhould be ſold,

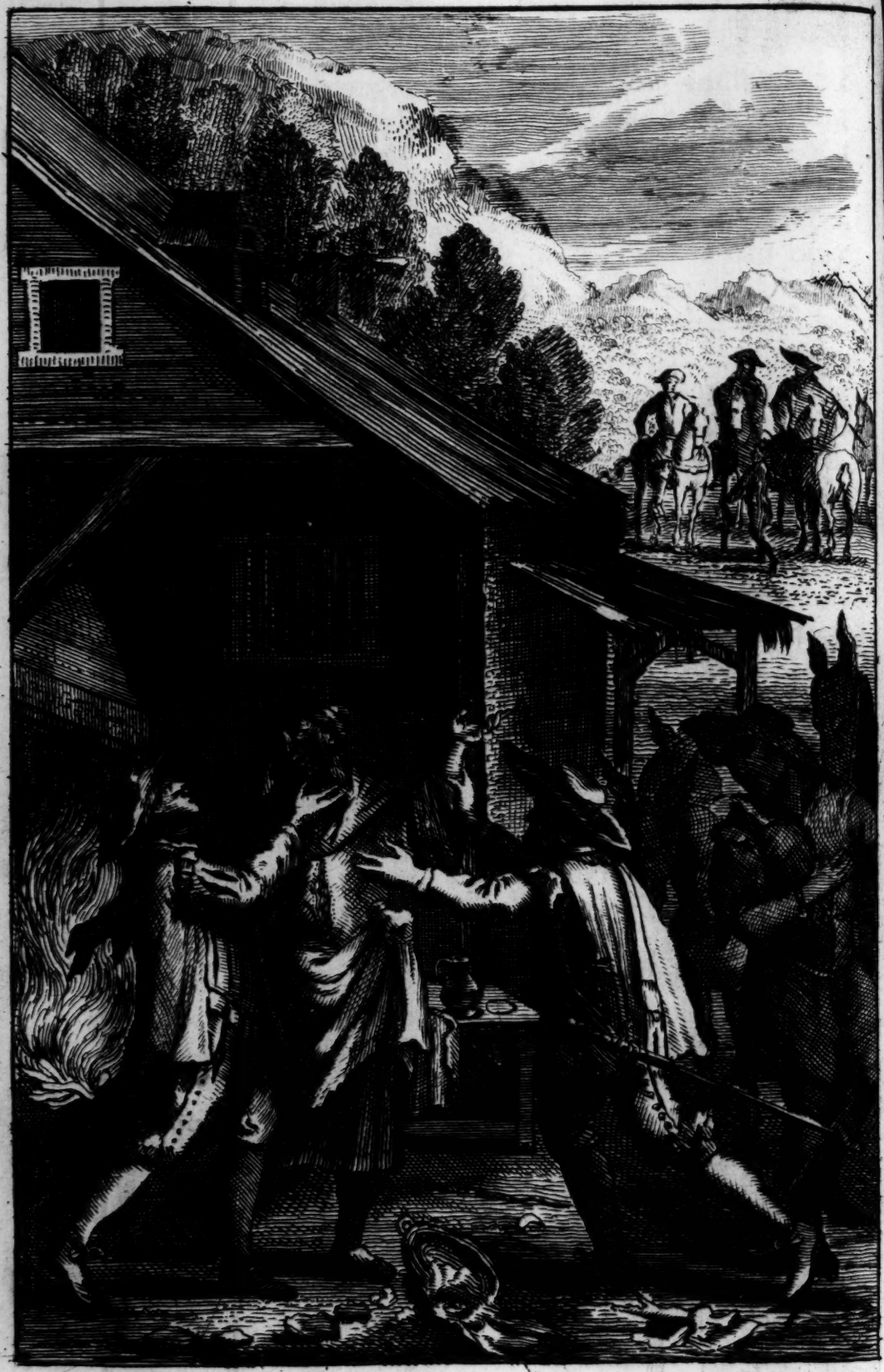
and the Money be brought into the Publick Treaſury, than that theſe perjur'd Raſcals ſhould have the Benefit of it. How can theſe Villains, who, in their exalted Stations, ſhould ſerve as Examples of Good to others, have the Face to condemn thoſe to rigourous Puniſhments, whom they have taught to rob the Publick? Ought not they to fear the ſame Informations being exhibited againſt them, as they have caus'd to be brought againſt others for the ſame Crimes, which they themſelves nevertheleſs are more guilty of. They think, perhaps, they are ſhelter'd from Juſtice, becauſe Juſtice is under their Adminiſtration. They govern therefore as they pleaſe, and every thing is right that they do. They agree among themſelves, and ſhake Hands reciprocally. To Day it is my Turn, and to morrow it ſhall be yours. Do but ſuffer me to Buy, and I'll permit you to Sell. They regulate the Markets as they think fit, and put what Price they pleaſe upon Proviſions. They are not only Superviſors of the Farms, but are oftentimes the Farmers themſelves, under borrow'd Names; or elſe they let Thoſe farm the Publick Revenues whom they have a right Underſtanding with, and from whom they draw great Sums by way of Partnerſhip. In a Word, without explaining my ſelf further, what do theſe pretended Zealots for the Good of their Country do, that does not turn to their own particular Profit? We always hear them make a Noiſe about their Services and Sufferings, and yet in a few Years you ſee them riſe out of the Earth like Muſhroms. Theſe are the Animals that Kings are generally ſerv'd by, for Republicks have for the moſt part more Caution, and put into theſe Poſts Perſons of greater Integrity. Of this we have many Examples, and I ſay nothing but what every Body knows as well as my ſelf. I ſay again, that at *Sevil* theſe Abuſes are greater than ordinary, eſpecially as to Corn, and whatever elſe the Earth produces, which,

perhaps,

perhaps, is thereabouts as fertil as in any part of *Spain*, and which conſequently ſhould occaſion Abundance in that City; but Thanks be to the Gentlemen that have the Adminiſtration of Publick Matters, there's as great Scarcity there as any where, and above all this Year, when I ſallied out upon my noble Expedition. I know what Reaſons might be given for it; but tho' I ſhould tell them, and comment upon them never ſo much, theſe Practices would not be reform'd. The Perſons that have the Super-intendency over them, are intereſted in them, and will tell you there are ſome Evils that ought to be tolerated, and that if you purge a Man's Body too much, 'tis the direct way to ſend him to his Grave. What Arguments will not theſe State-Quacks uſe, to make you ſwallow their Pills? Poor Publick, or rather poor Milch-Cow, after all the plentiful Pailfuls thou haſt given to theſe ungrateful Wretches, they will not be contented till they have the Knife in thy Throat, and the Skin from thy Back. By what People, good God, is Mankind for the moſt part govern'd? Hear them but ſpeak, and you'd think they were Oracles, ſo much they ſeem to deſire the good of their Country; but God alone knows what they do. They pretend all to die for their Country, but not one of them will come near a Fagot. If there be any publick Edifice to be built, they are both Architects, Undertakers and Maſons. If there be any publick Wood to cut, they'l be ſure to furniſh their Houſes with Fuel for a Twelve-month. If any Bodies Goods are to be confiſcated, the greateſt Share muſt be ſure to come to them. At any publick Auction, no Body muſt preſume to bid above them. But I am got into too large a Sea, and I find I ſhall be Shipwreck'd if I proceed farther, therefore I had beſt get aſhore again as ſoon and as well as I can.

Thou ſeeſt, courteous Reader, how inclinable I am to ſpare no Body, and that I can't help telling Truth for the Blood of me; therefore I hope thou wilt excuſe me if I offend thee, for I proteſt I can't help it. My Pen will ſometimes ſlip from my Hand, and all the Art I have cannot hold it in. I can only make the ſame Excuſe for it the Muleteer did, who coming by a Man with his Mule laden, the Beaſt by chance threw him down, which his Maſter ſeeing, he turn'd about and cried, I hope Friend you'l excuſe him, for the Beaſt is but a Beaſt. To conclude, the Bread that I eat in that damn'd Inn was curſed bad, tho' Hunger taught me to like it then; but I made my ſelf Amends afterwards with Wine, which I got the old Jade to bring out, and which was the beſt in all thoſe Parts. In a Word, having paid my Hoſteſs what ſhe demanded, I ſet forwards upon my Journey much more gay and brisk than when I left *Sevil*. My Feet, which before were ſcarce able to bear up my Belly, tho' that was as empty and light as could be, now began to trip it, and had no occaſion to be bid go. When I had gone about a League, I began to feel my Guts wamble, occaſion'd, as I preſently ſuppos'd, by the Dinner I had eaten, and which made me to make a thouſand Reflections. Thoſe little Things in the *Omelet*, which crak'd between my Teeth, gave me the moſt Diſturbance, yet I could not imagine what they ſhould be, and the more I thought of them, the farther I were from finding them out; however, I could not but keck at the Remembrance of them, as preſenting to my Imagination ſomething that was highly nauſeous and loathſome. This I was in a manner confirm'd in, when I reflected how ill ſeaſon'd and black the *Omelet* was, and which look'd as if it had been fried in Candle-Greace, and colour'd with Candle-Snuffs. My Hoſteſs alſo, with her Blear-Eyes, came into my Mind, and made me ready to ſpue, which, in effect, I afterwards did. At length,

by



by meer dint of Thinking, I fancied I had found out the Secret, and which was, that my *Omelet* was Amphibious, having ſomething in it that ſhould not be there. This I was altogether convinc'd of, when, in about an Hours travelling more, I found I could go no further without making Reſtitution, and which made the Matter plain, which before I but fancied. A Woman in Travel could not endure worſe and more racking Pains than I did at firſt, but at length, after ſeveral Spouts, I found my ſelf eaſier, but was nevertheleſs brought all of a ſudden ſo weak, that I could hardly ſtand. The Thoughts how I ſhould get to a Lodging did not a little afflict me, having at leaſt two Leagues to go before I could come at one; but while I was thus muſing, my good Fortune would have it, that a *Muleteer* came by with ſome unladen Mules, who ſeeing me in that Condition, befriended me, as you ſhall hear in the following Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Guzman tells the Muleteer *what had befallen him with his Hoſteſs, and reflects upon unneceſſary Laughter. Then he tells you Two ſhort Tales; One of a Covetous Phyſician, and the other how Two Soldiers ſerv'd his Hoſteſs; and, at laſt, falls into a Learned Diſcourſe about pardoning of Injuries.*

THE *Muleteer* ſeeing me ſo Sad and Melancholy, leaning againſt the Wall of a Vineyard, ſeem'd, as I fancied, to have ſome Pity on me, and ſtopping ask'd me what made me to look ſo pale. I told him what had happen'd to me at the Inn, whereupon he

he ſet up ſo great a Laughter, that I thought he would have drop'd from his Mule, and which he had certainly done, if he had not ſupported himſelf with both his Hands. This by no means pleas'd me, for it muſt needs be diſagreeable to one under Affliction, to be laugh'd at for what he can't help. My Man however went on, and rather redoubled than leſſen'd his Mirth, which I perceiving, let him laugh his Belly full, as knowing, if I had teſtified my Diſpleaſure never ſo much, he would but have laugh'd the more. I was no ways provided for fighting, neither with Sword nor Quarter-Staff, and for Fiſticuffs, I knew he muſt needs be too hard for me at them; beſides, I did not think fit to diſoblige him, in hopes I might borrow one of his Mules, to do that for me which my Legs were hardly able to do: I therefore beſpoke him fair, and thought I was much in the right on't. A Man muſt not bully out of Seaſon; when he finds the Party too ſtrong againſt him, 'tis better to Diſſemble than Contend. I jocularly, however, gave him to underſtand I was diſpleas'd, and ſaid to him, Well Friend, and what makes you ſo merrily diſpos'd? I beſeech you, What makes you to laugh ſo heartily? Is it that my Noſe ſtands awry, or what other Cauſe have I given for your ſo great Mirth? This made him but laugh the more, nevertheleſs he at length ſtop'd, and ſaid, 'Tis not at you nor your Adventure, little Gentleman, that I laugh, for your Caſe is too deplorable to make a Jeſt of, but at your old Hag of an Hoſteſs, who had ſuch a Trick plaid her to Day by two Soldiers, as has ſufficiently reveng'd your ill Uſage. But to loſe no Time, if you go the ſame way with me, get up on one of my Mules, and I'll tell you the Story as we ride along. This laſt Compliment made me full Amends for what he had done before, ſo, without farther Intreaty, I got up on one of his Beaſts, and was ready to give him Audience as ſoon as he ſhould be

diſpos'd

diſpos'd to begin. He told me then, that theſe two Soldiers coming into the ſame Inn, much about the time that I went out, they ask'd for ſomething to eat, and the Hoſteſs anſwering them as ſhe had done me, That ſhe had nothing but Eggs, they bid her make ready a good *Omelet*, which ſhe did, and brought them; but when they were about to cut it, their Knives found Reſiſtance in ſeveral Places. This making them think there was ſomething in it more than ſhould be, they conſented to tear it to pieces, which they did into three Parts, and thereby diſcover'd two or three ſmall Lumps, which, upon Diſſection, they found to be ſo many unform'd Chickens, whoſe Heads and Bills were ſomewhat hard, and plainly ſhew'd what they were. The Soldiers finding how the Caſe ſtood, ſeem'd to take no Notice of it, but having clap'd a Plate over the *Omelet*, as if they had eaten what they would of it, they call'd for ſomething elſe. The Hoſteſs told them, ſhe had juſt been ſcaling a *Sabalo*, a ſort of Sea-Fiſh like a *Shad*, of which, if they pleas'd, ſhe would broil them two or three Slices. They bad her do ſo, and told her they would pay her what ſhe deſerv'd. But as ſhe was broiling this Fiſh over the Fire, one of my Comrades comes up to her, with the uneaten *Omelet*, and with all his force ſlap'd it in her Face, inſomuch that the Eggs ſticking like a Plaiſter, ſhe was blind for a good while after, and not being able preſently to get it off, baul'd out for Help, as if ſhe had been ſtuck. At this my other Comrade came up, who, ſeeming to diſapprove of what his Brother Soldier had done, gave his Landlady good Words, but at the ſame time ſtroking her over the Face with a handful of Soot, made her look like any Devil. This done, they both went out of the Houſe, calling their Hoſteſs old Toothleſs Bitch, for treating Travellers after that rate, and giving them Fleſh on *Saturdays*, when they ſhould eat none. Now, quoth the *Muleteer*, do you not

not think this old Hag made a fine Figure with her black and yellow Face; her Blear-Eyes encircled with a red *Callows*, and ſunk I know not how far into her Head; her turn'd-up Noſe with wide gaping Noſtrils; and her Splay-mouth ſtretch'd a Yard wide, and ſquawling as if ſhe had been damn'd in Hell, and where, indeed, ſhe ought to be. The *Muleteer* had ſcarce ended his Story before we met two Fryars on the Road, who, ſeeing us afar off, had waited till we came up, that they likewiſe might have the benefit of riding, of which it ſeems they had great need, being ſwingingly tir'd as well as my ſelf. They quickly agreed with the *Muleteer* to carry them to *Cazalla*, whither he alſo was going; and having mounted each his Beaſt, we jogg'd on at an eaſy rate. Whilſt we were thus ambling along, the *Muleteer* reſum'd his Story, and, in concluſion, told us the bare Remembrance how that old Jade of an Hoſteſs had been ſerv'd by the two Soldiers, would ſerve him for Laughter all the Days of his Life. I replied, and it will ſerve me no leſs for Vexation, in that I could not be reveng'd on the old Hag as they were; but Patience, quoth I, ſhe is not dead yet, and I may have a fling at her ugly Chops before I die ſtill. The good Fryars, ſeeing me in ſuch a Paſſion, ask'd the *Muleteer* what had been the occaſion of it. The ſly Raſcal deſiring no better Sport, began my Story a-new, which, you may imagine, was no ſmall Mortification to me. The Fryars exceedingly blam'd the old Slut's Action, and no leſs condemn'd my Reſentment, eſpecially ſince it laſted ſo long; and one of them turning to me, ſaid, "You are but a Youth, "Son, and that, I ſuppoſe, is the Reaſon that your "Blood is ſo warm; but I muſt tell you, you do ill "to give way to your Paſſion, and you ought rather "to bridle and ſtifle your Reſentment, and not be "ſorry, as you pretend, that you did not take Revenge "upon that miſerable old Woman. He went on, and

read

read me a long Lecture upon the Sin and bad Conſequences of Anger and Revenge, exhorting me to pardon Injuries after the Example of our *Bleſſed Saviour*; but all he ſaid had little effect upon me, and I believe he did it only to keep in Mind the laſt Sermon he had made on theſe Subjects. Such Exhortations were very improperly addreſs'd to a Youth as I was, and much more to ſuch a *Muleteer* as ours, who did nothing but laugh all the while our good Father was preaching, and throwing away his Pious Inſtructions, back'd by ſeveral Paſſages out of the Scripture, on one who ſo little underſtood them. Nevertheleſs, as I have always had a good Memory, I remember'd ſuch as I lik'd beſt of them, and which are as follows. "If we conſider rightly, ſaid he, what greater, and "even more glorious Revenge can there be, than to "have had it in our Power to Revenge an Injury, "and yet not to have done it. What is more ſhame-"ful than this Paſſion, even before God and Man, "ſince it is nothing but what the fierceſt Beaſts "are moſt ſubject to. It is only excuſable in Women, "on account of their natural Weakneſs; for as to "Man, ſomething Greater and more Rational is ex-"pected from him. Pardoning is the Sign of a great "Soul, that knows how to conquer it ſelf, and "maſter its Paſſions. The Revengful Man becomes "criminal, and ſubject to Juſtice; whereas the Lord "of the Creation's Buſineſs ſhould be to judge Up-"rightly, and afford Mercy. We depend not on "our ſelves, but on God, who is our Creator, and "to whom alone we are indebted for all we enjoy. "If all we have be his, and we have nothing of "our own, who is that can take what we have "from us? He that offends us, offends him. God "has reſerv'd Vengeance wholly to himſelf; and for "us to think to revenge our ſelves, and thereby en-"trench on the Almighty's Prerogative, is the utmoſt "Inſolence and Temerity. We can at beſt but

"revenge

" revenge our ſelves as Men, and that weakly, " whereas God can do it like himſelf, and that ſe- " verely. Let us leave then this Office to him, who is " beſt able to do it effectually. It cannot be long " firſt, in regard that Man is of no long duration. " *Seneca*, tho' a Heathen, gives us, in himſelf, an " Example of what Chriſtians ought to do. Being " one Day in the Market-Place, and one of his Ene- " mies happening to ſtand by him, he all of a ſud- " den gave him a Kick. The Action, to ſpeak truth, " was baſe, and the Injury very great. Thoſe " that ſtood by, and ſaw what had been done, ad- " viſed *Seneca* to take the Law of his Adverſary, " which he laughing heartily at, ſaid, What, would " you have me go to Law with a Beaſt, becauſe " he has kick'd me? No, I conſider it is his Nature " to kick, and therefore have no more to ſay to " him. Now was not this the greateſt Revenge he " could have taken upon his Enemy, to ſlight what " he had done, and to liken him to a Beaſt? The good Father went on, and utter'd Wonders on this Head, inſomuch that his Sermon and Exhortation together laſted at leaſt two Hours, that is, till we came to *Cantillana*; where he and his Companion left us, and went to ſup and lie at a Friend's Houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Guzman *tells how he and the* Muleteer *eat ſeveveral Parts of a young Mule, having it impos'd upon them by his Hoſt at* Cantillana *for Veal: And afterward proceeds to ſhew the many Raſcally Tricks that wicked Hoſts put upon poor Travellers.*

FOR my part, I car'd not to leave the *Muleteer*, whom asking where we ſhould Lodge, he bid me not trouble my ſelf with that, for he would carry me to one of the beſt Inns, not only in that Town, but in all the Country thereabouts, and where I ſhould have no Reaſon to fear hatch'd Eggs being put upon me for new-laid ones. This pleas'd me exceedingly, for I had a great Deſire to make my poor Belly amends for the ill Treatment I had met with at the other Inn; and, beſides, I had more than ordinary occaſion, being extreamly hungry. The Inn, in Truth, appear'd what it was repreſented to be, and the Hoſt came to receive us at the Door with great Civility. The *Muleteer* went to take care of his Mules, but, for my part, I was half dead, not only with riding without Stirrups, but alſo with the great Journey I had before had on Foot, and to which I had been but little accuſtom'd. My Thighs were bruiz'd and Stiff, my Buttocks were gaul'd, and my Feet ſo ſurbated and ſwell'd, I could hardly ſtand; and ſo I laid me down on a Couch to reſt my ſelf. When the *Muleteer* had done, he came and ask'd me whether I would not go to Supper, becauſe he muſt be up and out the next Morning betimes, that he might get by Day-light to *Cazalla*. I told him, with all

all my Heart; but tho' my Hunger was much, it was not ſo great as my Wearineſs, therefore I deſir'd him to help me a little to walk, and I would be oblig'd to him, which he did with great readineſs. When I had taken two or three Turns I ſat me down, and we call'd for our Hoſt, and told him we deſir'd to go to Supper. He acquainted us he had variety of Edibles, and we had nothing to do but to pitch on ſomething, and we ſhould have it out of hand. The *Muleteer* whiſper'd in my Ear, and told me he was an excellent Cook, which I was glad to hear, but, withall, I found him a great Talker, and fancied he had the Looks of a Rogue. No matter, ſaid I to my ſelf, if he does but give us what's good to eat, let him be as much a Rogue as he will, that ſhan't offend me. He was a pleaſant ſort of Fellow, and, ſeeing we had beſpoke nothing, he came up again with a whimſical Behaviour, and ask'd us if we would have any Veal, for that he had juſt kill'd a fine fat Calf, and we ſhould have what Joint we pleas'd of it. He ſaid, he would not have kill'd him yet a-while, if the Drought of the Seaſon had not oblig'd him to it. We told him, we lik'd his Propoſal very well, and, if he wou'd, he might dreſs us a ſmall Joint preſently. But now I think on't, cried I, a Joint will be too much for us two. As to that, ſaid he, I have ſomewhat juſt ready that will fit you. What's that, quoth I, The Calve's Pluck, replied he, and I'll warrant the beſt that ever you taſted in your Life. Go fetch it, ſaid I, but pray let it be well ſeaſon'd: Leave that to me, quoth he; and ſo taking a Skip into the Kitchin, he, almoſt as quickly as I have been ſpeaking, return'd, with a Sallad in one Hand, and the pretended Calve's Pluck in the other. As for the Sallad, I thought that too crude and cold for my Stomach, that had been ſo long empty, and ſo fell on the Pluck, which was one of my greateſt Dainties, leaving the *Muleteer* to eat of which he pleas'd. He

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at firſt choſe the Sallad. The Pluck was Fricaſſeed, and look'd tolerably well, but there was very little of it for two ſuch hungry Fellows as we were. I no ſooner touch'd a Bit, but I ſwallow'd it, ſo I gave my ſelf no time to taſt whether it was good or bad. The *Muleteer*, obſerving how luſtily I laid about me, thought, if he let me go on after that rate, I ſhould ſoon empty the Plate, for it was no better; therefore, quitting his Sallad, he came to help me, and between us we quickly devour'd the *Pluck*. We called for more, but a leſs Morſel was brought us, our Rogue of an Hoſt thinking to conceal his Villany by ſharpening our Appetites, for as long as we had little to eat, he thought we would feed heartily, and conſequently not mind what we had, but ſtill call for more as ſoon as that was done. This ſecond Plate was as quickly clear'd as the firſt, and we muſt needs have a third. I now began to ſlack my pace, for I did not find the Taſt of our Dainties ſo exquiſite as I at firſt imagin'd, yet did not know but the *Hogo* might proceed from the frying, and ſo paſs'd it by. Nevertheleſs, finding every bit offend me, I enquir'd of our Hoſt, if he had not ſomething elſe to give us, for I had eat enough of that Diſh. He told us, if we pleas'd, he would toſs us up a Ragout of the Calves Brains in an inſtant. We bid him do ſo; and that we might not be idle in the mean time, he ſent us up an *Andouille* made of the Guts and Appurtenances of the ſame Beaſt. This, he ſent us Word, was an excellent Tit-bit; but I could not be of his Opinion, for I fancied it taſted of Mules-Dung, or ſomewhat worſe, which diſguſted me extreamly. This made me to riſe from Table, and leave it entirely to my Companion, who from the beginning had fed like a Farmer, and continued the ſame rate. At length the Ragout of Brains came up, when I thought to make my ſelf amends for the badneſs of the *Andouille*. This Ragout was made with Eggs,

into a ſort of *Omelet*; at the firſt Sight of which, the *Muleteer* ſet up ſo hearty a Laugh, that I thought he would have ſplit his Sides. His Mirth offended me as before, for I imagin'd he laugh'd on purpoſe to put me in mind of the other *Omelet*, which had made me ſo confoundedly Sick, and to diſguſt me againſt this. I gave him to underſtand as much, but he ſtill laugh'd the more. Our Hoſt, who neither knew certainly why he laugh'd, nor why I was angry, but gueſſing it might be about the Brains, and ſeeing me threaten the *Muleteer* to throw them againſt the Wall if he laugh'd any more at me; our Hoſt, I ſay, ſeeing all this, was upon Thorns to be gone; but as 'tis the nature of a bad Man always to be under Fear and Apprehenſion, he, tho' he had never valu'd any Body in his Life, ſeem'd now to ſhake and tremble; nevertheleſs, thinking to hide it by falſe Courage, he came up to us with feign'd Fury in his Eyes, and caſting a terrible Look on both of us, ſaid, clapping his Fiſt to his Bonnet, 'Sdeath, Gentlemen, i'll maintain this to be good Calves Brains, and therefore there's not ſo much need of your Laughter. I'll bring you a hundred Witneſſes, if it were neceſſary, ſhall prove they ſaw me kill the Calf. So ridiculous a Bravado from one we did not ſo much as think of, made the *Muleteer* redouble his Laughter, and me to join with him, tho' I had no great Stomach to it at that time. This altogether diſmounting our Bully, who, conſcious of his Guilt, was afraid, even of his own Shadow, and who, thought every Word we ſpoke reproach'd him with his Crime, he began now to hang down his Head, and grow as pale as Death, not being able to imagine any thing elſe, but that we had detected his Villany, ſince he ſaw nothing paſs between us that could give occaſion for ſo much Laughing and Reſentment. However at length recovering his Courage, and ſeeing we laugh'd on, he proceeded to grow more warm; when ſnatch-

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ing the Plate rudely from the Table, and which, in a manner, he wreſted out of our Hands, for we were feeding heartily, tho' we ſeem'd not to like our Victuals; Gentlemen, crys he, You may go laugh and eat elſewhere, if you pleaſe, for I will neither lodge nor diet any Body that ſhall make a Jeſt of me. Pay me only for what you have had, and go and laugh your Skins full. The *Muleteer*, who was ſtill hungry as well as my ſelf, finding the Matter no longer a Jeſt, turn'd about haſtily, and looking fiercely at our Hoſt, cried, Well, and what would you have, Friend, who goes about to make a Jeſt of you? A Jeſt or not, replied the Hoſt, I'll maintain 'tis ſweet and good Veal, and that theſe are good Brains. This he utter'd with ſuch an Air and Tone, as if he had been juſt going to beat us; which my Comrade obſerving, who, it ſeems, knew him better than I, and was a fit Match for him, he roſe up, and taking upon him the Bully in his turn, What, ſays he, and are there then Orders in this Inn that determin how far and when a Man ſhall laugh, eſpecially a Stranger that comes hither for Lodging? Or is there any Tax that has been laid by the Government upon Laughing, or are you employ'd to collect the Duty? Or if none of theſe, pray, Sir, tell me what means all this Interruption? I don't mean any thing of that, replied the Hoſt, grown ſomewhat more mild, I only ſay, 'Tis not reaſonable that any Body ſhould ridicule me in my own Houſe, or make me paſs for one that did not treat his Gueſts well. Who ſays any thing of treating your Gueſts, quoth the *Muleteer*? Do you but ſet down the Plate as it was before, and you ſhall ſoon find it was neither that we laugh'd at, nor complain'd of; but, I ſhould think, you ought to ſuffer every Body to laugh as well at your Houſe as elſewhere. The Hoſt then ſet down the Plate again ſoftly, as he had found it. For my part, cried my Comrade, If I had a mind to laugh at any thing

whatſoever that belong'd to you, I would be ſure to tell you of it. But 'twas this ſort of *Omelet* you have given us that occaſion'd our Laughter, and which brought into my Mind an Adventure my little Companion here had to Day in an Inn where he dined. The made me laugh, and not your Brains, nor your Calves Head, of which I did not ſo much as think. Our Rogue began now to be altogether appeas'd, inſomuch, that the *Muleteer* ſet about telling him the whole Story of the two Soldiers and the Hoſteſs, not omitting what Share I had in it, which, nevertheleſs, I was fain to hear with Patience, tho' it was the third time it had been told. Now the Jeſt was, to ſee the many odd Geſtures, and pious Exclamations, which this honeſt Man of an Hoſt made uſe of all the while the Story was telling, which he often interrupted with, *Good Jeſus! Holy Virgin! Good Heavens!* and a thouſand ſuch-like Invocations, which made the Houſe to ring again, and which he always accompanied with the Sign of the Croſs. The *Muleteer* had no ſooner done, but burning with a Deſire to ſpeak, he began thus: Heaven be prais'd (lifting up his Hands and Eyes in a ſort of Extacy) that is has been pleas'd to give every good Man Honour and Conſcience enough to govern himſelf according to the Laws; but for him that does Ill, Ill will come of it. Then taking a ſerious Turn or two about the Room, with his Arms croſs'd and rais'd towards his Chin, he was ſome Minutes without ſpeaking; but at length breaking forth into a furious Paſſion, he cried, in a thundring Tone, How is it poſſible that wicked Houſe ſhould eſcape being ſwallow'd up! How good muſt God be, to defer the Puniſhment of that wretched Woman! How can ſhe dare to tread on the Ground, and not apprehend being dragg'd to the Center, where ſome hold Hell is? I never met with any Body yet but complain'd of her, nay curſt both her and her Meat. No Body ever went contented

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out of her Doors, but every one left a Mark there, that they might never return thither again. Here he ſtop'd for a Moment longer, and then began again. Is it poſſible, ſaid he, that all ſhould be Lyars that go to that Houſe, and that one honeſt Man ſhould not be found among them to ſpeak the Truth? No, it is not poſſible, and therefore all muſt be believ'd that has been ſaid of it. All is true, all is damnable. She ought long ſince to have been taught how to live more like a Chriſtian. Is there never a Smith in the Country that knows how to fit an Iron Truſs for her, or a Rope-maker that can furniſh a Halter to put an End to her Villanies. O Juſtice, Juſtice, what art thou become! 'Tis true, ſhe has been forbid ſeveral times to keep an Inn, but what does that ſignify, ſince ſhe does it ſtill, and carries on her Rogueries as much as ever. Yet, whenever ſhe comes to be puniſh'd, I ſhall not be the occaſion of it, for Heaven knows I wiſh her no harm; but I can't but pity thoſe honeſt Gentlemen who are daily rob'd and cheated by her. The Juſtice of Peace, Conſtable and Headboroughs, cannot but know, methinks, of theſe ill Practices of hers; but then, if they do not puniſh her, you may gueſs the Reaſon of it. Good God! In what Times do we live! Here this honeſt Man launch'd forth a deep Sigh, which I thought would have put an end to his Harangue; but after ſome time, he went on again for at leaſt half an Hour, and then concluded, with a Praiſe be to God and the Bleſſed Virgin, in that, for all my Poverty, I have not been tempted to Trade after this manner. Every thing is ſold with me, thanks be to Heaven, for what it really is, and not a Cat for a Rabbet, nor a Ram for a good Sheep. Honeſty's the beſt Policy; and he that deals fairly, may look any Body in the Face in all Countries whatſoever. Let every one take only what belongs to him, and not give their Minds to cheating, leſt at laſt they cheat themſelves. He

made an end at length only thro' want of Breath, which we taking advantage of, and not being willing to hear any more of his Hypocriſy, ask'd him for ſomewhat elſe in the room of the *Deſert*, for I had eat little or nothing of the Brains-Ragout, becauſe I thought it taſted too much like the *Andouille*, but my Companion had made ſhift to devour it all. He brought us a Plate of good large Olives, which I lik'd very well, becauſe they reliſh'd the Wine, which was indeed excellent, and the Bread, that was much better than what we had met with at the other Inn. As for my Comrade, no Wolf ever fed more greedily, I thought he would never have done; tho' we had been an Hour at Table, he ſeem'd to have as good an Appetite as when we firſt ſate down. As we deſign'd to be gone next Morning betimes, we deſir'd our Hoſt to get our Breakfaſt ready early. This Order given, we went to Bed, but which was only on the Straw, and where we had nothing to cover us but our Mule-Furniture, with which we kept our ſelves as warm as we could. What became of us afterwards, you'll find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Guzman *goes on, and tells how the Villany of his Hoſt of* Cantillana *came to be diſcover'd; and what afterwards befel him and the ſaid Hoſt.*

HAD I next Morning, which was *Sunday*, been plac'd in the Market-Place of *Sevil*, or ſet at my Mother's Door, I doubt whether any Body that came by would have known me, ſo much was I disfigur'd with the biting of Fleas that fed on me all the Night. One would have thought this had been a Year

Year of Famine for them, and that my Body was to ſerve to bring them out of it: Or elſe you would have taken me for one that had lately had the Small-Pox, for not only my Hands, but all my Body over, was ſwingingly ſpotted. It was my good Fortune, nevertheleſs, that being greatly fatigu'd with my Journey, and having drank freely for one that was not us'd to it, I ſlept ſo ſoundly, that I felt nothing of the Matter; and the *Muleteer* was fain to call me more than once e're he could wake me, and when he did, he told me, I muſt riſe and go to *Maſs* before we ſet out. It was broad Day-light, and we were ſoon ready, for we had nothing to do but to ſhake off our Straws that hung about us, and we were prepar'd for our Journey. Our Breakfaſt only muſt be had firſt, for which we call'd, for my Comrade had all the Night ſlept with his Mouth open, and that was the firſt thing he thought of when he wak'd. Our Hoſt told us, it waited for us on the Table. When we came down, we found an excellent Piece, as our Hoſt ſaid, of the ſame Veal, which he had ſet a ſtewing on purpoſe for us; and made a high Sauce, that wanted neither Salt nor Pepper. He had, no doubt, his Reaſons for that. The *Muleteer* did not want biding to ſit down, he did it without Ceremony, and was the firſt that plac'd himſelf at Table, falling on this excellent Piece of Veal, as heartily as if it had been a Capon or Pheaſant. For my part, either becauſe it was too early for me to eat, or that I had eaten too much the Night before, or elſe for ſome other Reaſon, I could eat little or nothing; nevertheleſs, ſeeing the *Muleteer* feed after that rate, it gave me ſome Appetite. I knew I ſhould pay never the leſs, and I doubted whether we ſhould find ſo good a Repaſt at Dinner, or whether I might not repent of not Eating, if I did not. I ſtrove then to eat, and got down ſome Morſels, but I did not find them ſo ſhort and delicate as the *Muleteer* pretended. They were

on the contrary very tough; and I'll aſſure you, their relliſh was not extraordinary good. I could not forbear giving my Opinion of them before the Hoſt, and told my Companion, he ought to have better Teeth than mine to manage them; and beſides, that I did not think they had altogether the Taſt of Veal. Don't you ſee, anſwer'd the Hoſt, bluſhing a little, that the Calf has been juſt kill'd, and has not yet had time to grow tender. That is not the Reaſon, replied the *Muleteer*, but our young Gentleman there, I ſuppoſe, has been fed with Cracknels, Marchpane and new-laid Eggs, and that makes him he does not like this Veal, as thinking it tough, in reſpect of ſuch ſhort feeding. I made no Reply, but I left off eating, finding my ſelf as well ſatisfied with this Victuals, as if I had eaten never ſo much. I nevertheleſs let my Companion eat what he pleas'd; and whilſt he was feeding ſo heartily, I had a hundred Thoughts came into my Head concerning the Taſt of this Veal, that of the *Andouille*, and that of the Brains-Ragout; which two laſt we had over Night. Theſe Reflections did not pleaſe me, and I thought I had more than ordinary Reaſon to ſuſpect our Hoſt, on account of his paſſionate Behaviour when he ſaw us Laugh, and the Oaths and Proteſtations he made, that it was Veal we eat, and that the Brains came out of a Calves Head, of which, however, no complaint was made. All this, I thought, foretold nothing that was good; and altho' I could not yet ſee clearly into the Matter, I doubted not but there was ſome Roguery in it. My Imagination being thus prepoſſeſs'd, you need not wonder if my Palate was prejudic'd; ſo I aroſe from Table, being not able to endure either the Sight or Smell of that odious Victuals. The *Muleteer* likewiſe roſe ſoon after, and going to take Care of his Mules, I ask'd him, if we ſhould not call to know what was to pay. He told me, there was nothing for me; and being but a Trifle, I muſt

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ſuffer him to pay it. This Proceeding I thought extreamly obliging, and which exceeded the Generoſity of moſt of his Rank, but I did not think fit to make many Compliments upon it, becauſe my Purſe was lank, and I had hardly Money enough left to pay for two ſuch Expeditions more. I therefore ſuffer'd him to diſcharge this Reckoning, and believ'd it not below me, eſpecially at this Juncture, to be treated by a *Muleteer*. Reflecting then upon all this honeſt Man's Civilities, that is, his lending me his Mule, his Complaiſance on the Road, his paying this Reckoning for me, and the like, I concluded, that a truly generous Temper was not only to be found among great Lords and Princes, but even many times in lowly Hutts, and with mean Perſons, who, thro' a pure Principle of Virtue, of which nevertheleſs they knew not the Name, have naturally done that which the Generous, by Profeſſion, have done only thro' Vanity, Oſtentation, and oftentimes Intereſt. To ſhew my Gratitude to this honeſt *Muleteer*, I led his Mules to Water, and carried them back to their Mangers, to the end, that whilſt they were getting ready for our Journey, they might have time to eat a few Oats, and ſome Mouthfuls of Hay. I help'd him likewiſe to curry them, and rub their Foreheads and Ears, nay, did every thing elſe for him that I could, and never thought I had done enough, ſo grateful was I, at that time, to this my generous Benefactor. Whilſt I was employ'd in this manner, I had laid my Cloak, by chance, on a Bench hard by, which, turning about ſuddenly to take up after I had done, I found it was gone. This vex'd me a little at firſt, but at length, fancying ſomebody might have done it to play the Rogue with me, I grew eaſier. I could ſuſpect nobody but my Comrade or the Hoſt, for nobody elſe was near me, and the Street-door was ſhut, ſo that no Pilferer could come in that way. I enquir'd then firſt of the *Muleteer*, who told me frankly

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and ſeriouſly, he knew nothing of my Cloak more than this, that he ſaw it lie on the Bench, but what was become of it ſince, he could not tell. Asking the Hoſt the ſame thing, he appear'd a little in Confuſion, and ſoon after began to Curſe and Swear, and Vow, that he had not touch'd my Cloak; which ſuddain Paſſion giving me Suſpicion of him, I did not doubt but he had ſtol'n my Cloak. I nevertheleſs ſeem'd not to think ſo, and with all the Mildneſs imaginable beg'd of him to reſtore it me, for that we were juſt upon going away, and I had not much time to look for it. He notwithſtanding perſiſted in his knowing nothing of it, and ſaid, he had not ſo much as ſeen it; which made me reſolve to ſearch all the Houſe over rather than loſe it, for I knew he muſt have it, and was certain he could not have carry'd it far. With this Reſolution, I went from Chamber to Chamber, and from Room to Room, but could hear nothing of it. At length coming into a Back-Court that was near the Kitchin, the Door of which I was at ſome trouble to unlock, I found a great Puddle of Blood that had been but lately ſpilt. Looking a little farther, I ſaw a young Mule's Skin which was juſt in a manner flea'd, and had ſtill hanging to it the four Feet, and part of the Head which had been open'd to take out the Brains. I preſently concluded this muſt needs be the excellent Veal our Hoſt had recommended to us, and which I could not but look upon with the greateſt Horrour and Averſion. Thinking it an Adventure of too great Conſequence not to acquaint my Friend the *Muleteer* with it, who had been as deeply concern'd as my ſelf, I went privately and call'd him, to the end he might be an Eye-witneſs of ſo egregious a Villany, ſhewing him the Mules Ears and Hoofs, which made it plain what Beaſt they belong'd to. What think you now, my Friend, quoth I, Is this Hoſt of ours a Dog or not? Do you think now, I feed upon

upon nothing but Cracknels, Marchpane, and new-laid Eggs? This is undoubtedly the fine Calf from whom we have had all theſe Dainties; and 'tis from hence our excellent Poiſoner of a Cook has regal'd us. What think you now of that admirable *Calves-Pluck*, excellent *Andouille*, ſavoury *Ragout*, and wonderful Stew'd-Meat, with which you have ſo plentifully gorg'd your Guts? The poor Rogue of a *Muleteer* hearing what I ſaid, ſtood as if he had been Thunder-ſtruck, and at laſt, only ſhrugg'd up his Shoulders twice or thrice, but anſwer'd nothing. You ſee what a conſcientious Raſcal this is, added I, who never ſold Cats for Rabbets, nor Rams for good Mutton, yet could give us a young Mule inſtead of a Calf. This is the Man that thank'd God he could ſhew his Face any where, and who ſo religiouſly curs'd the old Hoſteſs for putting Tricks upon her Gueſts. The *Muleteer* turn'd his Head, and went away altogether confounded, kecking a thouſand times by the way, and endeavouring to Vomit but could not, ſo ſtrong his Digeſtion had been. I follow'd to go and talk with our Hoſt, not doubting but now he would give me my Cloak, ſince I had got ſo good a Claw againſt him; for beſides, that his impoſing on us in that manner was highly Criminal, he had incurr'd the Penalty of another Law, by having a Mule, ſuch Coitions as produce that Creature being prohibited in *Andalouſia*. This Fellow, however, being not over-ſcrupulous, had permitted an Aſs or an Horſe indifferently to cover his Mare. He only took care to keep the Matter ſecret, that no Body might know what ſhe brought forth; but then being willing to make what Advantage he could of the young Creature, he thought it would not be very difficult to make it paſs on Travellers, who are generally Hungry, for Veal. I found this wicked Hoſt at the Well, waſhing another Piece of the ſame Meat, which he endeavour'd

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to hide as ſoon as he ſaw me. I came up to him with a great deal of Reſolution, telling him peremptorily, he muſt find my Cloak, or I would bring him before thoſe ſhould not only make him, but likewiſe puniſh him for other Crimes. He could not imagine I had diſcover'd his Roguery, and therefore pretended not to underſtand what I meant; which occaſion'd him to look ſcornfully on me, and threaten to Whip me, as, he ſaid, Boys ought to be. This provok'd me yet more than the loſs of my Cloak, and made me to call him Rogue and Raſcal as loud as I could bawl, and bid him to touch me if he dar'd. He came forwards as if he would ſtrike me, which perceiving, I took up a Stone and threw at his Head directly, but miſſing him, he turn'd Tail, and ran to his Chamber. I knew not what he went for, but ſoon found it was for a Sword, which he brought out naked againſt me. I ſeeing that, call'd him Ten thouſand Cowards, Bullies, Braggadocia's, Blockheads, Raſcals and Villains, for coming with a naked Sword againſt a young Boy that he had but juſt before threatned to Whip, and who had no other Arms in his Hand than a few Stones. All the Family came to ſee what was the matter, and were not a little frighted to find our Hoſt with a drawn Sword in his Hand, which perhaps he had never had before. My Friend, the *Muleteer*, came alſo to my Aſſiſtance with a Pitchfork, and between us we made ſuch a curſed Noiſe, that you would have thought we had been all going to kill one another. The Neighbourhood hearing the Outcry, came likewiſe to know whence it proceeded; and finding the Door ſhut, would not ſtay till it could be unlock'd, but very fairly broke it open. Then enter'd a whole Mob of People, with Conſtables, Sergeants and Bailiffs; for, thanks to the Wickedneſs of the Inhabitants, there were two Bailiffs in this Town, tho' one had been enough to

have

have ruin'd the whole Corporation, for every Body knows what ſort of Cattel theſe are. God deliver every good Chriſtian from ſuch Plagues; for I once knew one of theſe eſpecially, who would never allow any Body to be Innocent that was brought before him; for which reaſon he became the Curſe of Mankind, and died ſoon after in the manner he deſerv'd. See then, theſe two *Bailiffs* came into the Houſe to take Cognizance of the Fact, of which each would have the Determination to himſelf. The Conſtables and Sergeants were likewiſe divided, as were alſo the *Mob*; ſome taking one Side, and ſome the other. This rais'd a greater Hurly-burly than before, and the Noiſe was ſo exceeding great, that not one of all the Talkers could be heard. At laſt, the Debate beginning to grow warm, each Party reproach'd the other with all the Scandal they could rip up, which nevertheleſs was for the moſt part true. They did not ſcruple to diſcover all they knew of each others Failings; for theſe ſort of People rather glory in, than endeavour to conceal their Faults. They defy the World, and whatever it ſays of them, they never Bluſh, becauſe they ſay they are us'd to't. Cry they, We ought not only to know how to do our Duty, but likewiſe to manage our Trade. At length ſome honeſt Burghers, who were come in with the reſt, made up the Differences, and I were laid hold of firſt to lead up the Dance, it being uſual for the Cord to break where it is weakeſt. I was a Stranger, not overrich, without Favour, without Friends, without Acquaintance; and how could I expect to eſcape any better. Is not this the ordinary Courſe of Juſtice now-a-days? Or do you find the greateſt Criminals puniſh'd, or put in Priſon? No, It is the poor Rogues only that ſuffer, tho' their Crimes be never ſo ſmall. This is to be ſeen every day, but in ſome Countries more than others. Being thus ſeiz'd,

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theſe Magiſtrates would needs have me tell them what was the Occaſion of our Quarrel. I acquainted them what paſs'd as to my Cloak, and added the Story of the Mule; telling them withall, if they pleas'd, they might find what I ſaid to be true, by going into the Back-Yard near the Kitchin. They did as I advis'd, but firſt ſeiz'd our Hoſt. He, poor Man, thought that Buſtle was all about the Cloak, and ſuppoſing there could be no Proof of the other Matter againſt him, did but Laugh at it; but when he ſaw the Mule's Hide, and the other Appurtenances brought forth, he was ready to drop down dead. Upon Examination, he confeſs'd rather more than he was accus'd of; ſo true it is, that ſuch Cowardly Villains, when they come to be tried for their Crimes, have leaſt Impudence where they have moſt occaſion for it. I was very attentive to all was ſaid to him, and when he came to be ask'd for my Cloak, expected he would have own'd that piece of Roguery as well as the reſt, but to my great Amazement he denied it, and that, I ſuppos'd, thro' Revenge. Nevertheleſs, I us'd my beſt Endeavours to find it, and ſearch'd all the Houſe over once more, but in vain. My Rogue was ſent to Priſon, and it was under Debate whether I ſhould not be ſent with him for Company, for I look'd like a Lad of a good Family, and 'twas more than probable my Friends might have Money enough to redeem me; therefore the Sergeants advis'd the *Bailiffs*, not to let ſlip ſo fair an occaſion, but to kill two Birds with one Stone. This had undoubtedly been put in execution, had not the honeſt Burghers oppos'd it, who ſaid, It was a Shame that I ſhould be puniſh'd for nothing, but detecting the Villanies of ſo great a Rogue as this Hoſt was. This ſav'd me, and I could not but return Thanks to thoſe honeſt Men for their kindneſs to me. The *Muleteer*, who was as much afraid of being ſeiz'd as I, and having his Mules and Jour-

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ney ſtop'd, no ſooner ſaw himſelf clear'd by my Acquitment, but he whiſper'd me in the Ear, and deſir'd I would be going out of a Town where Juſtice was altogether at the Magiſtrates Pleaſure, and where one was treated one Day after one manner, and another after another. I conſented, tho' I was not a little unwilling, you may imagine, to leave my poor Cloak, which I was never likely to ſee again. We mounted ſoon after, and made haſt out of the Town till we came to the Place where the two good Fathers ſtay'd for us, and who had waited our Coming a conſiderable while. I told them the occaſion of our Stay; but as for my Friend, the *Muleteer*, he had not a Word to ſay, being wholly taken up with Thoughts of the two admirable Repaſts we had had. The Fathers ſeem'd much concern'd at our Misfortunes, eſpecially the loſs of my Cloak, which they ſaid they believ'd was not retrievable. I were much of their Opinion, and wiſh'd I could as eaſily digeſt that Loſs as I had done the Mule, but Impoſſibility has no Remedy but Patience, and that theſe good Religious Men advis'd me to.

CHAP. VII.

Man's Misfortunes are here diſcours'd of; and for that purpoſe, a Story told of the Gods of ancient Times. Then Guzman *tells you, how he was apprehended for a Thief, and by what Means he came to be releas'd. Laſtly, one of the Gentlemen promiſes to tell a Story, which you have in the following Chapter.*

THE *Egyptians*, a very ſuperſtitious ſort of People, were formerly, among other Errors, guilty of worſhip-

worſhiping *Fortune*. They celebrated Feaſts, in Honour of her, every firſt Day of the Year, and invited all the Great Men to coſtly Banquets. This they did out of Gratitude, for the Favours they believ'd they had receiv'd from her the foregoing Year, and out of Policy to engage her to be as kind to them for the Year to come. They look'd upon her as a Goddeſs, who diſpos'd of all the good Things of this World, who took away, and gave as ſhe thought fit; who, governing every thing, preſided over all, and, conſequently, they thought 'twas to her chiefly Men ought to pay their Vows, and offer their Sacrifices, ſhe being not only the Source of all Good and Evil to Man, but likewiſe the Miſtreſs of all the other Divinities, who could enjoy no Happineſs without her. They could not believe this cou'd have a natural Cauſe, but thought ſome inviſible and omnipotent Hand muſt have the diſpoſal of it. What made them of this Opinion, was the daily Misfortunes they ſaw happen to ſome Men; who, beginning to ſink, were all of a ſudden o'erwhelm'd and undone, without knowing from whence their Diſaſter came, or what had drawn it upon them; and that, on the other hand, ſome others ſhould be ſnatch'd from the very brink of Ruin, and rais'd to exalted Stations, without being able to gueſs what had been the occaſion of all their Happineſs. The *Egyptians* wanted the Knowledge of a true God, otherwiſe they might, in ſome meaſure, have accounted for theſe Effects of Divine Providence, and not of any ſuch Goddeſs as *Fortune*, which never yet was. If I had been as unacquainted as they with theſe Matters of Faith, I might, like them, have doubted whence my Misfortunes came ſo upon the Neck of one another; but I was ſatisfied, my Sins were the Cauſe of it. If my Miſhaps had come ſingle, I could have welcom'd them with a *Bien vengas Mal ſi ſolo vienes, Thou art welcome Misfortune, providing thou com'ſt alone*; but I had no ſooner got out

out of my Mother's Houſe, but I was ſurpriz'd by Night and Hunger, and forc'd to take up with a bad Lodging at a Chapel-Door. Then for Dinner on *Saturday*, I had nothing but a Chick-*Omelet*; and for Supper, ſeveral *Ragouts* made out of a Mules Carcaſs. At Night I was devour'd by Fleas, but let that paſs. *Sunday* Morning my Breakfaſt was of the ſame Mule ſtew'd, and diſguis'd like Veal, and, for my greater Misfortune, I loſt my Cloak by the very ſame Rogue that had poyſon'd me juſt before. If I had been ſent to Priſon with him too, my Diſaſters had been compleat, but 'twas my good luck, it ſeems, to eſcape that Snare. If theſe Adventures of mine extend themſelves much further, ſaid I to my ſelf, I ſhall be able, in time, to make a Book out of them. What ill-boding Star purſues me in this manner, quoth I, or rather what Devil prompted me to leave my Mother's Houſe, from which time all Things have gone ill with me. I had heard ſay, the Life of a Man was made up of Good and Evil, of Pleaſure and Sorrow, of Joy and Sadneſs; but in my Caſe, the Biaſs ran all one way; and, in a Word, during all the remainder of my Days, in whatſoever Condition I was, I never taſted any but falſe Pleaſures, nor felt any but true and laſting Pains. If you are one that will be ſatisfied with a Fable, hearken to what follows, on the ſame Subject.

The great God, *Jupiter*, having created all Things here below, and Man to enjoy them, commanded the God *Pleaſure* to go and reſide in the Lower World for the Satisfaction of that Creature, not believing or imagining his Ingratitude would tempt him ſo far as to make him forget his Maker, and, for the ſake of a New God, rebel againſt that Power to whom he ow'd his Being. But Man, and eſpecially Woman, being charm'd with this new Deity, who was altogether to their Liking, thought, as long as they had him, they ſhould have occaſion for no other Gods;

ſo *Jupiter* and his Aſſociates were left in the Lurch, and no more Reſpect paid them, than if they had never been Deified. All Victims, Vows, Prayers and Sacrifices were offer'd to the God *Pleaſure*, at which *Jupiter* being exceedingly enrag'd, he called a Council of the Gods to adviſe him what to do with Mankind. He did not care to act of himſelf in an Affair of this Nature, that he might not be accus'd of Partiality. All the Gods condemn'd this Preſumption of Man, tho' ſome did it more, and ſome leſs, according as their particular Intereſts or Inclinations led them. There were a ſort of pacifick Gods, who much enclin'd to Clemency, repreſented to *Jupiter* that Men were but Men, that is to ſay, frail and weak Creatures; and therefore, ſince he could expect nothing perfect from them, he ought, in their humble Opinion, to bear with, and forgive them; for, ſaid they, if it were poſſible we could change Natures with them, 'tis more than probable we ſhould do as bad or worſe than they have done. They have a God with them, whom they ſee every Day, and who does them a thouſand good Offices, whereas they ſee you but ſeldom, and then, for the moſt part, out of Humour, with Thunder in your Hand, which frightens them, ſo that they are in a manner oblig'd to fear but not to love you. The beſt however is, they are not incorrigible; and if they have done ill for the time paſt, they may eaſily be prevail'd on to do better for the time to come, and ſo make ſufficient Attonement for their paſt Crimes. *Momus* would fain have ſpoke here, and began to propoſe Matters very freely, but he was ſilenc'd, and told he ſhould be heard in his Turn. He had long wiſh'd for an Opportunity to find *Jupiter* out of humour, that he might incenſe him againſt Man, and now he thought he had got one, but he was, nevertheleſs, forc'd to hold his Peace. In the mean time, thoſe other Gods, who were not leſs ſet againſt Man than *Momus*, did all they could to exaſpe-

exaſperate *Jupiter* againſt him, alledging he was a uſeleſs Being, and one for whom the Gods had no manner of occaſion; therefore their Advice was, he ought to be altogether extirpated. Such Others, as were not quite ſo violent againſt Mankind, counſel'd *Jupiter* to exterminate only the preſent Race, and create a new one, which, they ſaid, would be an eaſy matter for him to do. *Apollo*, who was a great Orator, finding his Cue was now to ſpeak, he put on an Air of Sweetneſs, which, however, was natural to him; and having hemm'd once or twice to clear his Voice, began as follows.

"Supreme *Jupiter*, full of Mercy and Truth! "that grievous Accuſation wherewith thou chargeſt "Man is ſo Equitable and Juſt, that whatever Re- "venge thou art diſpos'd to take of him, none of us, "I dare ſay, will pretend to oppoſe it, ſince it does "not only concern thee in particular, but all of us "in general, Man having been equally diſobedient "and ungrateful to all; ſuffer me, however, to in- "ſinuate, if thou deſtroy'ſt Man, thou deſtroy'ſt thy "own Work, for what were all the wonderful Things "of the Lower World made for, but his Uſe? And "if thou tak'ſt him away, and none of us go to in- "habit there, as to be ſure we won't, then will that "part of the Creation be to no purpoſe. Again, if "thou deſtroy'ſt Man, with deſign to create a new "Race more perfect, that will imply an Imperfection "in thy ſelf, ſince People will be apt to ſay, thou "can'ſt not be ſure of thy Hand at once trying, "which, nevertheleſs, a God ought to be. Permit "then Mankind to be as they are, for it greatly con- "cerns thy Glory to maintain what thou haſt once "created. Perhaps it is not conſiſtent with the Ho- "nour of the Gods, that Men ſhould be more per- "fect than they are, for if ſo, what occaſion would "they have for our Aſſiſtance? Thou haſt given "them the God *Pleaſure*, whom they are ſo un-

" gratefully fond of, that they have forgotten thee,
" their Benefactor; therefore my Advice is, that
" thou puniſh them by the ſame means they have of-
" fended thee, that is, ſend them down the Brother
" to this Fondling God of theirs, and take him away
" from them, whereby thou wilt ſoon find they will
" have recourſe to thy Mercy in their Miſery, and
" beg of thee to free them from the Torments they
" undergo. Thou wilt then have Revenge enough,
" and it will be wholly in thy Power to forgive or
" continue their Puniſhment. This, Great *Jupiter*!
" is what ſeems to me moſt proper on this occaſion;
" but thou that art Lord both of Heaven and Earth,
" know'ſt beſt what is fit to be done, and therefore I
" ſhall deſiſt from any farther Counſel.

Here *Apollo* ended, when *Momus*, who, out of his ill Will to Mankind, had waited all this while to ſpeak, began to aggravate their Offence; but his Prejudice being ſufficiently known, all the Aſſembly were for what was propos'd by the God of Wiſdom. The Execution of this Project was committed to *Mercury*, who having diſplay'd his Wings, cut thro' the Air in a Moment; and deſcending upon Earth, found Man effectually buſied and charm'd with the God *Pleaſure*. He attempted immediately to carry him off according to his Orders, but found ſuch Reſiſtance from both Sexes, that he could not effect it. They roſe up in Arms, and ſeizing their beloved God, vow'd rather to die than part with him. The News of this Diſorder ſoon coming to Heaven, put *Jupiter* into a greater Paſſion than before; when *Apollo*, who was always at hand to get Mankind favour'd as much as poſſible, told the Father of the Gods, that he muſt once more commiſerate the Blindneſs of poor Mortals, and that nothing ſuited ſo well with his Divine Majeſty, as Clemency and Moderation; therefore, inſtead of launching his Thunder upon them, as he ſaw he was about to do, he need only

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circumvent them, by ſliding down the God *Diſſatisfaction* among them, in the ſhape of his Brother the God *Pleaſure*, and then the latter might be eaſily withdrawn from them without their perceiving it. This Stratagem was approv'd, and *Apollo* himſelf undertook to put it in execution. He deſcended then upon Earth with the God *Diſſatisfaction*, and found Mankind all up in Arms, with their darling Deity in the midſt of them, the Women holding him on one ſide, and the Men on the other. *Apollo* immediately dazled their Eyes with his ordinary ſplendor; and having put the Exchange upon them, left them to think they had ſtill Pleaſure amongſt them, whereas it was nothing but Diſſatisfaction and Diſquiet. This Error yet continues in the World after ſo many Ages, and nothing is ſo common as for Men to take that for Pleaſure, which has, indeed, but the bare Appearance of it. If you doubt of this, you need only examine all Feaſts, Balls, Gaming-Houſes, Muſick-Meetings, and the like ſorts of Diverſions, which ſtrike the Imagination moſt, and you'll find there's not one of them but what is accompanied with *Chagrin*, Diſſatisfaction, and Diſcontent. You may talk as much as you will of the Delights of them; I look upon that done out of Vain-Glory, for if you would confeſs the Truth, I don't doubt but you would own you have been ill diverted, either in that another has had more Reſpect paid him, has been more honeſtly dealt by, or more ſplendidly entertain'd. All the Pleaſures of this World are much of the ſame kind, meerly outſide, and nothing ſubſtantial. True Pleaſure comes only from above, and thither we muſt go before we can enjoy it.

When this fine Expedition of mine came firſt into my Head, there was no Pleaſure but what I fancied my ſelf in poſſeſſion of, and whereof the bare Thought did not exceedingly charm me. I ſet out in the Month of *April*, which, in *Spain*, is the moſt pleaſant of

all the Year, and which I imagin'd would always laſt, having no regard to the ſucceeding Months of *May*, *June*, *July* and *Auguſt*, when a Man can hardly Travel in theſe hot Countries, nor *Italy*, whither I had a mind to go. I fancied, whilſt I was on my Journey, I ſhould meet with nothing but fine Rows of Trees, under whoſe Shade I might delightfully walk. I repreſented to my ſelf large and ſpacious Roads, without the leaſt Inequality, and believ'd the very Mountains would withdraw, either thro' Reſpect or Friendſhip, to give me leave to paſs the more commodiouſly. I did not think I could ever be tir'd, tho' I had been ſo little accuſtom'd to Fatigue, and ſo had no Trouble on that Score. As for Eating, that was the leaſt of my Care; I had read ſeveral *Romances*, and could find little or nothing of that there; but in caſe I ſhould have more occaſion than other Knights-Errants commonly have, I thought it would be an exquiſite Pleaſure to eat in Inns, where *Ortolans*, Partridges and Pheaſants, are the ordinary Food. I had not much Money, 'tis true, to pay for all this, but I truſted for that to my good Mien, and doubted not but I ſhould be credited wherever I came. Beſides, I knew the Laws of Hoſpitality requir'd, that a Man ſhould not be forc'd to pay who had not wherewithal, and who ſhew'd a good Will. All this made me eaſy, inſomuch that I contented my ſelf to feed on whatever I met with, and believ'd it the delicateſt Viands that could be. After I had travel'd three Days, I began to wonder how the World came to be ſo large, for I had never ſeen it but in a Map, and fancied it not much bigger than it was there repreſented. But who could have thought, ſaid I to my ſelf, that I ſhould have ever wanted for wholeſome Food, or met with ſo many baſe People and Misfortunes as I have done in ſo ſhort a time? I did not conſider it was the way of the World, and that a Man had need have a great deal of Caution and

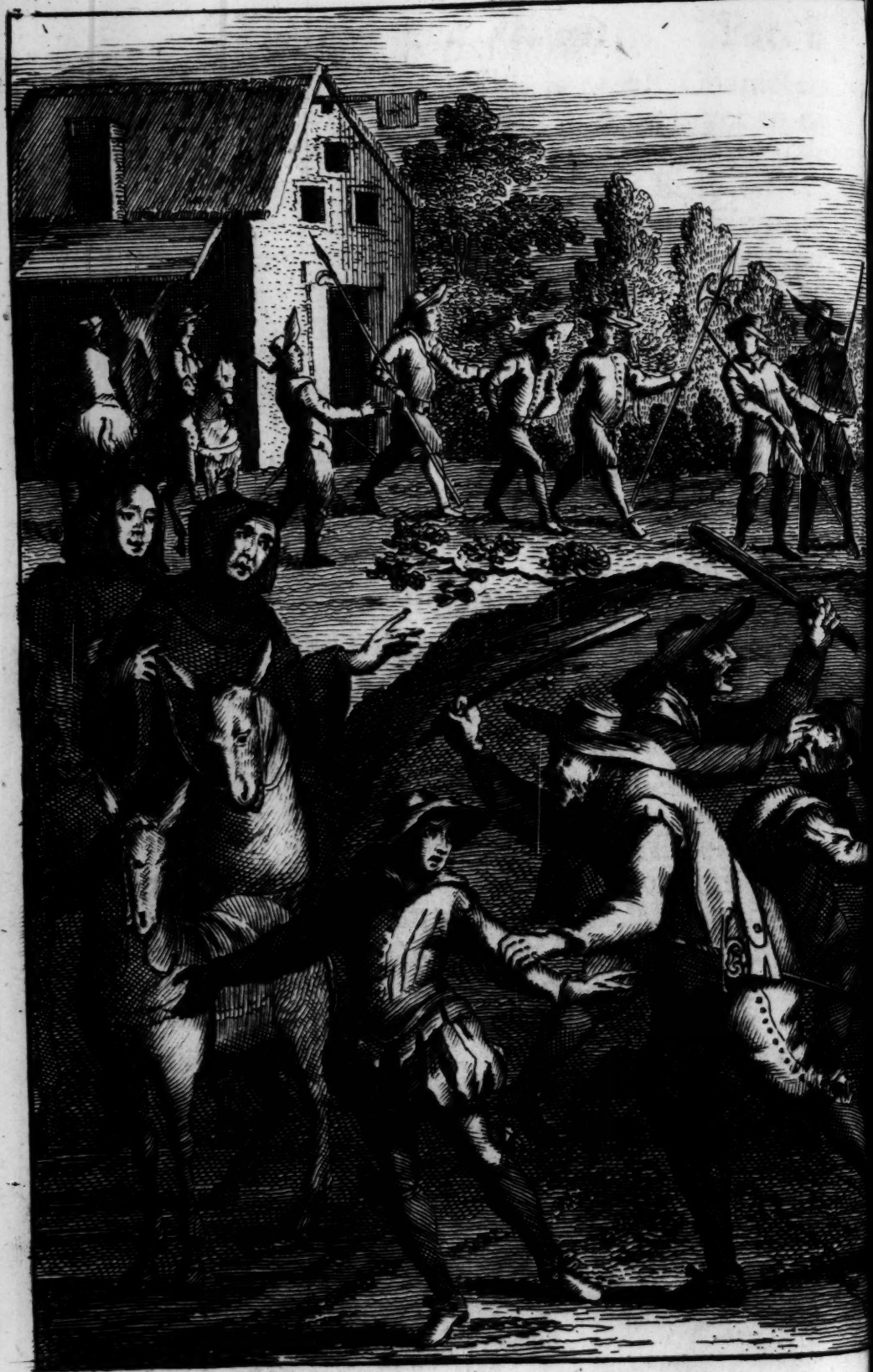
Pru-

Prudence that pretends to Travel. But this, *I did not conſider*, is a very fooliſh ſort of Character. It is the common Excuſe of ſuch Fools and Blockheads as I was. A Man of Sence will always reflect upon what is to come, and do all that in him lies to prevent any ill Conſequences; and, above all, take care to be on his Guard againſt Surprizes. I behaved my ſelf like an unfledg'd Bird, that had juſt ventur'd out of its Neſt; God knows, I had but little Conduct, and leſs Wit, yet a great deal of Vanity and Indiſcretion. I was juſtly puniſh'd for my Folly, in leaving my Mother's Houſe. I had a mind, like our Firſt Parents, to know what Good and Evil was, and I experienc'd them with a Vengeance, as the Sequel of my Story will ſhew. I conſider'd, that Evil was the laſt Thing we ſeek after, and yet the firſt that we meet with. Thus I went along muſing till we overtook the good Fryars, who were mumbling over their *Breviaries*. As for my Friend the *Muleteer*, he was likewiſe employ'd in Soliloquies, for ſince he had eaten ſo large a Share of the Mule, you can't imagine how melancholy he was grown. He was ſenſible he had given more than ordinary occaſion for Raillery, by the excellent Relliſh he found in the Mule's Brains, and other Parts of that Animal, which he had devour'd ſo heartily; but I ſeeing him mortified enough, ſpar'd him. Beſides, Prudence requires we ſay nothing to any Man before we conſider what he may anſwer, and if we are in the Rallying Humour, we ſhould reflect whether we are likewiſe in the humour to be rallied. Rallying, however, is good at no time; with our Superiours it is Raſhneſs, with our Inferiours Meanneſs, and with our Equals it may be endured, but oftentimes produces Quarrels. One Freedom occaſions another: From Raillery we proceed to Affronts, from Affronts to Blows; and when we are once come to thoſe, we know not what may come after: Beſides, Jeſters generally come off worſt,

and no Body pities them. This is of all Characters that which is uſually moſt hated, and he is yet to be born, that ever got or kept a Friend that way. We muſt behave our ſelves well to every Body, if we have a mind any Body ſhould do ſo to us. We muſt not rely on our Abilities in this caſe, for when we have abus'd any one that is not of equal Capacity to return the Affront, he will be ſure to watch his Opportunity, and make us ſenſible of our Folly when we leaſt think of it. A Man is eaſily pleas'd, and eaſily diſpleas'd. There are a thouſand ways in Converſation to oblige People, which coſt little or nothing. If we are in the Humour to diſoblige, we ſhall quickly make our Selves the Town-Talk. Let us conclude theſe Documents with a certain Truth, that nothing is more eligible in the Commerce of Life, than an inoffenſive Behaviour towards God, and towards Man. The *Muleteer*, as I've already hinted, went ſnudging along, not daring to hold up his Head after the many Jeſts he had paſs'd upon me about my *Omelet*, well knowing what Returns I could make if I had been diſpos'd; but I was otherwiſe employ'd, and thinking what Cheer we ſhould meet with at the next Inn. Whilſt my Thoughts were thus buſied, not dreaming in the leaſt of another Adventure, I heard ſome Mules coming upon the grand Trot behind me. I look'd back, and ſaw two Men with fierce Countenances, whom taking for Highway-men, I muſt confeſs I was a little ſurpriz'd. They looking earneſtly at me, and ſeeing me in confuſion, cried out, *Ah, Mr. Rogue, have we caught you, you ſhan't ſo eaſily eſcape us now as you may imagine*; which ſaying, they jump'd off their Mules, and came and took me by the Throat, ſoon dragging me to the Ground, without giving me leave to make any Defence, or utter a Word. Having me down, they cried, *Come, Dog, where is this Money? Where are the Jewels you carried away to Day? You muſt reſtore them,*

and





and that inſtantly. I was ſo ſtun'd with the Blows they had given me, that I was hardly able to ſpeak; however, at length recoverng my Voice, I cried out as loud as I could baul, Help! Help! Murther! Murther! The poor *Muleteer,* ſeeing me ſo unmercifully handled, would needs interpoſe in my behalf, but to his own Misfortune; for going about to repreſent to them that they muſt needs be miſtaken in me, they turn'd about to him, and told him they believ'd he was the Receiver of the Stolen Goods, and ſo immediately ſeiz'd both on him and his Mules, asking him, as they did me, what he had done with the Money and Jewels. Theſe Queſtions were as bad as *High-Dutch* to us, for we did not underſtand a Word of what they meant; and being able to make no other Anſwer, than that we knew nothing of what they talk'd of, they began to fall aboard us afreſh, and to belabour us ſo unmercifully, that I thought they would have beat out our Brains. As we were under this cruel Diſcipline, our good Fortune would have it, that two Men habited like Lawyers came by, who ſeeing the Conſtables, for ſuch it ſeems they were, laying us on ſo luſtily, ask'd them what they beat us after that manner for. They told them, I was Page to ſuch a Lady, whom I had robb'd, and that they had a Warrant to ſeize me wherever they met me. You are miſtaken, ſaid one of theſe Gentlemen, for I ſerve that Lady, and know that Page very well; This is not he. He is about 18 or 20 Years of Age, and this young Man can't be above 13 or 14: Beſides, he has black Hair, and this Youth Reddiſh, therefore you muſt be under a Miſtake. The Conſtables then pull'd their Inſtructions out of their Pockets, and found it to be as this Gentleman had told them, which made them beg our Pardon, and ſo remounting their Mules, they left us without any other Satisfaction. 'Twas pleaſant now to ſee what a Figure the *Muleteer* made, who had been ſo ſwingingly

bang'd

bang'd for being in my Company. He was worſe beat than I, becauſe he had the broader Shoulders. As ſore as I was with beating, I could hardly forbear Laughing when I look'd upon him, and I believe he wiſh'd me at the Devil for it. For his part, poor Man, Laughing was at an end with him, and he could ſcarce keep from Weeping. We, nevertheleſs, remounted our Mules, and I thank'd the Gentlemen who had done us this important Service. They were ſo kind as to proffer to bear us Company, being all going the ſame Way. We ſoon overtook the Fryars, who never ſtaid to ſee the Fate of any of our Adventures, to whom, having related this laſt as we had before done the others, they lifted up their Hands, and bleſs'd and croſs'd themſelves in Admiration. Hereupon one of the two Gentlemen ſaid, God keep every Man from There *Holies* that are in *Spain*, viz. The *Holy Inquiſition*, the *Holy Brotherhood*, and the *Holy Cruſado*; but eſpecially, if he be Innocent, God keep him from the *Holy Brotherhood*, becauſe, with the other two, there may be ſome hopes of Juſtice, they being not altogether unprovided of good Judges, and ſuch as fear God; but for the *Holy Brotherhood*, he had nothing more to ſay, than God keep every good Man out of their Hands. As for Sergeants, Catchpoles, and ſuch-like ſort of Vermin, he ſaid, we were to expect nothing among them but Rogues, Villains, Thieves, Falſe-Witneſſes, and the like Raſcals, who for Money would do any thing; but, added he, let's leave this ungrateful Subject, and proceed to ſomething that may be more entertaining and agreeable. For this purpoſe, quoth he, if you pleaſe, I'll tell you a Story I read Yeſterday in the Hiſtory of our Wars with the *Moors*. It is curious enough, and therefore may ſerve to amuſe us on the Road. All the Company ſaid, they ſhould be extreamly oblig'd to him if he would give himſelf that Trouble, and ſo he began as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Amour of Ozmin *and* Daraxa. A Novel.

WHilſt the Catholick King and Queen of *Spain*, *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, were at the Siege of *Baza*, there happen'd many Conflicts and Skirmiſhes on both Sides, in which it was hard to tell whether had the better. It was not but their Catholick Majeſties were well ſerv'd by brave Officers, and a great Number of good Troops, but the *Moors* were likewiſe well skill'd in Arms, and, perhaps, not leſs than the Chriſtians, ſo that they defended themſelves courageouſly, and omitted nothing that might make the Siege laſt. The Place was in a good Condition, and had a very advantagious Situation: The Gariſon was compos'd of the choiceſt Troops the King of *Granada* had, and the Governor was a Man of Experience and great Valour; ſo that all theſe together were able to ballance the Bravery and Numbers of the Chriſtians. The Queen was at *Jaen*, where ſhe took Care to ſupply the Army with Proviſions; and the King commanded the Siege in Perſon. He had divided his Army into two Bodies, whereof one lay before the Town, and the other cover'd the Siege, and hinder'd the coming of Succours. The Marqueſſes of *Cadiz* and *Aguilar*, Don *Lewis Fernandez Portocarero*, and the *Commendadors* of the Orders of *Alcantara* and *Calatrava*, with divers brave Officers and Soldiers, were in the former; and in the latter lay encamp'd the King with the chief of the Nobility and Gentry, and the moſt experienc'd Men at Arms. The two Camps were at leaſt half a League aſunder, to take them directly, but as the *Moors* had ſtop'd

up

up the Paſſes, they were above a League, ſo that the Chriſtians were forc'd to draw Lines and Trenches along the foot of the Mountains to keep up the Communication. This made the King reſolve to build Forts and *Redoubts*, as well to favour that Work, as to check the furious and frequent Sallies of the Beſieg'd. Upon this, great Numbers of Men were employ'd, and the King would often go in Perſon to ſee how they advanc'd. Tho' the *Moors* did all they could to hinder this Deſign, yet the Works went on, the Chriſtians valiantly defending what they had undertaken, tho' with the Loſs of many of their Lives, for ſcarce a Day happen'd wherein there were not great Numbers kill'd and wounded on both ſides. As it was a Matter of the greateſt Importance, the King always took Care it ſhould be follow'd both by Night and Day, and that the Workmen ſhould have a good Body of Troops to cover them. One Day, as Don *Rodrigo*, Don *Hurtado de Mendoza*, the Governor of *Cazorla*, and Don *Sancho de Caſtilla*, were upon the Guard, his Majeſty ſent them Word they ſhould take Care of themſelves, for that he had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the *Moors* would make a terrible Sally ſuch a time, and therefore he had diſpatch'd the Counts of *Cabra* and *Urena*, with the Marqueſs of *Aſtorgas*, to ſupport them in Caſe of Neceſſity. As he ſaid, ſo it happen'd; for the *Moors*, who were not leſs concern'd in the interrupting this Work, than the Chriſtians were in perfecting it, ſeeing them go on ſo proſperouſly, march'd out of the Town one Night in great ſilence, with 2000 Foot and 6000 Horſe to ſecure their Retreat, and climbing up the Mountain, pour'd down at Day-break on Don *Rodrigo* and Don *Hurtado de Mendoza*, who did not expect them, tho' they had been advertiz'd of their coming; and who, without the timely Aſſiſtance of the Governor and Don *Sancho*, who both came in to their Aid, had been aſſuredly cut to Pieces. Theſe laſt,

laſt, whom the *Moors* believ'd to have had a greater Number with them than they had, becauſe they came from behind the Mountain and made a great Show, coming in freſh, reſtor'd the Battle a little, and gave time to Don *Rodrigo* and *Mendoza*'s Men to take Breath. Nevertheleſs the *Moors*, who had been ſomewhat put to a ſtand, ſeeing theſe Succours not ſo conſiderable as they at firſt imagin'd, and being willing to end this Matter at a Blow, ſince ſo fair an Opportunity was offer'd them, preſs'd on in ſuch manner, that the Chriſtians had been but rudely dealt by, had not their King come ſeaſonably to their Relief. He had no ſooner been inform'd of this Attack, and that Don *Rodrigo* was wounded, but he could not be withheld from flying to his Aſſiſtance, for mounting immediately on Horſe-back with all his brave Men, he came juſt in the nick as the Chriſtians were about to run. It was then the Courage and Conduct of this brave Prince appear'd, for he not only fought like a General, but ventur'd his Perſon like a Private Soldier; inſomuch, that there was not one about him but would have willingly died in his Service, ſo much the Perſonal Valour of their King had animated and exalted them. Now were noble Feats of Arms to be ſeen, ſo many *Moors* and Chriſtians fighting like ſo many Lions; but as the latter were reliev'd from time to time by freſh Troops, the former were at laſt forc'd to give Ground. They had, 'tis true, a Detachment ſent them from the Town to favour their Retreat; but the Chriſtians, animated by the Preſence of their King, puſh'd them ſo vigorouſly, that, notwithſtading their Reinforcement, they were oblig'd to take a direct Flight. The Chriſtians purſuing them with incredible Fury, not only made vaſt havock among them, but likewiſe enter'd with them Pell-mell into the Suburbs of *Baza*, which, tho' a Place of Defence, had no time to ſhut its Gates. Here they got great Booty, and took abundance

dance of Priſoners. The King, conſidering whither their Fury had carried them, caus'd a Retreat to be ſounded, and at the ſame time commanded a conſiderable Body of Troops to move towards them, to prevent their being cut off by a freſh Sally from the Town, which they had moſt certainly been, had not the Governor found his Gariſon too weak for that purpoſe. On the contrary, he judg'd it Prudence not to expoſe the Town to the ſame Accident that had befallen the Suburbs, and therefore contented himſelf with firing from the Walls on thoſe Troops, that they might not make a Lodgment. He alſo ſhew'd, upon this Occaſion, that the Glory and Service of his King and Country was dearer to him than his own Blood; for when it was told him, his Daughter had a little before gone to the Suburbs, and that 'twas to be fear'd ſhe was taken by the Chriſtians, his Anſwer was, *He had rather his Daughter ſhould be taken, than a Fortreſs, which the King his Maſter had confided to him, be loſt*, and ſo would not ſuffer the Gates to be open'd for any Body to go to her Relief. She was indeed among the number of the Priſoners, but 'twas her good Fortune to fall into the Hands of a young Nobleman, one Don *Alonſo de Zuniga*, to whom ſhe was rather a Miſtreſs than a Priſoner. He was about 18 or 19 Years of Age, and this was the firſt Campaign he had made. He was beautiful in Perſon, and aimable in Temper, and, in a Word, was as compleat a Gentleman as the Catholick Court had bred for a long while. He was full of Glory, and being greatly eſteem'd by his Prince, took Care to deſerve it on all Occaſions where there was the greateſt Danger, eſpecially in this, where he enter'd the Suburbs with the foremoſt of the Troops, and cut down all he met, till he arriv'd at a Houſe which ſeem'd altogether built for Pleaſure, and which, indeed, belong'd to the Governor. He was reſolv'd to know what it was, and therefore immediately

diately commanded his Soldiers to force open the Doors, which they ſoon did with Battle-Axes. At their Entrance they found 10 or 12 Men ready to diſpute the Paſs with them, but 8 of them being laid on their Backs, the reſt fled and ſav'd themſelves over the Walls of the Garden. This Houſe was exceeding ſplendidly furniſh'd, and the Soldiers fell immediately to plundering it; but Don *Alonſo*, who had no other Aim than Glory, contented himſelf with running about with his Sword in his Hand, to ſee if he could find any Body to reſiſt him, but met with no Body. At length, coming to an Appartment that by the Richneſs of its Furniture ſeem'd the moſt conſiderable in the Houſe, he found one Door ſhut, which, commanding 5 or 6 of his Followers to break down, they met with ſome Difficulty, it being barricado'd behind. This gave Don *Alonſo* reaſon to ſuppoſe ſomebody was retir'd thither; but, upon forcing his way, he found nobody. Penetrating farther, even to the inmoſt Room, and going about to break down another Door that was likewiſe lock'd, he heard from within a great Skriek, as of Women. Entring, he ſaw five, whereof four fell trembling on their Knees, all bath'd in Tears, and beg'd their Lives; while the Fifth, who by her Habit and Majeſtick Mien, ſeem'd Miſtreſs of the reſt, ſtood firm, with her Back againſt a Window, and a Ponyard in her Hand. Her Countenance was fierce and bold, tho' pale and wan; and upon *Alonſo*'s approaching her, ſhe told him in good *Caſtillian*, ſhewing him the Ponyard, that 'twas with that ſhe would guard her Honour againſt any one that ſhould be ſo inſolent as to touch her. Don *Alonſo*, who had hitherto felt none of thoſe Paſſions that young People of his Age are wont to have for Women, found nevertheleſs he could not always eſcape them, but ſooner or later he ſhould be drawn into the common Snare with the reſt of Mankind. He had, 'tis true, altogether reſerv'd

ſerv'd himſelf till now for the Glory of Arms; but, upon the Sight of this lovely *Moor*, could no longer keep to his Reſolution. He no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon her, who was indeed one of the moſt beautiful Ladies of the Kingdom of *Granada*, but he felt his Heart wounded in all the Places where it was vulnerable. He immediately pull'd off his Helmet, and put up his Sword, when approaching her with all the Reſpect and Mildneſs imaginable, he told her, 'Twas not for ſuch charming Ladies as ſhe to apprehend any Violence from one who had made Glory and Honour his Profeſſion; that he was extreamly concern'd he had invaded her Privacies, but at the ſame time, could not but believe his good Fortune had conducted him to her Appartment, to ſecure her from all future Outrages; he beg'd her therefore to make uſe of this Opportunity, and not to ſtay till the Fury of the Soldiers, who hardly diſtinguiſh any Body upon theſe Occaſions, might put it out of his Power to do her that Service he deſir'd. This ſaid, he proffer'd her his Hand to conduct her out of the Houſe, and at the ſame time order'd his Followers to take Care of the other Women, and let them carry away with them whatever they thought proper for their Ladies uſe. *Daraxa*, for ſo was this beautiful *Moor*, who was Daughter to the Governor, call'd, being ſtill under Concern for the Danger ſhe had been expos'd to, was not eaſily got out of it, till at length, looking up, and ſeeing nothing in her young Officer that might occaſion her Diſquiet, ſhe began to take Courage, and eſteem her ſelf not a little happy in falling into his Hands. Nevertheleſs, when ſhe reflected on her becoming Captive to the Enemy of her Law, ſhe could not refrain from Tears; inſomuch, that not being able to anſwer the generous Proffers of her Cavalier any otherwiſe, ſhe only gave him her Hand, and ſuffer'd him to lead her whither he pleas'd. Don *Alonſo*, mov'd by the Tears of his fair Priſoner, did

all

all he could to comfort her, and ſhe, truly ſenſible of his Civilities, made what Acknowledgments ſhe could, but that rather by Geſtures than Words.

As he was about to lead her out of the Room, News was brought the King had caus'd a Retreat to be ſounded, which oblig'd him immediately to take Horſe. He gave his own Steed to his fair Captive; and going to help her up, ſoon found ſhe had no Occaſion for any Aſſiſtance of that kind. He quickly diſcover'd ſhe underſtood the *Manage* as well as any Body; for her Father, who was perhaps one of the fineſt Horſemen in all the Kingdom of *Granada*, had taken Care to have her inſtructed betimes in that Art; and her Genius lying much that way, it was not difficult for him to bring his Deſign about, for ſhe took that ſort of Learning as faſt as it was given her, and in time became an abſolute Horſe-woman. Don *Alonſo* having gather'd together as many of his Soldiers as he could, (for you muſt imagine they were not a little intent upon Plunder,) he drew them up into a ſmall Body; and having planted his Beautiful *Moor*, and her four Women, in the midſt of them, march'd at the Head of them towards the King's Army, which then began to be in Motion.

The King, who, weary'd with the Fatigue of the Day, had retir'd to ſome neighbouring Shades to refreſh himſelf, was juſt about to remount, when News came that Don *Alonſo* was bringing the Governour's Daughter Priſoner to preſent to him. His Majeſty began to Laugh, and was more than ordinary deſirous of ſeeing ſo fine a Sight, being greatly delighted with ſuch ſort of Gallantries. Don *Alonſo* approaching, and perceiving a great number of the beſt Quality gather'd together, did not doubt but his Majeſty was among them; wherefore alighting, and deſiring the fair *Moor* to do the like, he took her by the Hand, and conducted her into the King's Preſence. His Majeſty, not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee

ſo beautiful a Lady, aroſe, and went ſome few Steps to meet her; when ſhe, who knew well what Reſpect was due to a Sovereign, would preſently have fallen on her Knees, but the King would not ſuffer her. "My Lord, ſaid ſhe, I could heartily have "wiſh'd for a leſs diſaſtrous Occaſion to have ſalu-"ted your Majeſty, but Fate has order'd it other-"wiſe, and I am oblig'd for this Happineſs to the "greateſt Misfortune that could befal me. King *Ferdinand*, who was a Prince of a great deal of Wit, and, when he pleas'd, a great deal of good Humour, did all he could to Comfort her, telling her, he could forgive her calling the firſt day of her becoming a Priſoner, a Misfortune; but ſaid, he did not queſtion but ſhe would find her ſelf ſo well treated and entertain'd for the future, that ſhe would have no manner of Occaſion to account her ſelf Unfortunate. His Majeſty then took Horſe to return to the Camp, after having bid Don *Alonſo* (ſmiling) take care of his fair Priſoner, and wait on her to the Army, where he ſaid he would have a Tent provided for her and her Women; and after a little time ſend her to the Queen, by whom ſhe ſhould be cheriſh'd as ſhe deſerv'd.

Being arriv'd at the Camp, which was but a little diſtant, the King gave *Daraxa* leave to write to her Father, and deſir'd her to aſſure him from him, that ſhe ſhould be treated with all the Reſpect due to her Birth and Quality. Thoſe Officers that firſt ſaw this beautiful *Moor*, having cry'd her up for a Wonder, it excited the Curioſity of others to ſee her likewiſe, among whom many were not contented with a bare View; ſo that Don *Alonſo*'s Tent, whither ſhe was at firſt conducted, became ſo crowded, that he was very uneaſie at it, if not apprehenſive of a Rival, which made him Vow that no Body ſhould ſee her for the future, no not his deareſt Friends. This occaſion'd him abundance of Importunity, which never-

nevertheleſs he deliver'd himſelf from next morning betimes, before any of the Officers were ſtirring, by conducting his fair Captive to *Jaen*, where he preſented her to the Queen by the King's Orders. Her Majeſty had been inform'd of her coming by a Courier from the King, and therefore was prepar'd to receive her with all the Kindneſs imaginable, as well in reſpect to her Birth, being, as ſhe underſtood, deſcended from the Kings of *Granada*, as in regard to her Perſonal Merit, and other good Qualities. The King had recommended her to her as a Priſoner of Conſequence, and ſhe found her to be ſuch, believing by her means the Governor might be wrought upon to ſurrender the City; and ſo ſhe wrote to the King, but his Majeſty acquainted her ſhe knew not the Character of the Man, for Nature would not be able to prevail upon him, where his Duty came in Queſtion.

The Queen, who was at firſt ſight extreamly delighted with this charming *Moor*, whoſe Eyes, ſhe ſaid, ſparkled like ſo many Diamonds, was yet more raviſh'd when ſhe came to Taſte of her Converſation; for her Wit was the Source of that Fire and *Brillant* that appear'd in her Eyes, and which her Majeſty ſoon ſufficiently experienc'd. In the mean time, Don *Alonſo* having perform'd his Commiſſion, and being oblig'd to return to the Army, began to be ſenſible, that Love, like all Things elſe, had its wrong and its right ſide, and that nothing permanent was to be expected from that God, who, whenever he did a Favour, made us pay through the Noſe for't. He experienc'd that this Deity began with Charms and Delights, but always ended with Grief and Tears. He knew not hitherto what Love was, and was ſo pleas'd with that little he had felt of it, that he could wiſh it might have for ever laſted; but he ſoon recover'd from his Error, when he found he was to part with his belov'd *Moor*. He had

not yet undergone any Agonies and Uneaſineſſes that belong to that Paſſion, and was not a little ſurpriz'd when he found himſelf all of a ſudden ſeiz'd with them. Theſe attack'd him the Night before he was to go to the Army. He could not believe that Love could ſo ſuddenly reduce him to ſuch a Condition, or that his Affection had made ſo great a Progreſs as to occaſion him the Loſs of his Quiet, by being to loſe the ſight of his amiable Miſtreſs. But what moſt afflicted him was, that he had not yet diſcover'd his Paſſion to his lovely Charmer. It was not but he had had Opportunities enough, and thoſe as favourable as could be wiſh'd; but whether he wanted Courage, which the braveſt in Love-caſes ſometimes want, or, whether he was too much a Novice in this Art, he never thought fit to explain his Sentiments by Words, but left them to be altogether gueſs'd at by his Actions. Nevertheleſs, as he had read a great many *Romances*, and learn'd from them that Lovers were to ſpeak, and thereby diſcover their Thoughts to their Miſtreſſes, he fear'd *Daraxa* might have an ill Opinion of him if he left her without ſo doing. Therefore he reſolv'd to acquit himſelf of this Duty, and ſpent all the Night in contriving after what manner he ſhould do it. He conſidered all Ways, and hardly any would pleaſe him; till at length finding no other Remedy, and the Sun beginning to peep in upon him, he was fain to abandon himſelf entirely to Love, that his Deity might inſpire him upon this emergent Occaſion with what was moſt proper to move a Miſtreſs, whom no Body could dote upon more Paſſionately and Sincerely than he did. This being reſolv'd on, he gets up and dreſſes himſelf, and goes to the Queen to receive her Majeſty's laſt Commands, and at the ſame time begs Permiſſion to take Leave of the beautiful *Moor*. The Queen was ſenſible, a young Lord, like Don *Alonſo*, could

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not be two Hours alone with a young Lady like *Daraxa* without Love's playing his Part: Nevertheleſs, having a mind to rally, ſhe told him, nothing was more reaſonable than what he demanded; but ſince the young Lady was under her Charge, if he had a mind to ſay any thing to her, it muſt be in her Preſence. This embaraſs'd Don *Alonſo* more than before, for now he ſaw plainly his Meaſures were broken, yet did not deſpair, but reſolv'd to bring the Matter about one way or other. The Queen having ſent for *Daraxa*, ſhe no ſooner appear'd but her Majeſty began to ſmile, ſaying to her, See here, Daughter, (for ſo ſhe began to call her) a young Lord, that is more to be pitied, and more a Priſoner, than thou art. He can't depart, nor go for the Army, till he has taken his final Leave of thee. I am his Friend, continu'd the Queen, and know well he will not make a Miſtery of his Paſſion to me, therefore deſire what he ſays to thee may be in my Hearing. This Diſcourſe made the pretty *Moor* bluſh; ſhe had obſerv'd, indeed, in the Countenance and Actions of Don *Alonſo* ſomething more than ordinary, but never thought it amounted to Love. Beſides, ſhe was ſo taken up with the Thoughts of her Misfortunes, that ſhe had no Time to reflect on any thing elſe; and what Kindneſs ſhe was oblig'd to that young Lord for, ſhe believ'd was more owing to his generous Commiſeration of her Condition, than any Affection he had to her Perſon. Her Heart was already prepoſſeſs'd in favour of another, therefore ſhe could make no Returns, in caſe Don *Alonſo* did love her; however, ſhe thought her ſelf oblig'd to make a Reply to the Queen, and conſequently told her Majeſty, ſhe was extreamly engag'd to that young Nobleman, in caſe he had any Reſpect for her, and ſhould not eaſily forget the Obligation; but as it was not in her Power to make any farther Acknowledgment, ſhe hop'd he would be contented with her praying for him, and wiſhing him

no worſe Fortune than ſhe had had, providing it ſhould be his ill hap to be taken Priſoner as ſhe was. The Queen made no Anſwer, on purpoſe to give Don *Alonſo* opportunity to ſpeak; who, tho' he had naturally a great deal of Courage, and was known to make quick Repartees on all Occaſions, was, nevertheleſs, ſomething at a ſtand here, either becauſe he felt too violent Emotions of Love, or was afraid to deliver himſelf too freely in the Queen's Preſence. He therefore contented himſelf to reply only to the fair *Daraxa*, That whatever Miſhaps could befall him, he ſhould always think himſelf happy to bear the Character of her Champion, and which was an Honour he intended to ask before he left her. The Queen replied, That was an Honour was ſeldom or never refus'd; and having a mind to keep up the Converſation and Intereſt her ſelf for Don *Alonſo*, as much as poſſible, ſhe added, And I believe *Daraxa* will be able to give no Reaſon for refuſing it. I would gladly to be ſure, Madam, replied *Daraxa*, have ſo great an Honour as Don *Alonſo* for my Champion; but if the Laws of Arms are the ſame among Chriſtians as with us, I can't ſee how I can accept of one in that Poſt, who is concern'd in a preſent War againſt my King, my Father, and my Country. What you ſay ſeems to have ſome weight in it, anſwer'd the Queen, but this is a particular Caſe, and you may certainly ſhew Reſpect to one Perſon, tho' your Enemy, without injuring your whole Country; and as for the King and your Father, they need not in ſuch Caſe be offended at it. Don *Alonſo* thought himſelf extreamly oblig'd to the Queen for ſpeaking ſo earneſtly in his behalf, and whilſt he was about to make his Acknowledgments, her Majeſty went on, and ſaid, Tho' *Daraxa* ſhould only engage him by this Favour to uſe the *Moors*, that might be taken Priſoners, more kindly, that would be a ſufficient Recompence for the ſuppos'd Injury ſhe might do her Country by it; but

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ſhe ſaid, ſhe believ'd ſo ingenious a young Lady could have no Reaſons to induce her to a Thing that muſt needs be for her Advantage, and that her ſeeming to be ſo much againſt it, was only out of pure Modeſty. She added, if ſhe lay under any further Difficulties or Scruples, that hinder'd her from complying with this reaſonable Requeſt of Don *Alonſo*'s, the bare Obligations ſhe had to that young Lord, were more than a ſufficient Excuſe for her.

What Reaſons ſoever *Daraxa* might have not to yield to thoſe of the Queen, ſhe thought it more adviſable to be ſilent, than perſiſt in them, ſince Silence might imply her Conſent to what was deſir'd of her. But as this was not enough of it ſelf, the Queen, who had a mind to finiſh the Matter, told the *Mooriſh* Lady, It was a Cuſtom among Chriſtians, that when any Woman took a Man for her Champion, ſhe muſt give him ſome Token or other of her good Will, which was commonly a Scarf, her Picture, a Handkerchief, a Ribbon, or ſome ſuch-like Thing. This was likewiſe a Cuſtom among the *Moors*, who were at that time a gallant People, and ſcorn'd to yield in Matters of Gallantry to any Nation whatſoever. But *Daraxa* fear'd the Conſequences of this Civility, and therefore declin'd at firſt the doing it; however, as the Deſires of the Queen muſt now be Laws to her, ſhe could not diſpence with them, and conſequently was oblig'd to give ſomething or other. She thought a Ribbon would be the leaſt ſhe could give, therefore taking off a Tiſſue-Knot from her Head, ſhe made a Preſent of it to Don *Alonſo*. That Lord receiv'd it with all the Ceremony that Lovers of that Time were wont to pay towards their Miſtreſſes, that is, with bended Knees; and kiſſing her Hand a thouſand times, he ſwore eternal Conſtancy and Obedience to her Commands. The Queen, who was exceedingly pleas'd with this Scene which ſhe had brought about, told Don *Alonſo*, there would ſpee-

dily be expected ſuch Feats of Arms from him, as could not but be the Products of ſo great a Favour as he had receiv'd; to which he readily replied, That if Fortune would but furniſh him with Opportunities, it ſhould be his Fault if he did not perform all that was requir'd of him. Now perceiving it was time to be gone, he humbly took his Leave of the Queen, and afterwards turning to the fair *Moor*, beg'd of her to remember him ſometimes, and ſo went for the Army.

If ever Priſoner had Reaſon to be pleas'd with Confinement, *Daraxa* had, ſince ſhe could not have been better treated, even at the Court of her own King, than ſhe was at this of their Catholick Majeſties, where ſhe was look'd upon not as a Priſoner, but a Lady, whom the Queen highly reſpected. Over and above her charming Perſon, her Majeſty diſcover'd in her a more charming Soul, with a Wit ſo much to her liking, that ſhe could not endure to be without her. She would frequently entertain her ſelf with her about Politiques and State-Matters, of which ſhe gave as good an Account, as if ſhe had been bred to them as many Years as ſhe was old, which were about Eighteen. She, in a Word, took ſo great a Fancy to her, that altho' there was ſoon after an Interview between King *Ferdinand* and King *Mahomet*, Sirnam'd *el Chiquite*, *i. e.* the *Little*; and altho' the Town of *Baza* had ſurrender'd, and, that one of the Articles was, That all the Priſoners ſhould be reſtor'd on both ſides; notwithſtanding all this, I ſay, her Majeſty had ſo fix'd her Heart on the fair *Daraxa*, that ſhe could never prevail on her ſelf to part with her, but, to ſatisfy her Father, wrote to him with preſſing Inſtances, that ſhe might continue with her, and ſhe would do all for her, that ſhe could for her own Daughter. The Governor, tho' much griev'd for the loſs of his Dear *Daraxa*, yet, conſidering what Advantage it might be to her to be Favourite to ſo great a Queen,

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gave his Conſent, tho' with Regret, and was contented ſhe ſhould go whither Queen *Iſabella* pleas'd.

The Campaign thus ended, the King reſolv'd to go and paſs the Winter at *Sevil*, and accordingly wrote to the Queen. The Court was very numerous, and never known to be more magnificent. Don *Alonſo* had perform'd a World of fine Actions ſince the Preſent he had receiv'd, and was become more in Love than ever. As he was one of the richeſt Lords of the Court, he could beſt afford Expence, and therefore ſpar'd nothing that might make his Equipage and Train ſplendid. Nothing could be more rich, nothing more gallant. As for *Daraxa*, he had ſtill the ſame value for her, tho' he heard of Rivals; nevertheleſs, underſtood ſhe gave them no Encouragement. He found, at his Return, her Reſpect was not in the leaſt leſſen'd for him, but then it was not encreas'd, for the ſame cold Icy Heart remain'd ſtill, which was enough to chil even the moſt flaming Lover. This Advantage, however, he had over his Rivals, That he bore the glorious Character of her Champion, and had the Tiſſue-Ribbon waving in his Hat, giving himſelf the Title of the *Champion to the fair Moor*. But all this ſignified little, ſince like them he was treated with the ſame Indifference. He had only greater Liberty to ſee and converſe with his Miſtreſs; and 'twas to the Queen he ow'd that Happineſs, who, thinking to retain *Daraxa* the ſurer at her Court, had a mind to make her a Chriſtian, and marry her. She thought Don *Alonſo* the moſt advantagious Match for her, and that made her look the more favourably on him. She alſo believ'd nothing could work ſo great a Change in her as Love, therefore ſhe did all ſhe could to promote that. She only wonder'd at one Thing; that whereas other *Mooriſh* Ladies were more than ordinarily ſubject to that Paſſion, *Daraxa* was very little ſenſible of it, notwithſtanding the many Addreſſes were made to her by almoſt all the young Lords

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of the Court. As for Religion, ſhe often took occaſion to Diſcourſe her on that Head, but could not find ſhe was yet diſpos'd to exchange hers for a better; therefore ſhe left that Affair to Heaven, and contented her ſelf for the preſent to give her good Advice, and a good Example, which ſhe was very capable of doing, as being a moſt Pious and Wiſe Princeſs. In the mean time, as ſhe knew the *Moors* had more than ordinary Regard to their Habit, which they made a part of their Religion, ſhe us'd her beſt Endeavours to make her change that for a *Spaniſh* one, hoping by that means to draw her inſenſibly on to the Salvation of her Soul, which was what ſhe moſt deſir'd. In order to this, ſhe broke the Thing to her one Day, and told her, She would extreamly oblige her, in Caſe ſhe would comply with her Requeſt, for that ſhe had a mind to ſee what an Alteration a *Spaniſh* Habit would cauſe in her Beauty. *Daraxa* had long deſir'd what the Queen propos'd to her, notwithſtanding the Injunctions of her Religion to the contrary; therefore was not backward to comply with her Majeſty, but rather overjoy'd that ſuch a Thing had been offer'd her. Accordingly ſhe immediately conſented, and Orders were given to the Women to dreſs her forthwith in the *Spaniſh* Garb, but not to ſay a Word of it to any Body, becauſe the Queen would have the Pleaſure of ſurprizing the Court, and the King himſelf. She appear'd there with great Luſtre and Magnificence; her Dreſs being one of the richeſt that this Princeſs had ever worn; and the Beauty and good Mien of *Daraxa* gave a ſhining Addition to it. She was not long without being diſtinguiſh'd. Her Charms made her remark'd, in a particular manner, beyond all others; and there were few but freely own'd, ſhe far excell'd the reſt; tho' among the Maids of Honour, and other Court-Ladies, there were many perfectly beautiful. She was the occaſion of a World of Infidelities, and

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yet more Jealouſies; and her being but too agreeable to the Men, render'd her almoſt odious to the Women. They found infinite Faults in her, and could by no Means agree to the merit of her Beauty. But what moſt deeply touch'd them was, the little Care they ſaw ſhe took of her ſelf, and her Indifference for appearing handſome; tho' that be the reigning Paſſion of Womankind. She almoſt intirely neglected Dreſs and Ornaments; and it was only to pleaſe the Queen, that ſhe ſometimes took a little Care of her ſelf. This Princeſs, who ſaw ſhe was extreamly thoughtful and melancholy, and was perſwaded it was an effect of her ſecret Grief, for being in a ſtrange Country, and remote from her Friends, was of Opinion, that in giving her abundance of Ornaments, and variety of Dreſs, the dear Delight and Weakneſs of Women, ſhe might be diverted by it, and brought to take more Pleaſure in her ſelf: And in this Thought, the Queen was every Day heaping Preſents of Dreſs and Ornaments upon her; but it made no manner of Change in her. She dreſs'd her ſelf once or twice with what the Queen gave her, looking on her ſelf as oblig'd to do ſo in Duty and Gratitude; but after that ſhe laid them by, and thought no more of them. Her Humour was always the ſame; a ſort of languiſhing; and 'twas perceiv'd ſhe ſought to be retir'd, and that nothing diverted her: Nay, the Queen was ſeveral times told, ſhe had been often ſurpriz'd in Tears. This Princeſs, who intirely lov'd her, was much afflicted at it; but with all her Endeavours to diſcover the Reaſon of it, ſhe was never able to get it out of her; ſhe was however in hopes, that Time, which is always the certain Cure of every Care, would at laſt diſſipate the Troubles of the beautiful *Moor*, in ſo agreeable a Court as that of *Spain*. But in the mean time, to contribute towards diverting the lovely Captive, and likewiſe to pleaſe and entertain, at the ſame time, ſo many brave Officers,

cers as then throng'd the Court, and had ſo well behav'd themſelves during the Campaign; the Queen propoſes to the King, her Husband, to permit a Solemn Bull-fight, and the Sports of *Caſia*'s, or Carrouſels and Turnements, as in ſome Places they call 'em. *Ferdinand* conſents, and the Queen preſently gave publick Notice of 'em at Court, that ſuch as had a mind might prepare for 'em.

The Grief and Melancholy of the lovely *Moor* were of that ſort, that far from being leſſen'd by Honours, Pleaſures and Divertiſements, they were augmented by 'em. She was in Love; and with a Nobleman altogether worthy of her; from whom ſhe had been forc'd away, juſt as the Preparations for their Marriage were in a manner compleated. Fatal Reverſe! inſtead of the Happineſs ſhe thought ſo near. This Favourite Lover of hers, was a young Lord of *Granada*, whoſe Merit and Valour had been diſtinguiſh'd upon ſeveral Occaſions; who deſcended from Kings as well as ſhe; and who, for the Perfections of his Perſon, as well as for the Qualifications of his Mind, and the Excellence of his Wit, might vye with the moſt accompliſh'd in the Court of the King of *Granada*. They were acquainted from their very Infancy; and the Friendſhip between their Fathers, gave them frequent opportunities of Converſation; ſo that this Love of theirs was not of a few Years only, but as old as their Reaſon, and born with it. But when *Daraxa* was grown up to that Age and Stature, that requir'd a ſtricter Care over her Perſon and Conduct, and forbids all eaſy Acceſs to her; 'twas then that theſe two young Hearts began to feel the firſt violent emotions of Love, and to find the uneaſineſs of being depriv'd of the Pleaſure of ſeeing what we moſt tenderly affect. But happily for our young Lovers, their Fathers, who continu'd their old intimate Friendſhip, and were of Opinion, that their Children could no where better match than with each other,

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reſolv'd to knit the Knot of their Amity more cloſe and firm by this Alliance. The Contract was made, and the Time appointed for this agreeable Affair: But it ſeems we make wrong Reck'nings, when we compute without the Stars. Scarce was this firſt Ceremony compleated, but *Ferdinand* takes a Reſolution to beſiege *Baza*. He took his Meaſures for the Siege with ſuch Precaution and Diligence, that the Place was inveſted before they in the leaſt ſuſpected it at the *Mooriſh* Court; ſo that *Daraxa*'s Father, who was Governor of *Baza*, found himſelf ſhut up with his Daughter in the Town, juſt as he was fitting all Things to celebrate this Marriage; the gallant intended Bridegroom being almoſt hourly expected from *Granada*, where he had prepared for it on his part with a World of Magnificence. *Ozmin*, for that was the Name of *Daraxa*'s Lover, ſtood in no need of Adviſing, to know what was fit for him to do in this ſurprizing Conjuncture. Love and Glory permit not the conſulting any; they, thoſe noble Incitements of young and gallant Minds, puſh him on to get into *Baza*; and he had flown into it, if he could. He puts himſelf at the Head of 200 Horſe, who, for the greateſt part, conſiſted of thoſe Friends and Creatures that his Merit and Liberality daily gain'd him; who, reſolving to follow his Fortune, were overjoy'd they could alſo at the ſame time acquire Glory, and ſerve their Prince, in throwing themſelves into *Baza*. They met with two ſeveral Parties in two Hours march, and intirely defeated both; but not without Loſs too on their ſide, divers of them being kill'd and wounded. A third Party that fell upon them within half a League of the beſieg'd Town, they found too ſtrong for Men who had already ſuſtain'd two Attacks that had been vigorous enough. This laſt Party conſiſted of 600 Men, who inſtantly ſurrounding them, call'd to them to yield themſelves, and they ſhould have Quarter. But *Ozmin*, underſtanding not that ſort of

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Language, without loſing his Courage or Judgment, form'd his Men into one Squadron, placing his Wounded, being 15 in number, in the Center, having loſt 10 others, who, in the two preceding Rencounters, had been kill'd upon the Spot. In this Poſture he march'd directly up to the Enemies, and engag'd them; and for an Hour, in ſpite of the inequality of Numbers, Victory ſeem'd in doubt on which ſide to determine; ſo valiantly the *Moors*, animated by the brave Example of their gallant Leader, maintain'd the Fight, like Men reſolv'd to die or conquer. The iſſue of the Action was ſtill doubtful, and tho' many of the *Moors* were ſlain, yet there were far more kill'd on the ſide of the *Chriſtians*; of whom the greater part were diſabled, and the reſt ſo diſorder'd and broke, as to be almoſt ready for flight, had not a new Reinforcement of 200 Men come in to their Relief. Theſe were all freſh Men; ſo that *Ozmin*, who was dangerouſly wounded in three ſeveral Places, found himſelf conſtrain'd to endeavour to preſerve the reſt of his Men, by retreating in the beſt manner he could. He did accordingly retreat; but in ſo good order, and with ſo bold and frequent Stands, that the *Chriſtians* thought not fit to purſue them far. He got back to *Granada* with 110 Men; of whom, only 12 were not wounded. This Skirmiſh was counted one of the moſt briſk and vigorous Actions that happen'd during the continuance of the Siege of *Baza*; and the Name of *Ozmin*, which was already known among the *Chriſtians*, became more famous than ever.

Being got to *Granada*, his Wounds confin'd him to his Bed; upon which, King *Mahomet*, to whom he was related, would needs do him the Honour of a Viſit, after an Action ſo full of Glory. But what gave him the greateſt Joy, was a Letter he receiv'd from his Dear *Daraxa*; wherein ſhe told him, That the Wounds he had receiv'd, more ſenſibly affected

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her than the Glory he had acquir'd; that ſhe valued the Hero in him much, but the Lover more; and that ſhe therefore pray'd him to be a little leſs zealous for acquiring Reputation at ſo great Hazard; and deſir'd him to ſpare for the future, all that could be, the effuſion of his Blood. She ſent him with this Letter a large embroider'd Handkerchief, after the *Mooriſh* manner, of her own Work; and this was the firſt Favour, of its kind, that ſhe had hitherto done him.

Ozmin's Wounds were too great to give way to the impatient ardour of his Love, prompting him to make a ſecond Attempt to get into *Baza*, and to ſucceed in it, or die in the Endeavour, for he could know no Medium in this Caſe; he muſt needs be either with his Dear *Daraxa*, or elſe he muſt ſink into the Grave in a languiſhing Deſpair. The Governor of *Baza*, intended Father-in-Law of the amorous *Ozmin*, having Notice of his Deſign to make a ſecond Attempt, diſcourag'd him from endeavouring to force his Way; as being too full of Danger, and impoſſible to ſucceed, the Paſſes being on all ſides ſhut up, and the *Chriſtians* too numerous, and too ſtrictly on their Guard, to give any hopes of getting thro': He adviſ'd him rather to diſguize himſelf in a *Chriſtian* Habit, and to ſet out upon a fix'd Day agreed on between them, juſt as it grew dark; that ſo the next Morning, about break of Day, he might get within a quarter of a League of *Baza*; into which he might from thence throw himſelf under the ſhelter of a Sally, that ſhould then be made on purpoſe to favour his getting in. The Governor ſent him theſe Advices by one of his Domeſticks, whoſe Name was *Orviedo*, who had been 14 Years a Priſoner among the *Chriſtians*; and, in that time, had made himſelf ſo much Maſter of their Language, Manners and Cuſtoms, that any Body would have taken him for a natural *Spaniard*: He was alſo perfectly well acquainted with the

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Roads and Situation of the Country; he was ſharp and cunning, even to Trick and Subtilty; and was beſide all this an excellent Horſeman. *Ozmin* having maturely weigh'd the Governor of *Baza*'s Advice, and beginning to recover his Health and Vigour, and to be in a Condition fit to put it in execution, his Father ſpoke of it to the King, who highly approv'd on't, well knowing the Importance of having a Perſon of *Ozmin*'s Valour in the Town.

This Lover, ſeeing his Deſign ſupported by the Royal Approbation, would no longer defer his ſetting out with *Orviedo*, when once the Day was come that the Governor had appointed him. But tho' they were both of them extreamly well mounted, and tho' they rode all Night long without making any ſtop, they were oblig'd to take ſo many by-ways to avoid the *Spaniſh* Parties, and guarded Paſſes, that notwithſtanding all their diligence, the Day began to appear while they wanted yet near a League of *Baza*. They were got into a Wood, the better to prevent diſcovery; but ſtill as they advanced, they ſaw the *Chriſtian* Troops ſo very much in Motion, that they could not imagine what ſhould be the Matter. It was juſt the very Day of the Sally that I have already mention'd, and *Ferdinand* being gone to the Aſſiſtance of his Men, and a Rumour running thro' the Troops that he was in danger, the whole Army march'd to ſuccour and diſengage him; ſo that the more our Adventurers advanc'd, the greater Noiſe they heard from all theſe various Motions. They ſaw, thro' the Trees, the Duſt riſing on all ſides, by which they eaſily conjectur'd there was ſome great Deſign in agitation, if not ſome inſtant conſiderable Action. They then began to be apprehenſive, leſt they ſhould precipitate themſelves into ſome inextricable Difficulty, ſhould they quit the ſhelter of the Wood wherein they were cover'd, as they muſt neceſſarily do, for paſſing into another that lay about

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a quarter of a League diſtant, and touch'd upon the Rendezvous made them by the Governor, for throwing themſelves from thence into the Town. But the Governor had not foreſeen, that his Contrivance ſhould be diſcover'd, that the *Chriſtians* would be ſo exceeding diligent to ſuccour and ſupport their engag'd Men, nor that *Ozmin* ſhould meet with ſo many Obſtacles as he actually found in his way. *Orviedo*, as a Man enur'd and form'd to War, was of Opinion, that *Ozmin* ſhould advance no farther; but that he ſhould rather permit himſelf to go alone on Foot, to enquire a little into the Poſture and Diſpoſition of Things; and even to try, if he could, to get into the Place, and acquaint the Governor where *Ozmin* ſtay'd, that ſo he might be ſafely got into the Town. *Ozmin*, who knew him to be a Man of good Senſe and Experience, and who, indeed, ſaw plainly there was no better Courſe to be taken, was content to acquieſce in that Advice; and they agreed together, that if *Orviedo* did not return within two Hours, that ſhould ſerve for a Token that he was got ſafe into the Place, and that all things were ready to get in *Ozmin* alſo. *Orviedo* being departed, the Time grew tedious to the longing Lover; but ſo ſoon as he could reaſonably gueſs that the two Hours were paſs'd, and *Orviedo* not return'd, he became impatient of expecting any longer; ſo taking the direct Road, both as neareſt and leſs liable to Suſpicions, he got within a quarter of a League of *Baza* without any ill Chance; when, on a ſuddain, he ſaw a great Number of *Moors* deſcending the Mountain in much diſorder, and like Men that fled. This ſurpriz'd him extreamly: He immediately ſpur'd his Horſe up towards them to inform himſelf, not knowing but it might be a Sally order'd by the Governor in his Favour, but he narrowly miſs'd being kill'd by them; for tho' they were *Moors* as well as he, yet they fir'd upon him, believing him a *Spaniard*, becauſe of his

Andaluſian Habit. By good Fortune, an Officer who was at the Head of this Body, and was known by *Ozmin*, hearing himſelf call'd by his Name, preſently knew him by his Voice, and made a Sign to his Men to forbear firing. This Officer was ſurpriz'd at the Sight of *Ozmin*, but told him in a few Words what had happen'd; that the whole *Chriſtian* Army had fallen upon two or three thouſand of the Gariſon, who had made a Sally, and had cut off moſt of them; and purſuing the reſt to the Suburbs, had enter'd it Pell-mell with them, to the Number of about Three Thouſand *Chriſtians*, and had poſſeſs'd themſelves of it: That King *Ferdinand* was but a quarter of a League off with the main Body of his Army; and that there was no Thoughts of getting into the Place, it being certain Death or Captivity to attempt it. *Ozmin*, afflicted to Extremity at this ill News, ſaw plainly, that as Matters ſtood, there was nothing to be done but to return to *Granada*; nor was there any Security for even ſo much as ſtaying any longer there. He therefore rallied what he could of theſe ſcatter'd Troops, and making up a Body of about 300 Men, he retreated by the way that he came, more overcome with Grief than the firſt time, tho' he had now no manner of Wound; but his Trouble roſe from the Mortification of having been ſo very near *Baza*, and yet not able to get into it.

This News much alarm'd the Court of the *Mooriſh* King, tho' his Men had upon this Occaſion behav'd themſelves with all poſſible Valour: And tho' the *Chriſtians* had dearly bought the Advantage that their Numbers had procur'd them over the *Moors*; there being ſlain, eſpecially at firſt, and at *Ferdinand*'s coming, abundance of Men of Quality; but ſtill the King of *Granada* juſtly reflected, that after ſo great Fatigues, the Gariſon of neceſſity growing weak, it was not poſſible for the Place to hold out much longer; ſo that in Truth his Uneaſineſs was but too well

well grounded; ſince *Baza* being taken, there would be no conſiderable Town able to endure a Siege left him, except only the City of *Granada*, the Metropolis of his Kingdom, and his laſt Refuge.

All the *Mooriſh* Court following the King's Example, was fill'd with Grief; but that of *Ozmin* went beyond all imagination. Deſpair mingled with his Sorrow; and there was no Hopes he could poſſibly ſurvive it, unleſs, come what would, he made a third Attempt to throw himſelf into *Baza*. Soon after his Return to *Granada*, there came News, That the *Chriſtians* ſeeing themſelves expos'd in the Suburbs to all the Fire of the City, had abandon'd it. This News confirm'd him in his Reſolution to try his Fate once more; and he was determin'd to go the ſame way that he went with *Orviedo*. But juſt as he was ready to mount his Horſe, comes *Orviedo* to *Granada* with Diſpatches from the Governor for the King, and with a particular Letter for *Ozmin*. His Joy was extream at the Sight of *Orviedo*; but it laſted no longer than till he had read the Governor's Letter; by which he was made acquainted with the Misfortune had befallen his Daughter. It would be difficult enough to expreſs the dreadful Agony of the wretched *Ozmin*, at this terrible and amazing News. At firſt he ſtood as fix'd and motionleſs as a Marble Statue, becauſe the Blow had aſtoniſh'd and overwhelm'd him; but having a little recover'd his Spirits, his Soul became agitated, with all the Exceſſes of Rage and Fury, that the moſt violent Paſſions are able to inſpire. He ſuffer'd under Tempeſts of Sighs, Heart-wounding Sobs, and tranſporting Agonies, that melted all that ſaw him into the moſt relenting Tenderneſs, and gave a general Fear that his Life was in Danger. Nor indeed could he long reſiſt the unequal Force of ſo violent a Grief. His Body, taking neither Reſt nor Nutriment, was ſoon reduc'd ſo low, as to put it out of his Power, either to afflict or la-

ment himſelf. A Feaver ſeiz'd him; his Strength left him; and from violent Agitations of raging Tranſports, he became ſo weak and languiſhing, that his Death was almoſt hourly expected. The Phyſitians had given him over, and all his Family were now in the utmoſt Affliction for him; when Love, that mighty Worker of amazing Miracles, a Doctor more Learned and Succeſsful than a whole College, eſpecially in Diſorders occaſion'd by himſelf, happily ſuggeſted to him a Thought moſt proper to reſtore him to his Health, and recall the former Peace and Quiet of his Mind. He revolv'd this Expedient ſo continually in his Mind and Heart, and long'd ſo much to make it ſucceed, that he became at laſt firmly perſwaded he could certainly and eaſily make it do. From that Moment he began to recover; and the ardour of his Deſires, and ſtrength of his Belief, in a ſhort time reſtor'd him to his perfect Health. In fine, he no ſooner found himſelf fit to ſit his Horſe, but he imparts his Deſign to *Orviedo*; whoſe Service would be uſeful to him, and who had never ſtir'd from him during his Indiſpoſition. *Baza* had been ſurrender'd; and there was certain Advice, That *Ferdinand* (by a fineneſs of his wonted Politicks, the ſmooth diſguiſe of his Deſigns for the enſuing Campaign) was gone to paſs the Winter at *Sevil* with the Queen. Every Body knew at *Granada*, that *Daraxa* was highly in favour with this Princeſs; and therefore *Ozmin* was certain ſhe waited at Court. Upon this Reflection, he reſolv'd that he and *Orviedo*, covering themſelves under the appearance of *Andaluſian* Gentlemen, would go to *Sevil*; where, in the confus'd medley there muſt needs be, and both of them ſpeaking *Spaniſh*, he concluded reaſonably enough, that it would be difficulty to diſcover they were *Moors*, and very improbable they ſhould be in the leaſt regarded. *Orviedo*, who was naturally of an enterprizing Temper, and never ſtuck at Difficulties,

ties, agreed in our Lover's Sentiments, equally from Inclination and Complaiſance. Their Diſguiſe of *Chriſtian* Habits were ready; they choſe two of the beſt Steeds in *Ozmin*'s Stables, who was a Man extreamly nice and curious in Horſes, and taking with them good Store of Gold and Jewels, (of which this Lover was in no want) as a principal part of their Equipage, they ſet out from *Granada* one fair inviting Night, without taking leave of any Body, and took the way of the beautiful Plain leading directly to *Sevil*. They expected to meet with variety of Accidents, in paſſing through ſo many Places where the *Chriſtian* Troops were poſted; but, by good Fortune, they met not with the leaſt interruption till the next Day at Noon, that within a League of *Loxa*, they were unluckily ſpied by the Grand Provoſt of the *Chriſtian* Army accompanied with his Guards. He was in purſuit of ſome Deſerters, when on a ſudden he ſaw two Horſemen, who had not indeed very much the appearance of Deſertion; but yet he thought them too well mounted for an Equipage, that in all other reſpects ſeem'd plain and mean enough. He bid them ſtand and give the Word, and demanded an account whence they came, and whither they were going. *Ozmin*, who, as well as *Orviedo*, preſently ſaw how 'twas, finding they were all of a ſudden ſurrounded by a dozen of theſe Raſcals, with their Carabines preſented to their Breaſts, thought it Nonſence to cauſe their certain Death by a vain Oſtentation of unſeaſonable Bravery: He therefore left it to *Orviedo*, who was foremoſt, to manage the Point. *Orviedo* told the Provoſt, they were under the Marquiſs of *Aſtorgas*, and were going to *Sevil* upon Buſineſs they had at Court. Upon which the Provoſt requir'd to ſee their Furlo. *Orviedo* pretended to look for it, but not finding it, the Provoſt reſolv'd to carry them back to the Poſt from whence they ſaid they came. That Reſolution of the Provoſt, as you may very well

gueſs, was by no means agreeable to *Ozmin*'s Wiſhes; but he knew very well the true Secret to mollify the Stiffneſs of theſe ſort of Men. He drew from one of his Fingers a very fair Diamond Ring, and handſomly letting its Beauty and Luſtre ſparkle in the Provoſt's Eyes, I am certain, Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to him, You are too much a Man of Honour to make me miſs the Opportunity of an Employment that I am going to ſollicit at Court. Pray let me preſent you with this Ring, and have your Leave to purſue our Journey. The Provoſt had inſtantly his Eyes upon the Diamond, and underſtanding well the value of it, he was equally ſurpriz'd and charm'd with ſo generous a Preſent. He was now full of Excuſes for having hinder'd their Journey, and pour'd out a profuſion of Civilities that *Ozmin* could well have abated him; and by a further exceſs of Compliment, he would needs guard them to *Loxa* with his Men. *Ozmin* did all he could to prevent it, but 'twas impoſſible; the over-civil Provoſt would needs convince ſo generous a Gentleman, that he knew when he was oblig'd, and that he was no ungrateful Perſon. When they came in Sight of *Loxa*, the Provoſt redoubled the Offers of his Service, and *Ozmin* his Return of Thanks. At laſt they made an end of their Compliments, to the great Satisfaction of the *Moors*, to whom the Company of theſe Beaſts of Prey was diſagreable enough; and they got at laſt thus in ſafety from them. This was the only Rencounter that our two Adventurers met with in their way to *Sevil*; where being arriv'd, they judg'd it proper, for Reaſons eaſy to be gueſs'd, to take up their Lodgings in the Suburbs that lys beyond the River *Guadalquivir*, as the moſt retir'd, private, and quiet part of the Town; but every Corner was ſo crowded, ſo throng'd with Quality and Equipage, that even in that commonly neglected Quarter, they had much ado to get any tolerable Accommodation. It was juſt at the very nick

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of Time, when the Court was moſt intent upon the Preparations for the approaching Feſtival and Combat of Bulls; ſo very near it, that it wanted but a Week to it; and generally the whole City of *Sevil* was employ'd in the magnificent Preparatives that were making for it, both for Ladies and Gentlemen. Our *Moors* were no ſooner arriv'd, but they were inform'd of all the News, by means of the Domeſticks of ſeveral Court-Lords, with whom their Inn was fill'd, as were indeed all the reſt of the Inns in the Town. There was no Talk but upon the ſubject of this Feaſt; and as Servants are commonly better inform'd in publick Chat and Rumours than their Maſters, or at leaſt they talk of Things among themſelves with greater liberty, *Ozmin* in ſome Places, and *Orviedo* in others, by giving attentive Ear to theſe Diſcourſes, eaſily and quickly made themſelves Maſters of all Things of any moment, relating either to the Court or the City. *Ozmin*, for his Share, learn'd more than he wiſh'd to know, or more, however, than agreed with the quiet of his Mind. He had before made *Orviedo* often relate to him, the manner of his Miſtreſs's being taken Priſoner by the *Chriſtians*. This faithful Servant had attended her into the Suburbs; whither, againſt every Bodies Judgment, ſhe would needs go, that ſhe might give that pregnant Proof of her earneſt Zeal to meet that Dear Lover, who, as *Orviedo* had told her, was every Moment expected at *Baza*. *Orviedo* was in the very Garden wherein *Daraxa* was repoſing her ſelf, in expectation of the Arrival of her belov'd *Ozmin*, when Don *Alonſo* had caus'd the Garden-Gates to be broke down; but then, conſtrain'd to give way to Numbers and ſuperior Force, he artfully (under the ſhelter of his *Spaniſh* Habit) found means to mingle himſelf among the Throng of *Chriſtians*, and to paſs for one of the Gentlemen belonging to Don *Alonſo*, whom he follow'd even into the King's Preſence, when this Lord

preſented *Daraxa* to him; after which, he made a ſhift to get back to *Baza*; where he gave an Account to the Governor, her Father, of all that happen'd. *Ozmin*, but too well inſtructed in all theſe Particulars, and eſpecially in the too lively Deſcription made him by *Orviedo*, of the Perſon of Don *Alonſo*, and of his Noble, Generous and Reſpectful Comportment towards *Daraxa*, who could not be inſenſible of ſo many Civilities from a Gentleman ſo nobly Qualifi'd: *Ozmin*, I ſay, already poſſeſs'd with all theſe Ideas, which had made but too much Impreſſion upon his Heart, had no need of the further Inticements to Jealouſy and Deſpair that he met with, in hearing by all the Talk of the Gentlemen's and Noblemen's Servants, where he lay, that this ſame Don *Alonſo* ſtil'd himſelf the Knight of the Beautiful *Moor*; that he had alſo ſeveral other Rivals, but that this was reputed to be moſt in *Daraxa*'s Favour; and that if ſhe turn'd *Chriſtian*, as there ſeem'd ſome likelihood, the Talk of the Court was, that he would marry her. This was enough to ruin the Repoſe of a Lover, far leſs paſſionate and nice than he. And indeed 'twas well for him, that he had with him ſuch a Confident as *Orviedo*; who yet, with all his Wit and Management, had much ado to keep him from relapſing into thoſe Rages and Paſſions that had already brought him ſo near the Grave. He ſtrove to comfort and reaſſure him, by repreſenting the Love, the Vertue, the Fidelity of his Miſtreſs, as impoſſible to be ſtain'd with ſuch a Guilt; but that it was out of her Power, beautiful as ſhe was, to hinder her ſelf from being belov'd, ſince none that ſaw her but muſt needs be touch'd by ſo much Beauty. Theſe Remonſtrances of *Orviedo*, in ſome ſort, mitigated the violent Agitations of this Lover's Mind, but they could not reach the Root. That which beſt ſupported his Hopes, and gave him moſt Strength to bear up under his Unhappineſs, was his being at preſent actually

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upon the Spot; and that there now preſented it ſelf the moſt favourable Opportunity imaginable, for himſelf to diſcern and diſtinguiſh the Merit of his Rivals, and *Daraxa*'s Conduct towards them; upon which, he might the better take his future Meaſures, as Love and his juſt Reſentments ſhould inſpire and dictate. Purſuant to theſe Thoughts, he would by no Means permit *Orviedo* to let his Miſtreſs know of his Arrival before the Feſtival, that ſo he might the better make his Obſervations.

In the mean time, as he was a great Lover of theſe ſort of Exerciſes, and Combats with Bulls, whereof the *Moors* had been the firſt Inventors; and being one of the ſtrongeſt, and moſt expert and dexterous, of all the Gentlemen of his Time in thoſe Valorous and active Sports, he would not loſe ſo fair an Occaſion of ſignalizing himſelf in Preſence of ſo Great and Flouriſhing a Court as that of their *Catholick* Majeſties; but above all, in the Preſence of his Miſtreſs, to make her ſenſible of the juſt Diſtinction there ought to be made between him and his Rivals. He enjoin'd *Orviedo* to prepare forthwith all that was fit for their Appearance at theſe Combats and Entertainments; and as no Money was wanting, and *Orviedo* had Orders to ſpare for no Coſt, Workmen were eaſily found, tho' all ſo full of Buſineſs; and rich and magnificent Equipages were compleatly ready for them before the Sports began.

The Day of the Solemnity at laſt arriv'd. Never was there ſeen ſuch a profuſion of Magnificence, Riches and Bravery, as was then expos'd to publick View. Every Body exerted their height of Gallantry. *Daraxa* was, perhaps, the only Perſon at Court, and even of the City alſo, who was leaſt concern'd about it. Nothing but an expreſs Command from the Queen could have prevail'd with her to dreſs above her uſual manner; and yet ſhe did it with a remarkable Negligence; but her admirable Beauty was

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ſtill ſo ſhining, as obſcur'd the Ladies that happen'd to be near her. All things were in order early in the Morning; rich Tapeſtries, and all manner of fine Embelliſhments, were plac'd to adorn the Streets through which their Majeſties and the Court were to paſs to the great *Piazza*, being the uſual Place for theſe kind of Divertiſements, and which was then adorn'd in the moſt ſumptuous manner. Their *Catholick* Majeſties came thither about three a Clock in the Afternoon, and ſeated themſelves in their own magnificent Balcony. *Daraxa* was in another, on the ſide of the King's, accompanied with ſeveral Ladies; divers Great Lords being alſo there, ſuch as had formerly been active in thoſe vigorous Sports; but now, becauſe of their more advanc'd Age, made no Pretentions to the Honours of theſe Combats, wherein all the young Noblemen and Gentlemen of Quality, that had any Hopes or Dependance on the Court, were forward to ſhew themſelves. The *Caſias* or *Turnaments*, were to be divided into eight Bands or Squadrons, each conſiſting of twelve Cavaliers beſides their Leader; making together 104 Horſe. Of theſe Leaders, four were of the Number of *Daraxa*'s Lovers; namely, Don *Rodrigo de Padilla*, Don *Alonſo de Zuniga*, Don *Juan d'Uregna*, and Don *Diego de Caſtro*, all of them handſome young Noblemen, of very great Perſonal Accompliſhments, and of diſtinguiſh'd Merit; but the moſt paſſionate were the two firſt, and to them at length the other two gave up their Pretentions.

The Sports began according to Cuſtom, with the Courſe or Combat of Bulls: They turn'd one looſe at firſt, that was none of the fierceſt; and as every one ſtrove to ſtrike firſt, it was quickly ſtruck down. Our two *Moors* were already preſent at the Place, but not yet brought within the open Square of the Sports; they kept without, among many others that were alſo on Horſeback, to ſee a little after what manner the

Chriſtians

Chriſtians manag'd theſe Matters, and what paſs'd within the *Liſts* before they went in. One may eaſily believe, that the firſt Endeavours of *Ozmin* were to look out for his Miſtreſs; whom, without much Pains, he ſoon diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, notwithſtanding her *Spaniſh* Garb. The Novelty of this Dreſs ſurpriz'd him, it not having been mention'd to him; and this change in her Habit, which ſeem'd to preſage him ſome other of more fatal Conſequence, gave him at firſt a little diſquiet of Mind. He beheld her a long time with great Attention; and tho' he was at ſome diſtance from her, he could plainly perceive ſhe was much alter'd, and that ſhe had not that lively pleaſant Air ſo very natural to her. Her very Poſture expreſs'd a certain Sadneſs and Melancholy. Whoever conſider'd her, would have been very apt to conclude ſhe took not the leaſt notice of any thing that paſs'd there, ſince ſhe did not ſo much as vouchſafe to caſt her Eyes upon the Diverſions. Her Elbow was negligently lean'd upon the Balcony, and her Head upon her Hand; and ſhe let the ſeveral Objects paſs indifferently before her Eyes, not diſtinctly viewing any, or, indeed, rather conſidering none of them; for her Mind was ſo wholly taken up, that ſhe thought of nothing leſs than what ſhe might ſeem to look upon. Lovers let nothing be loſt, and tho' all this might be variouſly interpreted, yet *Ozmin*, thro' ſome remains of Hope, willingly applied it to himſelf, and deriv'd a ſecret Pleaſure from it, that none but perfect Lovers, and thoſe too of the niceſt and moſt refin'd Taſts, are able to find out and reliſh. All theſe Ideas, and the Sight of his Dear *Daraxa*, ſo fully employ'd him at his firſt coming, that 'twas no Wonder he had little or no Share in the publick Pleaſure of the firſt Bull; which, indeed, was not very conſiderable, for the Reaſon I have told you. But upon turning out the ſecond Bull, which was of a much greater Strength than the firſt, the

Noiſe

Noiſe of the People drew him from his fix'd Attention at *Daraxa*'s Balcony, as a Man is wak'd out of a deep Sleep; and then looking round over all the Square, he ſaw they had to do with a Beaſt, who, tho' it were none of the moſt violent, yet made work enough for them all. In the mean time, the Crowd of thoſe who were round about him, as well thoſe on Horſeback, who were of the Attendants of the Gentlemen within the *Liſts*, as the Throng of thoſe that mob'd it a Foot, were ſurpriz'd, that two Champions of their Appearance, in whom they ſaw ſomething of Uncommon, and even of Foreign, but yet magnificently equip'd, and in good order, ſhould remain thus without the *Liſts*. Are they only come hither (ſaid the Populace one to another) to ſee the *Courſes*? Dare they not engage? Are they afraid of the Bulls? And do they carry a Lance only to lend it to ſomebody? They talk'd after this rate, and made other Ralleries out aloud, as upon ſuch Occaſions the Mob commonly do, without ſparing any Body. *Ozmin* and *Orviedo* over-heard all this Prate without ſaying one Word, nor did they ſtir at all for that. They knew very well that there would be time enough for them to ſhew what they were, and whether they deſerv'd thoſe Reproaches. *Ozmin* was deſirous to ſee an end of the Courſe and Combat of this ſecond Bull, which had already diſabled two of the Combatants. Only Don *Alonſo* had wounded him; but the Blow proceeding from an Arm of unproportion'd Strength, the Bull was but the more enrag'd by it, and the Knight was happy in nimbly avoiding the Bulls return of Hoſtility; which miſſing the Maſter, yet lit upon his Horſe, and laid him dead upon the Place. Don *Rodrigo de Padilla*, one of the ſtrongeſt of all the Champions, had the Honour to be Victor, and at laſt diſpatch'd this ſecond Bull.

As

As ſoon as ever *Ozmin* had ſeen an end of this ſecond *Courſe*, and perceiv'd they were going to turn out the third Bull, he gave a Signal to *Orviedo* to march to the Bars of the *Liſts*, and deſire their Admiſſion, which was granted as ſoon as ask'd; both Maſter and Man making too conſiderable a Figure for any ſcruple to be made about their entring the *Liſts*, or having their Part in the *Courſes*. As till then they had been among the Crowd, they had been but very little minded, except by thoſe juſt round about them, whoſe Sport and Jeſt they had been; but they were no ſooner got within the *Liſts*, when the Eyes of all the Spectators were turn'd upon them, and there was a general Silence for a time, as if on purpoſe to conſider them, as well becauſe of ſeveral remarkable Singularities they had by the Noble Faſhion of their Appearance, as by their equally Courtly and Warlike Mien, and the Richneſs and Splendor of their Arms, and of their whole Equipage; and *Ozmin* in particular, who juſtly paſs'd for the moſt graceful Horſeman among all the *Moors*, and the moſt expert in Horſemanſhip. Both their Faces were cover'd with a blue Crape, as deſiring to remain conceal'd; which the rather excited the Curioſity of knowing who they were. The Eſquire bore his Maſters Lance after a different manner from what was cuſtomary in *Spain*; but beſides that, the Knight wore upon his left Arm, in the manner of a Military Scarf, a large Handkerchief, embroider'd *à la Moreſque*; which was another diſtinction quite different from the Gallantries of the *Spaniſh* Vogue; from all which, 'twas gueſs'd that either they were real Strangers, or had a Mind to be thought ſo; but not one of all the whole Aſſembly had the leaſt Suſpicion of their being *Moors*. *Ferdinand* was one of the firſt who had his Eyes upon them: He made the Queen preſently take notice of them, and both King and Queen took a great deal of Pleaſure in ſeeing them draw nearer,

for

for they went on that ſide of the *Square*, whereby their Majeſties had the Satisfaction of viewing them more diſtinctly. All the Cavaliers, within the *Barrier*, made a Lane to let them paſs thro', and gratify at the ſame time their own Curioſity in obſerving them attentively. The King was pleas'd to ſay, That he never ſaw Men that ſate their Horſes with a better Grace; but that, in particular, the Maſter diſcover'd by his whole Air and Mien, that he was certainly a Man of a very uncommon Merit. *Daraxa* was the only Perſon whom this Grand Feſtival, by a contrary Effect, had made more ſad and melancholy than ſhe had been hitherto obſerv'd, and who would not have given her ſelf the trouble of heeding theſe two new Comers, had it not been for the Marquiſs of *Padilla*, Father of Don *Rodrigo*, who, at his Age, far more inclin'd to Courtſhip and Compliment than his Son, having teaz'd and rallied the lovely *Moor* upon the Subject of the gloomy muſing Humour, wherein ſhe ſeem'd buried in the midſt of ſo many agreeable Diverſions, oblig'd her at laſt to turn her Head that way. She immediately found a ſort of Emotion in her ſelf at firſt Sight of theſe two Cavaliers, tho' ſhe ſcarce knew why. She only perceiv'd in them another manner than that of the *Spaniards*, as to their ſitting and managing their Horſes, tho' the Difference was not very great; and her Curioſity augmenting every Moment, ſhe could not forbear asking Don *Lewis* who they were: He replied, he knew nothing of them; and that the King himſelf had inquir'd concerning them, without being able to be inform'd. They were come almoſt over-againſt her Balcony, when ſhe chanc'd to caſt her Eyes upon that Handkerchief that the Knight wore upon his Arm, which ſhe had not till then obſerv'd, and which ſhe could not behold without a palpitation of Heart; which in one Moment inſpir'd her with a thouſand Thoughts. And yet, nevertheleſs, ſhe was not able to believe that

which

which ſhe really ſaw, as well as ſtrongly fancied, that it was the very ſelf-ſame Handkerchief that ſhe had ſent to *Ozmin* upon his having been wounded, and that it was that very dear Lover himſelf; but when he had made a full ſtand, as he did, juſt before her Balcony, his Countenance, his Air, his noble Mien, every thing agreed to aſſure her, that it was moſt certainly he himſelf; and that tho' her Eyes might poſſibly miſtake, yet by the Tranſports of her Heart, ſhe knew ſhe was not deceiv'd. She was juſt ready to abandon her ſelf to the warmeſt Exceſſes of ſo unlook'd-for Joy, when the third Bull, who from his firſt Sally had fill'd all the *Incloſure* with dreadful Diſorders, came and diſturb'd the dear Delights of ſo agreeable Moments, advancing on that ſide the *Square* where *Ozmin* ſtood, with bellowings, that of themſelves were ſufficient to fill the Ear and Heart with Dread and Horrour. This fierce Animal was of the Breed of *Tarita*; nor came there ever a more furious Beaſt from thence, tho' that part of *Spain* is very famous for them. There was no need to excite his Rage by Provocations; he was furious enough without it. Nevertheleſs they continually provok'd him according to Cuſtom, by throwing great Sticks and Cudgels at him; but the Cavaliers did not preſent themſelves before him with the ſame undaunted daring Valour as they had ſhewn with the two others. They made their Attacks with more Caution, and Bridle in Hand, as well Don *Rodrigo* and Don *Alonſo*, as the reſt; when, as I was ſaying, all on a ſudden he takes a friſk croſs the enclos'd *Square*, as if he went on purpoſe to look for *Ozmin*, who was then alone with *Orviedo* on that ſide the *Liſts*; and being wholly taken up with ſo inchanting an Object, as that of his lovely *Daraxa*, did not dream of his Danger, and much leſs of his Defence; but the loud Outcries of the People, and even of his Miſtreſs too, and the Lance preſented him at the ſame time by *Orviedo*,

viedo, preſently made him turn to his immediate Danger. He had but juſt Time to turn himſelf about, when ſeeing the impetuous Beaſt ready to ruſh upon him, the valiant Hero (animated by the Preſence of the bright Goddeſs of his Vows, far more than by any conſideration for the Monarchs of *Spain*, and all that ſhining Court) diſcerning with an admirable Preſence of Mind a fair Opportunity to give a Maſter-ſtroak, puſhing his Horſe with the utmoſt Vigour, paſſes his Lance with incredible Swiftneſs, Dexterity and Strength, between the Neck and Shoulder of the Bull, in ſuch wonderous manner, as that, opening all before him, he drove the fatal Weapon quite thro' his whole Body, and nail'd him to the Ground with it ſo firm and ſure, that the Beaſt no more ſtir'd after the amazing Thruſt, than if a Thunderbolt had ſtruck him. Our noble Lover, having thus conquer'd this furious Beaſt, to the Wonder of all this great Aſſembly, throwing into the middle of the *Area* the broken Remainder of his Victorious Lance, and retiring by the ſame way that he came, as ſilently as he could, withdrew himſelf. So Noble and Brave an Action, of a Man already given over for dead, excited ſo much Admiration, not only in *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, in whoſe immediate Preſence the Thing was done, but in the whole Court, and all the People, that nothing was to be heard for a good long quarter of an Hour, but Shouts of Joy and Acclamations; and nothing could be heard through all the Place, but long live the Knight with the Blue Scarf, the braveſt Man of the Age. They ſtiled him thus, becauſe of the blue Crape Scarf that cover'd his Face, and was faſten'd behind his Head with a great Knot of Ribbons of the ſame Colour, being that of *Daraxa*. As for her, whoſe Heart had paſs'd in an inſtant from one Extream to another, from an Exceſs of Joy, to a dreadful Terror, ſhe had been ſo confounded between both, that ſhe became quite inſenſible

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for certain Moments diſcerning nothing; ſo that the dreadful Bull was actually dead, when at her coming to her ſelf, ſhe expected to find him all in Fury juſt before her; but being undeceiv'd, by the repeated Acclamations and Praiſes in Honour of this dear Lover, (for ſhe now no longer doubted that 'twas he) and expecting to find him under her Balcony, ſhe was mightily ſurpriz'd that ſhe was not able to ſee him wherever ſhe look'd. She thereupon inquir'd, with new Concern, what was become of him; and the Noblemen and Ladies that were about her ſhew'd her where he was, already at a good diſtance from the *Liſts*, follow'd by a Throng of People that crowded to gaze upon him as an extraordinary Man. *Ferdinand* ſeveral times declar'd, that he had never ſeen a more Bold and Vigorous Thruſt of a Lance; and for ſome time there was ſcarce any Talk but of this brave Cavalier; every Body making their Gueſſes at him, and the King and Queen, and all the Court, expreſſing a great Deſire to know him.

Night was now come; which being the appointed time for the Diverſion of the *Sporting Spears*, the whole enclos'd *Square* was forthwith lighted with an infinite number of *Flambeaux*; never was there a finer Illumination. And now came on the *Quadrillo's*, or Squadrons of the Sport, with their Trumpets, Fifes, Kettle-Drums; follow'd by the Pages and Footmen, and twelve Sumpter-Mules, all loaded with Bundles of Reeds, form'd into *Sporting Spears* or *Lances*. The Knights had their Lead-Horſes for the *Courſes*, all moſt magnificently adorn'd with Capariſons of Velvet, of the Colour of the Standard of each Band, and embroider'd with Gold and Silver; the Coat of Arms of each Commander being a-top. Never was ſo much Riches ſeen; for 'twas not only Gold and Silver that glitter'd every where, and wherewith the Bridles, Saddles, Houſings, Poitrals, and even the meaneſt Girts were fill'd, but all their Equi-

pages were thick ſet with precious Stones, and Jewels of great Price, as well as their Perſons. There were in all 480 Horſes. Firſt march'd the Equipages, led by the Querries or Maſters of the Horſe of every Chief of a Squadron. Then came the Horſes, whereof the firſt 12 carried at their foremoſt Saddle-bows, the Arms and Creſts of the Family of each Knight, and at their hinder Saddle-bow were hung their Devices, with Motto's ſuited to each Knight's Fancy or Inclination; and all this adorn'd with abundance of Ribbons, and with Gold, Silver, and Silk Fringe. The other Horſes had only their uſual Furniture, with Silver Bells, wherewith they made no ſmall Noiſe. After the Horſes, came Footmen in Liveries in the ſame order. They march'd round the whole enclos'd Place for the *Sports*, which they intirely fill'd, and then march'd out by a different Gate from that they came in at, to avoid Confuſion and Diſorder. The *Quadrillo's*, Bands or Squadrons, then made their Entry in two Files, each having their reſpective Leader at their Head. They had march'd thro' the Streets in the ſame order, and then made the *Tour* of the *Square*, as their Equipages had done; after which, they began their *Courſes* by two and two, Lance in Hand, but with ſo much Vigor and Addreſs, with ſo good an Air, and ſo agreeable an Exactneſs, that every Body was charm'd with it: And it may well be ſaid, That poſſibly there is no Place in the whole World where this Exerciſe is more frequent, or where there is more perfectly accompliſh'd Cavaliers for theſe *Turnaments*, Carrouſels, or Sportive Tiltings or Juſtings than in *Andalouſia*, and more eſpecially at *Sevil*, *Cordoua*, and *Xeres de la Frontera*; where even Youths of 8 or 10 Years of Age may be ſeen to ride and manage Horſes, and run them at full ſpeed, with ſo much dexterity and gracefulneſs, that one would almoſt think they were one Piece with the Horſe, or had us'd that Trade from their

Births: There's no Stranger that ſees them, but what's raviſh'd with Admiration.

The *Quadrillo's*, after having run four times in this manner at the four Fronts of the Square, retreated by the ſame Gate as their Equipages; and then re-enter'd by the firſt Gate in the ſame Order as before, but with their Shields upon their Arms, and Reeds, Canes, or Sporting Spears in their Hands. They began their Sports or Combats 12 againſt 12; that is to ſay, *Quadrillo* againſt *Quadrillo*, or one Band, Troop or Squadron, againſt another. This had not laſted above a quarter of an Hour before two other Squadrons came, one on each ſide; which, while the ſecond ſeem'd to part, the firſt began a new Skirmiſh, ſo much more delightful, by how much the number was encreas'd; and, nevertheleſs, the whole was perform'd with ſo much order and exactneſs, that it had more the reſemblance of Dancing than Fighting.

While all this was doing, *Ozmin*, who would not loſe one Moment of Time that he could poſſibly employ to ſee his belov'd *Daraxa* again, and to be ſeen by her, in a Seaſon ſo favourable to him as that was; no ſooner was got at liberty, with *Orviedo*, from the Crowd of People that had follow'd them, but having privately diſarm'd himſelf, he came back again immediately to the Place of Sports, and preſſing thro' the Throng, placed himſelf at his Miſtreſs's Balcony. As he was now but indifferently Habited, no Body troubled themſelves to diſtinguiſh him, notwithſtanding his noble Mien; nor could it be done in ſuch a Time and Crowd as that, at leaſt unleſs he had been very well known. *Daraxa*, one may imagine, had her Thoughts wholly intent upon him, and tho' ſhe was perſwaded he would moſt certainly return thither, and in that Belief had often look'd round on every ſide for him, yet ſhe was far enough from gueſſing that he was already got ſo very near her; but juſt then a moſt charming Noſegay, finely

intermingled with abundance of rich Ribbons that Don *Alonſo* had ſent her that very Day, as ſhe was toying with it, chanc'd to ſlip out of her Hand, and fell down juſt at the Feet of this Lover, as he was then gazing upon her. He immediately took it up, and this caus'd her to look at him with a little more Attention; upon which ſhe plainly, with an extream Joy, diſtinguiſh'd him, notwithſtanding the Diſguize of his Habit; but as ſhe perceiv'd that ſome of the By-ſtanders near him, would needs officiouſly oblige him to reſtore the Noſegay to whom it belong'd, and that he, on his part, prepar'd to give them very rough Returns, ſhe call'd out to them that he ſhould be let alone with it, and that the Noſegay was fallen into good Hands. This pacified the Matter; and the happy *Ozmin*, in quiet Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Favour, ty'd it by way of Gallantry in his Hat, ſomething in the manner of a Plume of Feathers. *Daraxa*, having thus got Sight of him again, mov'd not her Eyes one Moment off from him, was continually attentive on all his Motions, and mightily delighted her ſelf with this Accident of the Noſegay, as perceiving how much it had pleas'd her Dear Lover. He no ſooner turn'd his Eyes upon her, but ſhe began to make Signs to him, which is a ſilent Language very common among the *Moors*, and which the *Spaniards* have ſince learn'd of them, as they likewiſe did their Sports of *Carrouſels* or *Turnaments*, Military Dances, and all the reſt of their Gallantries: *Ozmin* replied to her in the ſame manner, none obſerving them, every Body being ſo intent upon the Sports. Nor was there any likelihood that any Body ſhould once imagine that the beautiful *Moor*, with all her Diſdain and Inſenſibility, ſhould have found, among the Throng of the Populace, an Object worthy of her Heart; and yet it prov'd ſo, and what intirely took up her whole Mind. Little did ſhe expect, that this Feſtival ſhould produce ſo happy Moments for her; but ſhe had paid

paid dear for them, by the Fright given her by the furious Bull; and yet ſhe had ſtill more to ſuffer, for Love kept further Troubles in ſtore for her. She was not to begin to find it, till that after the Sports of the *Quadrillo's*, the laſt Bull was let looſe, which was to conclude the Sports and Feſtival. There was preſently a very great Noiſe, Hurry and Diſorder in the *Square*; for this Creature was at leaſt as terrible as that which had been kill'd by *Ozmin*. Fear and Terror began to ſeize again upon *Daraxa*, who knew her Lover to be of a Temper, ſcorning to retire like ſo many others, but who would on the contrary, tho' on Foot, give Proof of his Valour and Addreſs. She was already frozen by her Fears; and looking upon him after a manner that ſufficiently ſhew'd the diſquiet of her Mind, ſhe made Signs to him to get upon a Scaffold that was juſt by; but whether he did not or would not underſtand her, he ſtir'd not from his Place; at which ſhe ſuffer'd an extremity of Dread. Don *Rodrigo de Padilla*, Don *Juan de Caſtro*, Don *Alonſo*, and divers others, who had already ſignaliz'd themſelves on Horſeback, were alighted, reſolv'd in a youthful Emulation to ſhew their Valour and Dexterity with their Swords, and on Foot. But one of them, whom this furious Beaſt had made to try the Temper of his Horns, was already carried out of the Field diſabled, and half dead. This had ſomewhat moderated the Ardour of the reſt. This mighty and raging Creature was got into the midſt of the enclos'd *Area*, roaring moſt hideouſly, tearing up the Earth with his Feet, and looking fiercely round him, as if threatning all in the uncertainty on whom to vent his Rage. Don *Alonſo*, who, at the hazard of his Life, was deſirous of doing ſome brave Exploit in the Preſence of *Daraxa*, took this Opportunity to get near her Balcony, to be the more within her View. He found there a Man all alone by himſelf, who ſeem'd to him wholly unconcern'd, or at leaſt

did not appear to have any great Fear of the Bull. He beheld him with ſome Attention; and above all, he look'd moſt earneſtly upon the Noſegay that he had in his Hat; which, by the Ribbons interſpers'd with the Flowers, ſeem'd to him to be the very ſame he had ſent but that ſame Day to the lovely *Moor*; for tho' it were now Night, yet the Place was ſo enlightned with Multitudes of *Flambeaux*, that it was as bright as Day; and the Ribbons were ſo eaſy to be diſtinguiſh'd by their Colours and by their Richneſs, that it was ſcarce poſſible to be miſtaken in it. This ſurpriz'd him extreamly, and made him advance towards him to be the more certain, and to ſee at leſs diſtance what ſort of Man it might be. He found there was no doubt but 'twas the ſame Noſegay; and as to the Man, he ſaw he had a fierceneſs in his Aſpect, but that elſe, from his Equipage, he did not ſeem of a Rank much better than the vulgar ſort. He knew not what Conſtruction to make on't, nor was able to comprehend how that Noſegay could come into ſuch Hands. At laſt growing impatient about it, and eager to inform himſelf, coming up within five or ſix Paces of him, and looking very diſcontentedly at him; Friend, ſaid he to him, Where had you that Noſegay? Where had I it? replied *Ozmin*, without any Concern, tho' he rightly gueſs'd at the very Inſtant, what Intereſt he that ſpoke to him might have in it; it came to me from a good Hand, but I owe it to Fortune. I know well enough from what Hand it came, replied Don *Alonſo*, beginning to grow a little warm, to ſee himſelf treated with no more Reſpect by ſuch a ſort of Man; but be it by whatever Chance or other Thing come to your Hands, take the Pains to deliver it up to me, for it was not made for you. You ask a little too much, anſwer'd *Ozmin*, ſtill with the ſame Coldneſs and Indifference. No more of your diſputing, ſaid Don *Alonſo*, briskly interrupting him; either give

me

me the Noſegay quickly, or I ſhall make you know whom you have to do with. I am ſorry, replied *Ozmin*, that we are not in a Place proper for it. What do you mean by that? ſaid Don *Alonſo*, again interrupting him: I mean, anſwer'd *Ozmin*, with a Voice ſomewhat more rais'd, That any where out of the King's Preſence, ſo far from giving you up this Noſegay, I would force from you that Knot of Ribbons you wear. It was the very ſame Knot *Daraxa* had given Don *Alonſo*, when ſhe receiv'd him to be her Champion, and that *Ozmin* had formerly given to *Daraxa*; ſo that he no ſooner caſt his Eye upon it, but he knew it again; and therefore no longer doubted but that this was one of his Rivals, and one of the moſt favour'd of them: He ſtood in need of all his Judgment and Moderation, to help to reſtrain the impetuoſity of his Tranſport. Don *Alonſo*, whoſe Temper was not leſs violent, quite loſing all Patience, and no longer able to reſtrain his Paſſion, ſeeing himſelf menaced by ſuch a ſort of Man; Inſolent, ſaid he to him, is it fit you ſhould thus forget the Reſpect due to a Perſon of my Quality? and at the ſame time, he thruſt among the Ribbons of his Noſegay a Batoon that he had in his Hand, being one of thoſe that the Cavaliers make uſe of to provoke and irritate the Bulls; and he had certainly carried off Noſegay and Hat together, if he had had to do with a Man of leſs Vigour, Nimbleneſs and Addreſs, than *Ozmin*; who ſeizing the Batoon, wrench'd it inſtantly by main Force out of his Hand. Don *Alonſo*, in the utmoſt Rage at ſuch an Affront in Preſence of his Miſtreſs, and even before the King himſelf, was no longer Maſter of his Paſſion; but without any Regard to the Preſence of their Majeſties, or any thing elſe, drawing his Sword, he was deſperately throwing himſelf upon a Man, who ſtood prepar'd to receive him, in a fierce undaunted manner, when the Bull came upon them, and parted them do what they

could. All the Misfortune fell upon Don *Alonſo*; who, by one Toſs, was thrown five or ſix Paces off, and receiv'd a dangerous Wound in his Thigh. The Beaſt became more furious than ever, at the Sight of the Blood that flow'd from the Wound, and prepar'd for a ſecond Attack, which muſt needs have been fatal to this young Gentleman. No Body ſtir'd to help him, whatever the King ſaid to them, becauſe 'twas in a Place where 'twas difficult to get at the Beaſt, without being ſo ſhut up from all Help or Means of eſcaping, as was a manifeſt expoſing the Life of any that ſhould be raſh enough to attempt it. But *Ozmin*, who yet had leſs Reaſon than any to render him ſuch Service, after what had paſs'd between them, by an exceſs of Generoſity, worthy the gallant Courages and noble Minds of the Knights of thoſe Times, without any Regard to their particular Quarrel, or to any other Reaſon that might ſet him againſt him, runs upon this wild Creature the very Moment that he was coming at Don *Alonſo*, and puſhing him in a violent manner with the ſame Batoon he had taken from Don *Alonſo*, he made the fierce Animal turn ſhort upon him with greater Rage than ever; but the Moment he bent down his Head, to make his Adverſary repent of his Raſhneſs, *Ozmin* took his Aim ſo well, and ſo well knew the Metal and Temper of his Sword, that giving him a back Stroak with his whole Strength, and luckily hitting him on the joining of the Head and Neck, he laid him dead upon the Spot. Never was Aſtoniſhment equal to that of the whole Aſſembly, at ſo Terrible, and yet ſo Fortunate a Smoak. What had been done by the unknown Knight of the Blue Scarf, was almoſt nothing now, compar'd to what was done by this. For beſides the diſadvantage of a Man on Foot, the nicety of the Conjuncture, the ſituation of the Place, the ſeeming inevitable Danger on all Hands, all conſpir'd to render this Action more Shining and more Glo-

rious;

rious; and the Acclamations for it, wherewith the Feaſt concluded, were alſo of much longer continuance. But *Ozmin*, not much touch'd at all theſe Praiſes and Acclamations, only ſought to retire himſelf as ſoon as poſſible, to avoid the Curioſity of Inquirers, and not to be conſtrain'd to appear before the King. The King indeed ask'd for him, but he was already diſappear'd, and none could be found that knew him, or could give any Tidings of him. Nevertheleſs, as he had been obſerv'd to talk with Don *Alonſo*, and that their Converſation, according to what could be diſcern'd of it, ſeem'd to have been hot and angry, and to have proceeded ſo far as to an abſolute Quarrel, and to be ready to Fight when the Bull came upon them, it was preſum'd that Don *Alonſo* muſt needs know him; but the whole Court was likewiſe curious to be inform'd from whence their Quarrel might ariſe. Don *Alonſo* was at that time in no Condition of giving any manner of Account; his Wound was not mortal, but it was deep and dangerous, and he had loſt abundance of Blood. Their *Catholick* Majeſties were concern'd at ſo ill an Accident, from the Love they had for this young Lord; and they had caus'd him to be carried into an Appartment near their Perſons, and order'd him to be attended by their own Surgeons, that ſo their Majeſties might be the more ſecure that all due Care was taken of him, and might have a continual Account how it went with him.

I have been unwilling thus far to break the Order of my Story; but I now think 'tis high time to tell you ſome News of the paſſionate *Daraxa*: I have already deſcrib'd her of a Character too ſenſible, as to all things relating to her dear-lov'd Lover, for you not to have told your ſelf, at leaſt ſome part of the Pain, the Diſorder, and the almoſt Deſpair ſhe felt, as well for the Quarrel ſhe ſaw riſing between theſe two Rivals upon her Account, as alſo for the Danger

ger to which *Ozmin* expos'd himſelf now the ſecond time. She had not been able to diſtinguiſh their whole Talk, but ſhe had well underſtood the greater part of it, and that their Quarrel happen'd upon occaſion of the Noſegay. She was almoſt upon the very Point of opening the whole Matter to the King, to prevent their coming to Extremities; and though it muſt have coſt her Lover his Liberty, yet ſtill his Impriſonment would be a leſſer Evil than his Death. But the dreadful Fright the Bull gave her when ſhe ſaw him coming on with ſo much Fury, and perceiv'd him got ſo near the gallant Rivals, ſo totally ſeiz'd her, that ſhe became not only Speechleſs, and thereby unable to apply to the King, but ſhe was almoſt utterly depriv'd of Senſe and Motion. She remain'd in this cruel Agony till the raging Beaſt was kill'd. What ſhe had ſuffer'd at the Attack of the firſt Bull, was nothing in compariſon to the violent Agitations of her Spirits at the ſight of this; becauſe, in reality, the Danger of *Ozmin* was far greater. The Example of *Don Alonſo* had ſo terrify'd and amaz'd her, that ſhe was quite beſide her ſelf. In fine, it was altogether impoſſible to purchaſe, at a dearer Rate than ſhe had done, the ſweet Tranſports of Joy that ſhe felt at the firſt for the arrival, and at the ſight of her Lover. But this is the common Cuſtom of Love; and after this manner it takes a Pride and Pleaſure to Tirannize over Hearts ſubject to its Empire, driving 'em to continual Extremities of all kinds, and almoſt every Moment.

Donna Elvira de Padilla, Daughter of *Don Lewis*, and the particular Friend of *Daraxa*, was in the ſame Balcony with her, and had ſeen the whole of the Adventure of the Noſegay. As that Accident, and the Diſpute between *Don Alonſo* and that unknown Perſon, had happen'd juſt under 'em; and that, at leaſt, they were the neareſt to the Spot; the Queen, as curious and as impatient as any body to know how

it

it was, quickly inquired of them the Particulars of it. *Daraxa*, as moſt concern'd, judg'd it moſt proper to let her Friend ſpeak, and ſhe very innocently and freely related the whole Matter, or ſo much of it, as leaſt, as came within her Knowledge; which was, that ſhe took it to be upon occaſion of a Noſegay that *Don Alonſo* had preſented to *Daraxa*, and which, happening to fall out of her Hand, had been taken up by that Man, who had thought fit to grace himſelf, by placing it on his Hat; that *Don Alonſo* being thereupon come thither, and recollecting the Noſegay, was poſſibly diſguſted at it, and went about to take it from him; but that ſhe had not heard any of their Talk. The Queen was but half ſatisfied with this Account; and *Don Alonſo*, from whom it was hoped the reſt might be known, was no ſooner in a condition of receiving a Viſit, but ſhe ſent the Marquis of *Aſtorgas* to him. The Marquis, tho' in his declining Years, was yet a Man of a pleaſant facetious Humour, and would commonly Laugh and Rally with the young Lords. Well, my Lord, ſaid he to *Don Alonſo* as he enter'd his Chamber, What think you now, you Knight without Fear, concerning theſe horn'd Animals, that pitileſs and regardleſs of ſuch fine Sparks as you, who add ſuch Numbers to their Fraternity, come and gore you unmercifully when you think leaſt of it? What Gallantries are theſe! You will allow me, that theſe are but a ſcurvy ſort of Beaſts, and that the ſporting with 'em is but an odd kind of Diverſion. It is a long time, my Lord Marquis, replied *Don Alonſo* ſmiling, ſince you have been able to give a better Account of theſe Things than I can. You ſay true, repli'd the Marquis, 'tis indeed a long time ſince, to my great Regret. But Rallery apart, added he, in a much graver Tone, will you not tell us who this Knight of the Daring Sword is, who deliver'd you from ſo near and great an Extremity as that we ſaw you in?

For

For one may truly ſay, he ſaved your Life, and that not one of all the Hero's of our Court was enough your Friend to diſpute that Honour with him; and yet they ſay, you were juſt upon the point of playing at Cut-Throats with him. I know better than any body, anſwer'd *Don Alonſo*, what he has done for me, and the little Cauſe I had given him to ſhow me ſo great an Inſtance of his Generoſity; but all that I can ſay more, added he, is only that I know him not; that I am ſo charm'd with his Bravery, and with his whole Procedure with me, that I think he far tranſcends the higheſt Pitch of Generoſity, and that I ſhall eſteem my ſelf the moſt unfortunate of all Men, unleſs I can one Day find an Opportunity to convince him of my Gratitude. The Marquis thereupon let him know, that he was ſent on the Part of the Queen, who was deſirous of knowing more of the Matter, than that which he had told him; that they were already pretty nearly inſtructed as to the ſubject of their Quarrel; that *Donna Elvira* and the beautiful *Moor* had inform'd the Queen ſo far; and that all the Court, and even the King himſelf, were in an extream Surprize, that there had paſs'd, during the late ſolemn Sports, two ſo extraordinary Actions as thoſe they had ſeen; and that both of 'em had been done each by a ſeveral Man, (for no body imagin'd they had both been done by one and the ſame Hand) who had been both of 'em as careful to conceal themſelves, as commonly others are to appear, and accept the Glory and Recompenſe ſo juſtly their Due; and above all, as to the laſt of the two, he was not ſuppos'd to be a Man of any conſiderable Value. 'Tis true, ſaid *Don Alonſo*, interrupting him, if we form our Judgment by Dreſs and Habit, as at firſt I did, and 'twas therein I was miſtaken; but whoever he is, he is a valiant Man, and I can tell you no more than what thoſe Ladies ſaw, for that's the utmoſt I know of it. The Marquis finding he could

could be no further inform'd, took his Leave of the wounded young Lord, and return'd to give the Queen an Account of what he had done. 'Twas believed at Court, that there was ſomething of Myſtery in all this, and that it was by a reciprocal Generoſity that *Don Alonſo* would no further explain himſelf concerning this unknown Gentleman; but *Daraxa*, nevertheleſs, was ſuſpected to be ſome way or other privy to the Matter; and the Concern that had been obſerved in her, was aſcribed to the Part ſhe took in the Misfortune of *Don Alonſo*; which was admitted to be reaſonable enough, he being her particular Knight, and one of the handſomeſt young Lords at Court, and who paſſionately lov'd her. She enjoy'd in private the undivided Pleaſure of this whole Hiſtory, that none knew better, nor but one ſo well as ſhe; but this Pleaſure was not without Inquietude. She had over-heard what *Ozmin* had ſaid to *Don Alonſo* about that Knot of Ribbons ſhe had given him. She knew the particular Character of her Lover, and the general Temper of the *Moors*, nice to an Exceſs upon Occaſions of this kind. She condemn'd her ſelf of Weakneſs, or of Imprudence at leaſt, in not having given to *Don Alonſo* almoſt any thing, rather than what had been given her by ſo dear a Hand. She was unable to comfort her ſelf under the Senſe of this Fault, ſince her Lover would always have grounds to reproach her with it, even tho' he ſhould be convinc'd after what manner it was done; and tho' he ſhould be perſwaded, that there was not the leaſt Imputation could be juſtly charg'd upon her. She was quite at a Loſs how to retrieve her ſelf from the Miſchiefs conſequent to this Error; and ſhe felt an inconceivable Anguiſh from her afflicting Thoughts about it. She would fain have writ to him; but what poſſibility of finding out a Man, whoſe Buſineſs it was to conceal himſelf, eſpecially in *Sevil*, and amidſt the Crowds and Confuſions that then

then fill'd it? And who could ſhe make uſe of upon ſuch a Nicety? Not one of her four *Mooriſh* Women could ſpeak *Spaniſh* enough to make an Inquiry; and beſides, they were no more permitted to ſtir out of the Palace than ſhe was. Her whole Hopes center'd at laſt upon the Diligence her Lover himſelf would doubtleſs exert, to find out ſome way of Intercourſe between them; not but ſhe foreſaw, even in this, abundance of Difficulty from the very great conſtraint and reſervedneſs obſerv'd in that Court in all manner of Converſation; but ſhe rely'd upon the Love and Management of *Ozmin*. She paſs'd ſome Days in theſe kind of melancholy Muſings; which, in the midſt of the Satisfaction ſhe took, in knowing that her Lover and her ſelf were both in the ſame City, were not wanting ſometimes to fill her Mind with ſo much Trouble and Impatience for not hearing from him, as almoſt diſtracted her; when at laſt, one Evening, as ſhe was walking in the Upper-Garden with *Donna Elvira*, expecting the Return of the King, who, with all the Court, was gone a Hunting, ſhe met with what ſhe ſo much wiſh'd for, the dear Delight of her Eyes and Heart. In all probability you know the manner of the Gardens of the Palace of *Sevil*, and the diſtinction of the Upper and Lower-Garden. 'Tis nothing elſe but two Gardens, one above another, after the *Mooriſh* Faſhion; as is alſo the Palace it ſelf, an Edifice of theirs. The Lower-Garden is the larger, and as to the Upper, which is ſupported upon Arches, and ranges even with the firſt Floor, it is, properly ſpeaking, no more than an open Terraſs of Walks, Flowers and Graſs-Plots. The firſt was only for Men, but yet ſuch as were belonging to the Court had only the Privilege of being admitted into it, and that too but at certain Times; as in the Evenings, and when the King was in the Palace. The Upper-Garden was reſerv'd for the Ladies of the Court, who came conſtantly to Walk

there

there in the Evenings, to ſhew themſelves to the Lords, and ſometimes even to diſcourſe with them over the *Balluſtrade*, which runs quite along this Garden, and is about Elbow high; but this was never done but when the King and Queen were Abſent, for in their Preſence none but the Language of Signs was ſuffer'd. Gentlemen had the Permiſſion of Singing there, even in Preſence of their Majeſties, provided it were ſome fine Voice, and that there was ſomething new and uncommon in the Air and Words. There was alſo at Times, ſome little Entertainments of Inſtrumental Muſick in Concert, but then it muſt be always done by thoſe of the Court, and but a few at a Time; for nothing would be ſuffer'd there but what was nice and delicate to the utmoſt. *Daraxa*, having then ſlipt away from the Queen, to divert her ſelf a-while in this Garden with *Donna Elvira*, they had ſcarce taken two Turns before they heard a Man's Voice ſinging. It at firſt ſurpriz'd them a little, becauſe it was unuſual to let any Body into the Lower-Garden when the King was not in the Palace, but the Voice ſeem'd to them to be extreamly moving. They were both at once Curious to knew who it was, and to get nearer to hear him; but being unwilling to be ſeen, they got behind the Orange-Trees that grow along the *Balluſtrade*, and ſtole ſoftly on till they were juſt over-againſt the Singer. Then they choſe each a Tree, thro' which they might ſee and hear at Pleaſure, without any fear of being diſcover'd. *Donna Elvira* thought him to be a Gentleman extreamly handſome, and of a noble Mien. As for *Daraxa*, I need but tell you 'twas her Dear *Ozmin*. He was ſet down upon a Bank of Turf under a Covert of agreable Verdures; and leaning his Head againſt a Tree in a negligent Poſture, ſung the following Words in *Spaniſh*:

Cruel

Cruel relentleſs Jealouſy,
Freezing Effect of hot Deſire,
Wilt thou extinguiſh thy Parental Fire,
Piercing my Heart with ſtinging Cruelty?
Abſence alone is ſuch an Ill,
As without other Plagues can un-aſſiſted kill.
Without her Love, her Preſence cannot ſave,
But Abſence, tho' belov'd, would ſink me to the Grave.

Among many Excellencies of our Illuſtrious *Moor*, that of Singing finely was none of the leaſt Ornamental, and few could exceed him in it; yet he took as much Care to conceal it, as others do to Pride themſelves in it. As it was very common to ſpeak good *Spaniſh* at the Court of *Granada*, ſo they were alſo very fond of Singing in that Language, and eſteem'd it even better ſuited to Grave and Lofty Airs, than their own *Moriſco*. Nay, there were divers *Moors* ſo excellently skill'd in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, that they made Verſes in it, which were even approv'd and admired by the *Caſtilian* Poets. The Words that *Ozmin* ſung, were made by one of thoſe *Moors*, as they were likewiſe ſet to Muſick by another *Moor*; in which they were alſo excellent at the Court of the *Mooriſh* King. *Daraxa* fail'd not to make the Application to her ſelf, plainly diſcerning it was intended for her. She was willing to take hold of the preſent Opportunity, to make ſome ſort of Reply; ſo taking a Book out of her Pocket, ſhe tore out a Leaf, and with a Pencil wrote theſe Words:

"No more Uneaſineſs about the Knot of Ribbons,
"the Heart had no Concern in't; for a Heart of
"*Daraxa*'s Frame, loves but once in its Life-time;
"and what it fixes upon, for the Object of its Love,
"it loves too well to admit of another. Be perſwa-
"ded of it; and if you would know more, *Laida*
"ſhall attend at the Palace-Gate to morrow Morning
"at 9 a-Clock. Adieu. Having

Having written theſe Words, ſhe ſofty roll'd up the Leaf, and let it drop down into the Lower Garden, thro' the Boughs of the Orange-Tree that conceal'd her. After this, whatever Pleaſure ſhe took in the Sight of her Lover, ſhe was very willing to quit the Place and be gone, for fear of ſome ill Conſequence; but *Donna Elvira*, who underſtood Singing, and ſung well enough her ſelf; and who alſo was charm'd with ſo fine a Voice, and an Air quite new to her, which ſeem'd to her to have ſomething ſo very Tender and Paſſionate, was not yet ready to leave the Place. In vain her Friend beckon'd to her to come away; 'twas to no purpoſe; ſhe would not mind her. The Gentleman had no ſooner done his Song, but ſhe call'd to him behind her Tree, Once again, for the Ladies ſake; and ſhe had without doubt made him go on to a Third, but for a great Noiſe they heard from the Palace, by which they preſently underſtood the King was return'd from Hunting. This put them in mind, that it concern'd them to retire inſtantly, to the great Regret of *Donna Elvira*, who was in Pain to gueſs who this Man could be, who had ſo uncommon a Manner, and ſung ſo well, and whom ſhe had never ſeen at Court. She talk'd of him twenty times that Night to *Daraxa*, or rather ſhe talk'd of nothing elſe ſo long as they were together. *Ozmin* had that Day put himſelf in the Equipage of a Man of Quality, to get admittance into the Garden. He had been inform'd by *Orviedo*, that the King was going to Hunt; and he thought it a fit time for him to try if his good Fortune would bring *Daraxa* thither to Walk, as by chance it fell out. But after all, he was refus'd to be admitted into the Garden, till he made uſe of the Mediation of Money, that powerful Engine that opens every Door. He had already taken ſeveral Turns in the Walks, when he ſaw theſe two Ladies come out of the Palace into the Upper Garden; and 'twas only to draw them

over to that ſide next him, that put him upon Singing. *Donna Elvira* had ſo little obſerv'd him at the Bull-Fights, that having chang'd his Dreſs, and making a quite different Appearance, it had been next to impoſſible for her to recollect him. *Daraxa*, as ſhe haſtily retired from her Poſt in the Garden, having made him a Sign to be gone alſo, he gueſs'd preſently what the matter was, and taking up the Leaf ſhe had let fall to him, he ſoon left the Place, raviſh'd with Joy that his Deſign had ſo well ſucceeded, and that he now knew how and where to apply himſelf when Occaſions fairly preſented. He read his Miſtreſs's Billet with a World of Pleaſure, and fail'd not to ſend *Orviedo* the next Morning, who accordingly met *Laida* at the Hour and Place appointed. This was one of *Daraxa*'s *Mooriſh Women*, and had the greateſt Share of her good Opinion. She was cover'd with a great black Veil to hinder her being known, but as ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Orviedo*, ſhe knew him; and going to him, gave him a Letter for his Maſter, and receiv'd one from him for her Lady. They had together a Converſation long enough, to furniſh them with ſufficient Matter to gratify both the Lovers at their Return. *Ozmin*'s Letter was full of Compliments, *Daraxa*'s of Juſtifications; but all was appeas'd. There is ſo little Pleaſure in being at odds with what we Love, that we get reconcil'd as ſoon as poſſible. 'Tis true, there is a ſort of Relliſh in the Quarrels of Lovers, provided they are ſoon at an End; if long continued, they loſe their grateful Taſt: Nor, if poſſible, ſhould they be reviv'd too frequently, for that often breeds ill Blood, and is apt to produce very bad Effects.

This Commerce by Letter, thus regulated without Danger, was no ſlight Conſolation to our two Lovers, and as *Ferdinand* lov'd Hunting, and us'd it pretty frequently, he was no ſooner gone, but *Ozmin* had Notice, and was careful to improve the Opportunity.

Daraxa

Daraxa would gladly have gone alone to meet him, to have talk'd with him with the greater Freedom; but it had been a Courſe ſubjected to a World of Riſque, and liable to many Suſpicions; both of them muſt have been inevitably loſt, had they chanc'd to be diſcover'd. And *Donna Elvira* made it ſtill more difficult and dangerous; for the Sight and Voice of this Stranger had already made no ſmall Impreſſion on her Heart; ſo that ſhe ardently deſir'd to ſee him again, after having in vain ſought for him among all that frequented the Court. She therefore never fail'd, thoſe Evenings the King was abſent, to go and propoſe to her Friend to walk in the Garden, and ſee if the Gentleman that ſung ſo finely could be met there again. *Daraxa* was eaſily perſwaded to have this Complaiſance for her, in a thing ſhe alſo equally deſir'd. They found him in the ſame Place as at firſt. *Donna Elvira* would needs be ſeen by him, and talk with him; and oblig'd her Friend to do ſo too. *Ozmin* ſeem'd at firſt ſurpriz'd to ſee them, and made a feint of a reſpectful Retiring; but *Donna Elvira* beginning a Diſcourſe to retain him, he enter'd with them into an agreeable and ſpritely Converſation, but ſtill as a Stranger, with two unknown Ladies. His natural readineſs of Thought, and Preſence of Mind, ſtood him in mighty ſtead; and *Donna Elvira*, animated with more than common Warmth, was not wanting to ſhew the quickneſs of her Wit in all its full Extent. *Daraxa* only diverted her ſelf, as one at eaſe, and ſatisfied. All was ſparkling and pleaſant on all Sides; and every Body pleas'd in General, and in Particular. Time thus ſpent, paſſes but too ſwiftly; at leaſt, it appear'd that theſe Ladies did not find it tedious, and that they were not weary of this Gentleman's Company; for the King was already come back, and got into the Palace, while they ſtill continued the Converſation, not once ſo much as thinking of retiring. They had without

doubt been ſurpriz'd, had not the Gardiner come to *Ozmin*, and put him in Mind 'twas time to leave the Garden. Of Neceſſity they muſt part; but *Donna Elvira* made a Bargain firſt with the unknown Gentleman for another Meeting, the firſt fine Day that ſhould call the King forth to Hunting. *Donna Elvira* was now ſo fill'd with the *Idea* of this unknown Spark, ſo pleas'd with his Wit and Merit, upon this Converſation, that having taken Leave of him, ſhe could not refrain telling her Friend, that in her whole Life ſhe had never met with a Man ſo charming. To any other than *Daraxa*, it had been taking too much Liberty to have ſaid ſo much; but ſhe ſaw ſo little ground for any Apprehenſion of Danger, that it only ſerv'd to divert her. She had the Pleaſure, without any Care on her Part, of being entertain'd from Morning till Night with perpetual Diſcourſes about her Lover; and *Donna Elvira*, who had a very great Confidence in her, and thought her the moſt inſenſible Creature in the whole World, no longer conceal'd from her, that ſhe found her ſelf touch'd by the Merits of this unknown Gentleman, and that ſhe was willing to find out who he was, and for what Reaſon a Man of his Sort ſhould never come to Court: Nay, ſhe even earneſtly beſought her, to inquire theſe Particulars of him the next time they ſhould meet him. *Daraxa* acquainted *Ozmin* with all theſe notable Matters, and warn'd him to guard his Heart; telling him withal, it would be ill to abuſe the Credulity and miſtaken Paſſion of ſo fine a young Lady; but that it would be ſtill more unworthy in him, ſhould he make the leaſt Breach by any Infidelity, in an Amour ſo circumſtantiated as theirs, and eſtabliſh'd by length of Time and ſo many powerful Reaſons; that it concern'd him to acquit himſelf with Honour; that in ſo nice a Paſſion as that of Love, even bare Appearances were ſometimes enough to make dangerous Impreſſions; and that when one is in poſſeſſion of the Heart,

Heart, one would be in full poſſeſſion of all. *Ozmin* verily thought his Miſtreſs meant no more than to divert her ſelf, and therefore replied in a ſtrain of Pleaſantry, intending to laugh as well as ſhe. But the next time he met the Ladies again, to Revenge himſelf for the Rallery, he employ'd his utmoſt Force of ſoft and tender Courtſhip upon *Donna Elvira*. The Battery was not made in vain: She receiv'd all his Careſſes in the moſt ſenſible manner; and this inflam'd Beauty, raviſh'd with his ſeeming Tranſports, return'd them double upon him. But at laſt he was interrogated about the Condition and Quality of his Birth and Fortune. He replied, He was a Gentleman of *Arragon*; that his Name was *Jayme Vives*; and that having been taken by the *Moors*, and ſet at liberty by the Capitulation of *Baza*, he expected Remittance from his Family, to enable him to put himſelf into an Equipage fit to appear at Court, and make himſelf known. This was a ſhort and plauſible Account, and was enough in Conſcience for *Donna Elvira*, who fail'd not to inquire if there was a Family in *Arragon* of the Name of *Vives*; and ſhe learn'd, with an extream Satisfaction, that it was one of the moſt illuſtrious and moſt ancient Houſes of that Kingdom.

This Intrigue continued for ſome time, but as the Paſſion of *Donna Elvira* was every Day increaſing, our two Lovers grew afraid it would at laſt prove troubleſome to them. *Ozmin* no ſooner perceiv'd that *Donna Elvira*'s Paſſion was in earneſt, but he carefully avoided whatever might give the leaſt Diſquiet to his Miſtreſs; and except ſuch Decencies and Civilities, from which a Man of his ſort could not abſtain towards a Lady of her Merit and Quality, he could not contribute leſs to her Paſſion than he did. But *Donna Elvira* took fire of her ſelf. *Daraxa*, tho' nice enough upon theſe Points, could not find ſhe had any Cauſe to complain of her Lover upon this

Head. She pitied her Friend, and would glady have undeceiv'd her; and that, as much in Generosity, as for the Quiet and Interest of her own Love; but she believ'd her Advices would be ill receiv'd, and she was fearful to expose her self, by inspiring her with Sentiments of Jealousy, needless and dangerous for her to give her. She at last concluded, that in the Condition of her Fortune, she must run some Adventure, and not expect to be every way happy. Winter was already pass'd, and the Spring being about to give another Face to the Affairs at Court, our Lovers must prepare themselves for a Change in theirs. Their *Catholick* Majesties had resolv'd in Council to besiege the City of *Granada*, and to open the Campaign by so Glorious an Enterprize. The *Moors* had sufficiently foreseen it after the Surrender of *Baza*, and they were preparing themselves to do their best to provide and act for their Defence. There was in the City of *Granada*, a Garison of 15000 Men, of the best Troops of King *Mahomet*. *Ferdinand* was well inform'd of all these Things, and like a Wise and Provident Prince, had solicited by his Ministers, and the Pope's Interposition, all the Christian Princes, that mov'd by a Principle of Religion, that they would assist him with their Forces in so Great and Pious a Design, as the intirely chasing the Infidels out of *Spain*, and obliging a good part of them to embrace the Truth. He was assur'd of the Succours of divers Princes; he had daily News, that they were hastening on all Sides to join him; and thereupon he made ready to begin his March early in the Spring, the better to surprize the *Moors*, and not give them Time to strengthen themselves yet more. His Troops had Orders to begin to defile by the first of *March*. He was to review them the twentieth at *Alcalarcal*, four Leagues from *Granada*, and the five and twentieth the City was to be invested, and himself to be there in Person next Day with his whole

whole Army. The Queen, who plainly perceiv'd that a Siege of this Importance muſt needs continue for a conſiderable time, took a Reſolution to accompany the King, and paſs the whole Campaign with him. This News being quickly ſpread, ſoon reach'd our Lovers; who at firſt conceiv'd ſome ſort of Joy at it, as hoping, that in the Hurry and Confuſion of an Army, they might poſſibly find Means, by help of *Orviedo*, to get into *Granada*. But their Joy was of a ſhort duration; for ſome few Days before the Queen's Departure, *Daraxa* was told by her Majeſty, That ſhe was not to have the Fatigue of the Campaign; and that, for avoiding too unneceſſary Trouble, thoſe Women only, whoſe Service was indiſpenſible, ſhould attend her during the Campaign; that the Maids of Honour ſhould be left at *Sevil* under the Care of their Relations, or of other Perſons of Conſideration, to whoſe Tutelage they ſhould be recommended; that as for *Daraxa* her ſelf, ſhe was to be committed to the Marquis *de Padilla*. The Queen had made Choice of this Lord for *Daraxa*, not only becauſe he was one of the Firſt Quality at Court, but becauſe he was alſo one of the moſt Generous and moſt Courtly, and becauſe his Daughter was the particular Friend of this beautiful *Moor*. She writ all this News to her Lover, exhorting him at the ſame time, to have Patience to ſacrifice a little Glory to Love, and not to abandon her, unleſs he had a Mind ſhe ſhould die with Grief; *Ozmin* having already ſignified to her, by his Letters, the Deſpair that tormented him, becauſe he was not in *Granada*, that he might there be ſerviceable to his King and Country, as his Duty and Honour requir'd. But he had then ſtill ſome Hopes of getting there time enough to acquit himſelf as he ought, if his Deſign ſucceeded; and if he ſaw no likelihood of that, yet ſtill he was upon the Spot, and in a Poſture and Proſpect of throwing himſelf, with *Orviedo*, into the

Town. This new Order of the Queen broke all his Meaſures, and left him no manner of Hopes. He was overwhelm'd with Grief at it, and his Mind fluctuating amidſt a Multitude of undetermin'd Thoughts, alternately ſuggeſted by Love and Glory, uncertain where to fix, he felt ſuch Tortures, as none but perfectly noble Hearts can poſſibly comprehend. *Daraxa*, being inform'd by the Faithful *Orviedo* of theſe racking Inquietudes of her Lover, was extreamly concern'd and alarm'd at it; and wrote him upon that Subject ſeveral Letters, ſo paſſionate and moving, that at laſt ſhe fix'd his hurried convuls'd Thoughts upon the firm Baſis of unalterable Love. Thus runs one of thoſe extraordinary Letters, by which you may form a ſufficient Judgment of the reſt.

" They tell me, *Ozmin*, you reſolve to grieve " your ſelf to Death, becauſe of your Abſence " from *Granada*. Be gone, be gone, your Heart is " made for Glory, not for Love. I can Die too, " and of Grief as you do; but then I ſhall have the " Regret of Dying for an ungrateful Man, that aban- " dons me when I want him moſt. Came you to " *Sevil*, only to ſtab my Heart with ſo great Cru- " elty? I was miſerable enough before, but I had, " however, the Conſolation of living for your ſake. " I thought my ſelf belov'd above all things, but I " find I was miſtaken. Is that my Fault, or yours? " The Love I bear you, blinds me. But, perhaps, " I ask more of you than you owe me, and more " than you can do for me. All is immeaſurable with " me. But if your Life is mine, as you have ſaid " and ſworn ſo often to me, why then, againſt my " Will, do you diſpoſe of what's mine? And why " apply it to any other uſe, than that of ſerving me? " Ah, *Ozmin*! how little do you underſtand to Love, " ſince you ſtill ſtand in need of theſe Leſſons!

" And

" And how far are you behind me in Love's Race!
" Glory may be every where acquir'd, but it would
" be no hard matter, if one had a mind to't, to find
" out thoſe who would believe, that there is a thou-
" ſand times more ſolid Glory in protecting and
" comforting one under my Diſtreſſes, than in
" ſerving all the Kings in the World. Farewell, and
" think on't.

Ozmin was unable to withſtand ſo powerful Attacks. Love, as the ſtrongeſt, became Victorious in this Conteſt, and he convinc'd himſelf that he ought to yield to it. The Court ſet forward towards the Army, and *Daraxa* was receiv'd into the Family of Don *Lewis de Padilla* with ſuch Honours, and treated with ſuch Care and Regard, that had ſhe been Daughter to the Queen her ſelf, no greater Reſpect could have been given her. There was nothing but Magnificence, Care and Study, in every thing ſhe could wiſh, and in every thing that might pleaſe her; and this was conſtantly obſerv'd towards her, from firſt to laſt, as long as ſhe continued in the Family. She had likewiſe conſtantly with her, her dear *Donna Elvira*, who was charm'd to find they were now become inſeparable Companions, as well becauſe of the real Friendſhip ſhe had for her, as alſo for her being the Confident of her Paſſion for the agreeable Stranger. There was but one thing wanting to *Daraxa*, to have made her tolerably eaſy under her Fate; and that was, the Enjoyment of a little more Liberty than ſhe found ſhe muſt expect in that Family. She was a little unprepar'd to meet with ſo much Reſtraint, as having not met with ſo much in the Court it ſelf. This tainted all the Generoſity, and all the Civilities and Honours of Don *Lewis*'s Treatment of her. She had never known ſuch Confinement, ſo much Slavery, as here. They were never permitted to ſtir out upon any manner

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of Occaſion. Their whole Divertiſement conſiſted in the Pleaſures of a Garden beautiful enough, where they walk'd in the Evenings at a certain regulated Hour, and always accompanied either by Don *Lewis* himſelf, or by his Son Don *Rodrigo*. Her Apartment, which was indeed Magnificent, had no Proſpect but that of the Garden, and not one Window towards the Street. She ſaw no body that came from without Doors, neither Men nor Women; nay, not any, even of thoſe of the Family, but her own *Moors*, were permitted to enter into her Apartment; and few elſe of the Family had ſo much Privilege as that. All this was cover'd with the Reſpect of not incommoding her, and the Regards due to her, which were the Colours and Varniſh Don *Lewis* put upon this Captivity, but with ſo much Art, Addreſs, good Breeding and courtly Honours, that nothing in the World could poſſibly look more natural. *Donna Elvira* liv'd no better, nor was treated in any other ſort; but then ſhe had been always us'd to it, and therefore could not taſte the Bitterneſs of it as *Daraxa* did, who found her ſelf depriv'd by it of all Hopes of ſo much as getting but a little News of how its far'd with her dear Lover. In this miſerable State, *Donna Elvira's* Paſſion for *Ozmin* became of great Uſe to her; for as *Elvira* could ſcarce live any longer without her dear Don *Jayme*, ſhe was reſolv'd to write to him, and had found Means by the help of one of her Waiting-Women, in whom ſhe had an intire Confidence, to procure a Man independant of the Family, who undertook to deliver the Letter with the utmoſt Fidelity. *Elvira* conſulted her dear *Daraxa* in it, and begg'd of her by way of Gallantry, to add a Poſtſcript in the *Mooriſh* Tongue, for ſhe could not write in *Spaniſh*. *Daraxa* was eaſily prevail'd upon, and this is the Senſe of what ſhe wrote.

" Always

" Always more Unfortunate, and always more " and more Paſſionate. The whole Happineſs of a " Heart, conſiſts in ſeeing the Object of its Love; " and its extream Unhappineſs, in being depriv'd of " it. Let us hear from you, and as ſoon as poſſible, " elſe I cannot live.

Daraxa gave what Interpretation ſhe pleaſed of theſe Words to *Donna Elvira*, who underſtood nothing of the *Mooriſh* Language. The Letter was carried, and *Ozmin* received it with an Exceſs of Joy; for he had been extreamly in Pain that he heard no News of his Miſtreſs, and was utterly at a loſs to know how to write to her. He took the Opportunity of this Meſſenger to do it, and made him a generous Preſent to encourage him to return with another Letter. This unlook'd-for Billet was ſome Comfort to him amidſt the Torments he felt, ever ſince the cloſe Confinement of his Miſtreſs at Don *Lewis*'s, which had been hitherto ſo ſtrict, that he could no longer either ſee her, or write to her, as he had done while the Court remain'd at *Sevil*. This was too great a Change at once, not to be ſenſibly felt, but he knew no Remedy, and his whole Hopes reſted upon the fruitful Invention and Contrivances of *Orviedo*. This faithful Servant, who was extreamly touch'd at his Maſter's Afflictions, diſguis'd himſelf under the Habit of a common Labouring-man, and went every Day round Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, and all the Avenues to it, both to try to make ſome Acquaintance with ſome Footman, or other ſuch Servant, and to ſee if it were poſſible for him to light upon any of *Daraxa*'s *Mooriſh* Women. One Day as he was ſtanding by Don *Lewis*'s Garden-wall that was repairing, the Maſter-Maſon ſeeing him very attentively conſidering the Work, took him for one of his own Trade; and wanting Workmen, becauſe

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Don *Lewis* was always preſſing him to make haſte and diſpatch the Work, and Workmen being ſcarce by reaſon of the War, he ask'd him, whether he was employ'd, and if he was willing to ſerve him. *Orviedo* reply'd, that he was in Work, but that he had a Comrade who was out of Buſineſs, and was willing to earn his Bread in an honeſt way. The Maſon bid him bring his Comrade to him; telling him, if he were good for nothing but to carry Mortar, or bring Stone with the Wheel-barrow, yet he would employ him, and pay him very well. This was enough for *Orviedo*: He return'd immediately to his Maſter, and told him, laughing, what a fine Employment he had found out for him; but withal, that he might poſſibly, by help of it, find Means to puſh on the Affair of his Amour, if Love and Fortune would but a little favour him. This Contrivance, how Comical ſoever it appear'd, was extreamly grateful to *Ozmin*, who preſently accepted of the Employment. He only wanted a Labourer's Habit, which was quickly got; and *Orviedo* the very ſame Evening brought his Comrade to the Maſter Maſon. He told the Maſon, his Name was *Ambroſio*; that he was a poor unfortunate Soldier, who after having been four Years a Priſoner among the *Moors*, found himſelf reduc'd to labour for his Bread. The Bargain was ſoon ſtruck, and he was hir'd, and order'd to come and begin to work next Morning. *Ambroſio* was up betimes to attend his new Maſter; who, bringing him into the Garden, put the Wheelbarrow into his Hands, and told him the Buſineſs he was to do. He went as readily and chearfully about it, as tho' all his Life he had been bred to the Trade. His Maſter finding him take ſo very well to his Buſineſs, was mightily pleas'd with him, expreſſing himſelf, That if his new Labourer continued to work with ſo much Diligence, he ſhould have a mighty Satisfaction in him. No body yet appear'd ſtirring

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in the Houſe, and it was much too early for the Ladies; but the uſual Hour for the Family in general to be ſtirring and about being at laſt come, *Ambroſio* began to ſee ſome of the *Mooriſh* Women appear in the Windows of *Daraxa*'s Apartment, and ſoon after *Daraxa* her ſelf and *Donna Elvira*. Theſe two Ladies, who had no Intimation of this new Contrivance, were far enough from believing or thinking of *Ozmin*'s being ſo near, or imagining the Comical Maſcarade he had bethought himſelf of. As for him, he was thus far mighty well pleas'd with his good Fortune, and diverted himſelf with the Pleaſantry of his odd Diſguiſe. He was in full Expectation of very agreeable Fruits of it, and was delighting himſelf with the Thoughts of the Surprize it would be to the Ladies, when they ſhould come into the Garden and find him in that Equipage. But he made his Eſtimates without conſidering the Temper of Don *Lewis*, who in Point of Women was moſt terribly a *Spaniard*. And then *Daraxa* had been recommended to him in ſo particular a manner by the Queen, that he thought it an indiſpenſible Duty to watch Night and Day over every Step of her Conduct; and that he ſhould ſhew himſelf unworthy of the Choice the Queen had made of him, ſhould he give the leaſt Occaſion for any to ſuſpect, that he relax'd his Care but for a ſingle Moment. He knew this Beauty wanted no Lover; and his own Experience had taught him, Love could make Men undertake any thing. He did not believe *Daraxa* was more inſenſible than other Women are; at leaſt, he knew well enough that thoſe of her Nation were in no great Reputation for Inſenſibility, they paſſing in thoſe days to be full of Gallantry and Intrigue. But he was yet more afraid from without than from within, of the Lovers than of the Miſtreſs, becauſe Men are naturally more Daring and Enterprizing than Women. 'Tis true, indeed, he whom Don

Lewis

Lewis imagin'd he had moſt cauſe to be afraid of, which was Don *Alonſo*, becauſe he was believ'd to ſtand faireſt in the Eſteem of the lovely *Moor*, was ſtill incommoded by his Wound, and ſtirr'd not abroad; but the Commerce by Letters and *Billet-doux*, ſeem'd to Don *Lewis* to be of no leſs dangerous Conſequence than the neareſt Converſation; and therefore, to cut off all Fears, he reſolv'd to be ſecure on all Sides. He preſs'd his Workmen perpetually to diſpatch and make an end, incited by the Spurs of his eternal Apprehenſion, leſt ſome body ſhould be found, who might be bold enough to undertake ſuch a Meſſage; and in that Diſquiet he truſted not ſo much to his Son, who was another Guardian, and of a Species yet more vexatious than himſelf, but he would likewiſe be at the Pains, in his own proper Perſon, to accompany the Ladies every Evening into the Guarden, ever ſince the Workmen were buſied about the Repair of the Garden-Wall. 'Tis true, indeed, he left them the liberty of Walking at their Pleaſure as to himſelf; but then his Son was perpetually with them, and gave him the Conveniency of ſurperviſing his Workmen; but *Ambroſio* was thereby put under the more Conſtraint, and by conſequence under the greater Difficulty and Trouble. Don *Lewis* preſently took notice of this new Workman, and found him of a grave and ſerious Aſpect, and one that appear'd very intent and diligent in his Buſineſs; but for that time he made no further Reflection upon it; and ſoon after, the Day's Work being over, the Workmen retir'd. *Ambroſio* departed too with the reſt, and had no other Luck all that Day, but to ſee his Miſtreſs walking up and down with Don *Rodrigo*, who was his Rival. Love, which is the moſt violent of all Paſſions, is nevertheleſs that which requires the greateſt Patience; for it rarely obtains its Ends, but by ſlow Gradations. *Ambroſio* was well acquainted with this Maxim; this was not the firſt time he had been

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taught it; neither did he cool at all for this firſt Day's Diſappointment; ſo far from cooling, that he thought himſelf well requited for this Day's Trouble. In Love-Matters, he is no Loſer who obtains but a glance of his Miſtreſs; abundance of Lovers would be well content with ſuch a Favour, and in *Spain* it paſſes for a Privilege of thoſe that have the more peculiar Smiles of Love and Fortune. The next Morning the Amorous *Ambroſio* return'd very early to his Labour, and fell to his Work with all imaginable Diligence. His Maſter was wonderfully pleas'd with him, and began to propoſe him as a Pattern of Induſtry for the reſt to follow. The Wheel-barrow was in perpetual Motion; and as he wheel'd the Stone about, he ſometimes paſs'd through one of the Walks which lay under the Windows of *Daraxa*'s Apartment. He no ſooner ſpi'd *Laida* there, but he began to ſing one of the Songs of the *Moriſh* Peaſants. As his Temper was naturally Brisk and Gay, and his Fellow-workmen knew he had been a long time a Priſoner in that Country, no body wonder'd at his ſinging one of their Songs; but *Laida* extreamly curious to know what Man it could be who ſung ſo well in their Language, went down into the Garden and found 'twas *Ozmin*. She pretended to be gathering Flowers for her Miſtreſs, as ſhe very often did; and our Lover, as he return'd next time, without any ſtopping or looking, let fall, juſt by her, a Letter he had prepar'd in a readineſs for ſuch an Opportunity; and ſhe preſently ſnatch'd it up, and ran with it to her Miſtreſs. The Surprize and Joy of *Daraxa* were ſuch, as one may eaſily imagine; but ſhe did not judge it fit to impart it to her Friend, for fear, leaſt her too unguarded Forwardneſs ſhould ſpoil all, and leſt it ſhould put Whims of Jealouſy into her Head. *Daraxa* was as yet in Bed, but got up in a trice, and dreſs'd her, that ſhe might get to the Window, and enjoy the Sight of her moſt dear Lover.

She

She was ſenſibly affected to ſee in what an Equipage he was, and to what a ſordid Condition he ſubjected himſelf for Love of her. But the Heart often feeds upon theſe Extravagancies; and a Love, all ſmooth and even, wants its Salt and Pionancy, and is in danger of palling our Appetite. *Daraxa* writ an Anſwer to this Letter, and *Laida* took her time to convey it unperceiv'd. *Ambroſio* began in good earneſt to reliſh the Trade of a Maſon. *Daraxa* was almoſt all Day at her Window, and he had thereby the pleaſure of ſeeing her almoſt the whole Day. Their little private Signs were always in Exerciſe, continually as he went and came by the Window. Thoſe that were never in Love, or but very ſuperficially, will eſteem all theſe myſterious Matters to be a very trivial Buſineſs; but thoſe that truly know the mighty Force of high exalted Love, will feel a ſecret Tranſport only to hear it told.

This new Commerce held ſome Days. Don *Lewis* did not fail of going among his Work-folks every Evening, to quicken them to a diſpatch by his Preſence; if there was now and then ſome Faults thro' the Loitering of any, yet ſtill he obſerv'd, that this new Comer never ſpar'd himſelf, but was indefatigable in his Buſineſs. He took an Affection for him, in ſeeing his extraordinary Induſtry, and thought with himſelf he might probably make him a very good Servant. He drew near to the Maſter-Maſon, and ask'd him where he got this Workman. The Maſter repli'd, One of the Artiſans of the City had brought him to him; and that if he held on as he began, he ſhould think the Wages he gave him well beſtow'd. Don *Lewis*, well pleas'd with this Character, goes up to our Labourer, to whom he had never yet ſpoke, and ask'd him from whence he came. *Ambroſio* repli'd, in the moſt clowniſh manner he could poſſibly perſonate, That he was an *Arragonian*, and ſo went on with an Account of himſelf, ſuitable

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to

to what had been told before to the Maſter-Maſon. Don *Lewis* found a ſufficient appearance of Truth in what he ſaid; and it even ſeem'd to him, that his Countenance and Accent had the Air of that Country. He ask'd him, moreover, concerning the Maſter he had ſerv'd at *Granada*, and in what he employ'd him. *Ambroſio* having anſwer'd, he was a great Merchant, who had a moſt noble and beautiful Garden, in which he was put to Labour, and chiefly employ'd in looking after the Flowers, in whoſe Culture and Improvements he had been inſtructed. This was enough to prevail abſolutely on Don *Lewis*, to take him into his Service. He knew the *Moors* were very curious in Flowers; and he wanted juſt ſuch a Man to look after thoſe of his own Garden. As he had been Three Months inquiring after ſuch a one, he was not willing to loſe the opportunity of retaining this. He tells him he had already a Gardiner, but that he was not very expert in Flowers; and therefore, if he was willing to ſerve him, and would take Care to cultivate and improve his Plants, he would give him good Wages, and would alſo take Care of his Fortune; and that he might ſecurely depend upon it, in caſe he did his Duty with Fidelity and Exactneſs. *Ambroſio* acted the ſervile part, expreſſing more by Cringing and Scraping, than by Words, how ſenſible he was of ſo great Favours from ſo great a Man; and that he deſir'd no better Fortune than to ſerve and pleaſe him. The Agreement was preſently made; and Don *Lewis* told him, He had no more to do, but to lay by his Apron, and take his Leave of the Maſter-Maſon; and ſo come next day, and enter upon his Employment in his Garden, where all Things ſhould be ready for him.

Thus is *Ozmin*, from a Maſon's Labourer, become a Gardiner, and that to the Marquis *de Padilla*; who, at his coming next day, fail'd not, in the firſt

Place, to give him grave and ample Inſtructions, as to the Conduct he was to obſerve in his Family, and particularly with reſpect to the Women; and that not only towards the Ladies, to whom the utmoſt Regard was due, but alſo towards all the Female Servants; with none of which he muſt have any Converſation, if he meant to continue in his Service. He dwelt ſo much the longer on this Chapter, becauſe he found him, in ſpite of all his affected Ill-looks and Grimaces, to be very handſome in his Perſon, and of an agreable Air: And Don *Lewis* was by no means ignorant, how dangerous an Implement a handſome Fellow is, among Women that have no other Man they can come at. All theſe Leſſons of Continence and Abſtinence, gravely explain'd at their full Length, ſufficiently diſcover'd to *Ambroſio* the Genius of his Patron; and gave him plainly to underſtand, that he muſt keep ſtrictly upon his Guard, and take eſpecial Care of never treading awry. He was no ſooner ſettled in his Buſineſs, but he would needs begin to exerciſe his Talent, to get the good Opinion of his new Maſter, who was come to ſee how he went to work, and what he could do: And as he himſelf was not ignorant in the Culture of Flowers, he was pleas'd with his new Servant, and allow'd him to be an Artiſt. He had a great deal of Reaſon to judge as he did; for *Ozmin*, like many other *Mooriſh* Lords, had been a great lover of Flowers, and underſtood the Culture of them better than many a Floriſt, whoſe Profeſſion and Trade it was. *Daraxa* riſing that Morning, much earlier than was uſual for her to do, to delight her ſelf at the Window, was amaz'd to ſee her Lover diſcourſing with Don *Lewis* in the great Flower-Garden. The ſight of Don *Lewis* oblig'd her to keep behind a Curtain, to conceal her ſelf; well knowing how very Speculative he was upon ſuch ſort of Occaſions. She knew not what to make of this new

Intrigue;

Intrigue; but the Maſter of the Houſe at laſt withdrawing, *Ozmin*, to whom ſhe preſently diſcover'd her ſelf, made her comprehend the whole Matter by Signs, and how he had chang'd his Maſter and his Trade. This appear'd very odd and extraordinary to *Daraxa*; ſhe could not forbear ſmiling at it; and indeed ſhe was exceeding glad of it, hoping, at leaſt, for more frequent Opportunities of ſeeing him, and for longer time, and at leſs diſtance, with a full freedom of writing to him; Pleaſures ſhe little look'd for, in a Houſe like that; and Pleaſures ſhe would very gladly have ſparingly made uſe of, that ſo they might laſt the longer, and, if poſſible, till the Queen's return; but ſhe dreaded the violent Sallies of Donna *Elvira*, from whom it was impoſſible to hide it any longer. She thought it moſt prudent to prevent *Elvira*'s diſcovering our diſguis'd *Lover*, and tell her of it; that ſo ſhe might be prepar'd for it, and not at once ſurpriz'd into it; leſt ſuch a Surprize, as the firſt unexpected finding her Don *Jayme*, ſhould ſo diſcompoſe and diſorder her, as to produce ſome very ill Effect, as would without all Diſpute infallibly have happen'd. Don *Lewis* talk'd at Dinner concerning his new Gardiner for Culture and Improvement of his Flowers; and expreſs'd himſelf to be wonderfully pleas'd, that he had luckily made ſo very good a Choice; for he was convinced he was Skilful, and therefore hoped that for the future his Flower-Garden would be in better Order. This Diſcourſe paſs'd quickly and quietly over, for no Body made any Reply to it: But when Dinner was over, *Daraxa* leading her Friend into her own Apartment with her, and reſolving to divert her ſelf a little, ſhe ſhew'd her this new Gardiner, of whom her Father had been ſpeaking; and at the ſame time ask'd her, If her Heart whiſper'd nothing to her in his Favour? Donna *Elvira*, ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Queſtion, was quite at a loſs

what to think on't. She look'd upon the Man, and having very attentively conſider'd him, ſhe began to have ſome ſuſpicion of the Matter; but the fear of being miſtaken, and then laugh'd at by her Friend, making her Balance between Joy and Shame, ſhe durſt not explain her ſelf; till *Daraxa*, who could no longer hold from laughing, preſſing her to anſwer, and reproaching her with Inſenſibility, made her gueſs in good earneſt the real Truth of the Matter. And then ſhe broke forth into an excеſs of Joy, that perfectly convinced *Daraxa* to what a height of Paſſion her Friend was gotten; and that 'twas with a great deal of Prudence ſhe had prevented *Elvira*'s Diſcovery of our Gardiner, in the preſence of Don *Lewis*, or before her Brother. *Daraxa* made her a grave and ſerious Exhortation upon this Subject; repreſenting to her, of what Conſequence it was to Don *Jayme*, that none of theſe kind of Sentiments ſhould ever break from her before any Perſon whatever. She promis'd to take all neceſſary Care and Caution of her Conduct in this ſo very important Particular; but ſhe could not ſufficiently admire the Addreſs and Contrivance of her pretended Lover, who had been able to Outwit her Father in ſuch an Affair, who was the moſt ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful of all Men, and the moſt upon his Guard. To this, with abundance of Tranſport, ſhe added, That certainly Don *Jayme* muſt needs be very much in Love to give himſelf ſo great trouble, and to ſubject himſelf to ſo mean an Employment for her ſake. *Daraxa* knew well enough what ſhe ought to believe upon that Score, but ſhe had leſs Reaſon than ever to undeceive her. There was nothing now but Pleaſures and Intrigues, from Morning till Night, between the two Ladies and the happy Gardiner. Each of the Ladies had her own particular Confident; *Laida* was the beautiful *Moor*'s; and *Claricia*, who was the Waiting-Woman

man that I have already mention'd, was the amorous *Donna Elvira*'s. Both theſe Maids were witty and expert at what they pretended to, and were employ'd in; and both of them ſerv'd their Ladies, in theſe Affairs, with readineſs, exactneſs and fidelity. *Ambroſio* acquitted himſelf admirably well, and to both their Satisfactions. Thus far all was well manag'd, and nothing appear'd. *Daraxa* was the general Confident of all her Friends Affairs, but *Elvira* was not ſo in hers: No, that could not be; nor muſt ſhe have the leaſt Shadow of ſuch a Confidence: For if ſhe had, all muſt have been loſt; ſo that 'twas an eternal Conſtraint upon *Daraxa*, that coſt her ſomething; but there was no Remedy; Prudence was none of her leaſt Ornaments, and ſhe had need enough of it on this Occaſion. The amorous fair *Spaniard* was a diſcerning Lady; and ſhe was too paſſionate, not to be eaſily touch'd with Jealouſy. The Love-Billets travell'd to and fro, each Party had a particular Hiding-place for them in the Garden; but *Elvira* knew nothing of her Friend's. Thither the Billets were carried, and from thence were the Anſwers fetch'd, at proper and convenient Hours: A Poſt of Gallantry, ſo admirably well regulated, that nothing could be better Order'd or Executed. There was no more to do, but to have kept ſtrictly to that wiſe Diſpoſure. 'Twas an agreeable delightful Life; but how can Love ſtop, when 'tis well? It would not then be Love. That Paſſion will endure no Bounds. It requires a perpetual Spring of new Pleaſures; and ſoon tires, if they are not vary'd. The beauteous *Spaniard*, who was the moſt impatient of our Lovers, began to find, that the Pleaſures of Seeing and Writing were nothing, when there might be Diſcourſing and Converſing with what we love. She propoſes to her Friend, that they may meet Don *Jayme* by Night, at an Hour when all the Family were in Bed, and in the depth of Sleep; that their Rendezvous might be at the

Windows of the Gallery below; for which purpoſe, *Claricia* will take upon her to get a Key to it; and that thoſe Windows being but a Man's height, on the Garden-ſide, they might eaſily have the Convenience and Satisfaction of talking with him as much as they pleas'd. *Daraxa* at firſt was a little troubl'd and concern'd at this Propoſal; this Clandeſtine Meeting, tho' remote enough from all Domeſtick Danger, ſeem'd to her ſubject to variety of Hazards and Inconveniencies; but as ſhe had no mind to converſe leſs remotely with her dear Lover, and to be thereby able to tell him ſometimes the tender Sentiments of her Soul, the weakneſs of her Heart carried the Point againſt the Strength and Prudence of all other Conſiderations. Don *Jayme* was made acquainted with it, who joyfully embrac'd the Motion. He lay at the lower end of all the Garden, in the Gardiner's Houſe; the Door of which was duly ſhut up as ſoon as it grew dark, and was no more open'd till Morning, to go to Work; and this was done by the expreſs and ſtrict Command of Don *Lewis*, not to be diſobey'd, on pain of his Diſpleaſure: But that was a Difficulty our Cavalier deſpis'd; he was too learned, in Love-Intrigues, to be at a Loſs in ſo ſlight a Matter. He ſoon made him a Ladder of ſmall Cords, by means of which he could at any time, with Eaſe, go down thro' his Chamber Window into the Garden, and return again with equal readineſs. He got the Ladies inform'd of this agreeable Expedient, and promis'd to attend them, at the Place and Time appointed, that very ſame Night. The Deſire of meeting being equally eager and earneſt in all Parties, the Hour of Midnight was no ſooner ſtruck, being the time prefix'd for it, and the Window open'd, but that a new Scene of raviſhing Joy was open'd to all our Lovers. *Donna Elvira* gave way, without any Reſtraint, to the Profuſion and Impetuoſity of hers; that of *Daraxa*, tho' wiſely withheld from overflowing, yet was nothing inferior

to

to her Friends. But *Elvira* would abſolutely engroſs the whole Window; there was no way in the World to diſpute it with her. Nor had this been much, would ſhe have ſtop'd there; but as Night naturally inſpires Libertine Wiſhes in Matters of Love, and even emboldens ſometimes to act them too, or at leaſt abates the Reſtraints of Baſhfulneſs, or covers the Bluſhes ariſing from it; our amorous, tranſported, beauteous *Spaniard*, carried away by the violent Exceſſes of her Paſſion, proceeded to indulge her ſelf in ſome ſort of Freedoms with her Dear Don *Jayme*, that were by no means well reliſh'd by *Daraxa*. The Windows of this Gallery were only fenc'd round with thick Iron-Bars, at a good wide diſtance; and *Donna Elvira* put her Hands and Arms quite thro', to the Heart's Regret of her Friend *Daraxa*. But ſhe ſaw the indiſpenſible Neceſſity of bearing with it; and being beſides ſecure of her Lover's faithful Heart, ſhe wiſely ſtrove to fortify her ſelf againſt all thoſe Struggles and Emotions, that elſe would certainly have poiſon'd the Peace and Quiet of her Breaſt. *Ozmin*, who perfectly knew the nice and delicate Sence of his Country-women, in thoſe tender Points, was careful to take Opportunities, thro' the Advantage given him for it by the Obſcurity of the Night, to mitigate thoſe Troubles of his Miſtreſs, by ſeveral gentle, amorous Endearments of her, unperceiv'd by *Elvira*. And thus there was mingled to the lovely *Moor*, ſome of the Bitter, and ſome of the Sweets, ſo uſually met with in the Incidents of this Tyrant of tender amorous Hearts. The *Spaniſh* Beauty found her ſelf moſt happy, tho' ſhe had, by much, the leaſt Reaſon to be ſo. In this World, not always thoſe that might be, are really happy; 'tis thoſe that think themſelves ſo, are only ſo in Truth. To be happy, and not know it, is the greateſt of Miſeries; to be miſerable, and yet enjoy the Pleaſure of an agreeable Fortune, is what may be term'd Happineſs.

This firſt nightly Converſation, had been ſo charming to *Donna Elvira*, that ſhe could not but wiſh, not only for a ſecond, but that all her Nights were to be ſo ſpent. *Daraxa*'s Pleaſure in thoſe Meetings, grew ſenſibly leſs and leſs every Day; becauſe her Friend, whoſe Paſſion became more and more violent, was ſcarce at length reſtrain'd by any Senſe of Modeſty. The over-perplex'd *Daraxa*, at laſt, could not forbear to let her Lover know the uneaſy Agitations of her Mind; and that the Pleaſure ſhe took in meeting him at this Window, coſt her ſo very dear, that ſhe could not wiſh it might laſt any longer. *Ozmin*, who would rather have died, than diſcompoſe his Miſtreſs in the leaſt, from thence-forward avoided moſt carefully whatever he could gueſs would give her any, tho' but the leaſt Diſquiet, and chang'd his manner of converſing with *Donna Elvira* into a Coldneſs next a-kin to Inſenſibility. But ſtill, a Man is not altogether of Marble; and therefore it muſt needs be very difficult, to be continually expos'd to the amorous Tenderneſſes of a moſt beautiful young Lady, as this enamour'd *Spaniard* was, and yet not ſometimes forget ones ſelf. The Crime would be the courting ſuch Tenderneſſes, or even the not avoiding of them as much as one could; but what can we do, when inſenſibly involv'd in them, and conſtrain'd to be expos'd to all the Force of it? Something more than Virtue is wanting to reſiſt it; only a ſenſeleſs Stone could be ſure to conquer in ſuch a Trial. *Daraxa*'s Meaſures were therefore well and wiſely founded; and her Lover, who only ſought to pleaſe her, was wholly devoted to obey her.

The Maſons at laſt had made an end of their Work, and Don *Lewis* being thereby deliver'd from that Care, from thence-forward left the young Folks at their full liberty of walking in the Evenings about the Garden. This was a new Joy for the Ladies; who ſtood not in ſo much awe of Don *Rodrigo*, eſpecially

cially his Siſter, who minded him not much. She reſolv'd to uſe him betimes to her talking with *Ambroſio*; and as ſhe ſaw him paſſing by an Arbour, where they were ſitting, ſhe deſir'd her Brother to call to him, and bid him bring them ſome Flowers. The gratifying her Requeſt, had little appearance of being of any moment; ſo that Don *Rodrigo* preſently did as ſhe deſir'd, and *Ambroſio* brought them a Basket of Flowers. *Donna Elvira*, with intent to keep him there as long as ſhe could, ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions about his Confinement in *Granada*, and that occaſion'd Don *Rodrigo* to ask him ſeveral other Particulars; and, at laſt, to pray *Daraxa* to talk to him a little in the *Mooriſh* Tongue, to ſee if he underſtood it well. She was eaſily perſwaded to gratify him in it; and the charming *Moor* told him, that, for a *Spaniard*, he ſpoke it reaſonably well. Don *Rodrigo* had already ſeveral times done him the Honour to talk with him, and found him to have more than a vulgar Underſtanding, tho' *Ambroſio* was not ambitious of appearing over-ſenſible to him. The Ladies were ſatisfied with this for an Introduction this way; but 'twas Night that gave the mighty Pleaſure to *Elvira*, and Diſpleaſure to *Daraxa*, or at leaſt a Pleaſure too much allay'd. As for the Evenings walking; *Ambroſio*, under one Pretence or other, always made one. Don *Rodrigo*, who was every Day more and more pleas'd with his talking, and who had alſo a Deſign to make uſe of him in his Pretentions to *Daraxa*, grew very forward of himſelf to call him to them, without being requeſted to it by the Ladies, and frequently put him upon talking *Mooriſh* with *Daraxa*, in order to the Deſign he had form'd. This Gardiner, of the greateſt Ingenuity, being by this means become more familiar with his young Maſter, and both the Ladies, did not, as at firſt, ſtay till he was call'd, but as ſoon as he ſaw them in the Garden, he ſtill found ſome Pretext or other to go to them; or, if by

chance

chance he fail'd of doing it, *Donna Elvira* was ready with hers to go look for him, and was ſure to bring him. Don *Rodrigo* did not trouble himſelf about theſe Liberties of his Siſter; he did not ſo much as mind her, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting that a Servant, and that of inferiour Rank, could ever be regarded by a Siſter of his. But *Daraxa*, who beheld Don *Jayme* in *Ambroſio*, and *Ozmin* in Don *Jayme*, and repreſented continually to her ſelf, the Violence of *Elvira*'s Tranſports, could take no Pleaſure in any of theſe Matters; and Diſquiets by Day, and Diſquiets by Night, were more than a little too much. She had given occaſion to her own Unhappineſs. She might eaſily, had ſhe been ſo pleas'd, have put a ſtop to it at its firſt Appearance. *Ozmin* had nothing contributed to it. He even told her continually, it was troubleſome to him to endure it. She could blame none but her ſelf. Her own Deſtiny had drawn her into it. But at laſt ſhe took a Reſolution, that, coſt what it would, ſhe would prevent the ſame Deſtiny from compleating her Unhappineſs in this Point, by her own over-complaiſance. The nicety of the Matter conſiſted, in taking her Meaſures with ſo much Caution, as to keep the Remedy from being worſe than the Diſeaſe. For, as to the obliging *Ozmin* to break off his Converſation with *Elvira*, nothing was more eaſy; this unalterable Lover was intirely diſpos'd to obey her in that. But then the Conſequences of ſuch a Rupture were greatly to be apprehended, conſidering the Violence of *Elvira*'s Paſſion. *Daraxa*, upon this Occaſion, ſtood in need of all her Wit and Judgment; and ſhe was, happily for her, of a Temper and Humour, never to do any thing of which ſhe might be afraid of repenting.

But its now time to acquaint you with ſome Particulars, without the encloſure of Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, in a City where *Daraxa*'s Beauty had made too many Conqueſts, to be intirely forgotten ſo ſoon. Among all

all her Lovers, Don *Alonſo*, ſtill more amorous than ever, and being now pretty well recover'd of his Wound, and beginning to get abroad, grew quite impatient to be thus totally debar'd of ſeeing *Daraxa*. He had been inform'd, to his extream Trouble, that the Queen had put his lovely Miſtreſs into Don *Lewis*'s Hands. This was doubly an Affliction to him; as well for the Averſion that he naturally had for Don *Rodrigo*, as for the Jealouſy and Antipathy of a long ſtanding between his Family, and that of Don *Lewis*. This made that Place, that of it ſelf was inacceſſible to all Men, to be far more ſo to him; and yet he muſt needs, at any Rate, get ſome Tidings of his Miſtreſs, and ſee her too, if it were any way poſſible. In order to this, he had taken Care to employ able Engines and Emiſſaries, to try to win him ſome Woman belonging to *Donna Elvira*; and *Claricia* was ſhe on whom the Lot fell. She was a witty intriguing Girl, apt and ready, tried in managing Lovers Secrets, and willing to embark, if properly engag'd; and Don *Alonſo* was young, handſome, inſinuating and liberal. Women of her ſort, ſeldom long reſiſt the firm Attacks of Men of his. Don *Alonſo* deſir'd nothing of her, but to ſerve him as to *Daraxa* in the finding ſome Stratagem, for Love has Stratagems as well as War, to help to the Sight of her; and, if poſſible, to ſpeak with her. *Claricia*, well paid before-hand, as ſo it muſt be, if you would engage a Confident to ſerve you heartily, promis'd him Wonders; and, as an Earneſt of her Zeal for his Service, bethought her ſelf of acquainting him with all that had paſs'd between her Miſtreſs and Don *Jayme Vives*; who, of a noble Lord of the Kingdom of *Arragon*, had made himſelf a Gardiner for Love of her. *Alonſo* took a World of Pleaſure in hearing this related; and inform'd himſelf in the moſt minute Particulars of it. No Body could ſatisfy his Curioſity in that Point, better than *Claricia*; for ſhe had been

entruſted

entruſted with the whole Matter, and nothing had been done without her. As for *Daraxa*, ſhe appear'd not to have any part in this Adventure, other than as a true and faithful Friend. But in vain it was, that Don *Alonſo* turn'd his Thoughts all manner of Ways, to find out who this Don *Jayme Vives* ſhould be, whom he had never heard of before, neither in the Court nor Army; and yet, who was a Man of that Quality and Merit. He could by no means tell what to think on't. But ſtill 'twas pleaſant and diverting to him; and he would fain have found out ſome way of making an Acquaintance and Friendſhip, with a Perſon of that diſtinction, to act in conjunction with him, their Matters being not much unlike, and both their Miſtreſſes ſhut up together. This Thought uſher'd a thouſand others; and being young, amorous, and naturally active and daring, he was touch'd with Emulation, and even with a little Shame, to think he had not had as much Dexterity and Courage to make his Way into this Houſe, and to do for the beautiful *Daraxa*, what another had done for the Love of *Donna Elvira*. His Mind was fill'd with a thouſand Deſigns, all turning upon this one Point, and yet all diverting, pleaſant and entertaining to him.

Daraxa was ſtill purſued with Fears and Cares; Jealouſy diſturb'd the Quiet of her Breaſt, and all her Thoughts were earneſtly employ'd to find out ſome happy Expedient, whereby, without risking any thing, ſhe might be able to re-eſtabliſh her former Tranquillity of Mind. *Donna Elvira* was contriving, at the ſame time, to fill her Heart with Love's ſupream Delights. She was perſwaded, that Love was not made for nothing but eternal Sighing; that there was a certain concluſive Point, and ultimate End, in every Intention of all Things; and that, till they arriv'd at that, they remain'd imperfect. She had, as ſhe thought, a Lover who merited all her Eſteem, and her whole Heart. She plac'd her intire

Happi-

Happineſs in poſſeſſing of him, and ſhe imagin'd, that this Happineſs depended only upon her ſelf; from all which, thus ſhe reaſon'd with her ſelf. Why, ſince I can be happy, ſhould I not be ſo? Can I ever poſſibly wiſh for a more deſirable Man? And how miſerable a Life ſhall I be ſure to lead, if I ſtay to expect my Father's Choice, and that he gives me one for a Husband, in contradiction to the Sentiments of my Heart! *Donna Elvira* continually revolving, for ſeveral Days, theſe and ſuch-like Thoughts in her Mind, with leſs or greater agitation of Spirit, as ſhe was more or leſs preſs'd by the Fits and Intermiſſions of her Paſſion; and concluding in fine, that for the Quiet of her Mind, ſhe ought to be once for all inſeparably united with her dear Lover; ſhe determin'd to open her Mind to her dear *Daraxa*. She ſtood in need of her, to break the Ice in making the firſt Overture, theſe being ſome Remains of Decency ſhe ſtill retain'd; and therefore deſir'd to ſpare her ſelf the Bluſhes and Confuſions, from the Struggles of Virgin Modeſty, with violent raging Love, at the diſcloſing her Intentions to Don *Jayme*. She conſider'd it as a great Advantage, that her Friend was already ſo very well inſtructed in the ſecret Sentiments of her Soul; that ſhe, knowing ſo thoroughly the whole State of her Affairs, nothing of what ſhe was to tell her, would be any Surprize to her. She believ'd her to be intirely in her Intereſts; and after the Complacencies ſhe had had for her, the leaſt ſhe could expect from her, was a hearty Willingneſs to ſerve her upon this Occaſion, on which all her Happineſs depended. *Daraxa* harken'd to her, but not without an extream Trouble, and violent Convulſions of Mind. Notwithſtanding that admirable Command of her ſelf, wherein ſhe ſo excell'd, it had not been very difficult for any other, beſides *Donna Elvira*, to diſcern her inward Agitations by her outward Mien; but *Elvira*'s Thoughts were too buſy upon her own

own Concernments, to be at leiſure to make any Remarks upon another. The Jealous *Daraxa* having had time to recover her uſual Temper, during this Diſcourſe ſo odious and afflicting to her, put on a grave and ſerious Look; which was inſtantly obſerv'd by *Elvira*, and taken as an ill Omen to her ſo paſſionate Wiſhes. *Daraxa* began, however, with telling her that ſhe was wholly diſpos'd to comply with her Deſires; but that ſhe could not anſwer it to Friendſhip and Honour, ſhould ſhe omit to ask her, as became a real Friend, whether ſhe had well reflected upon what ſhe was going to do; nor could ſhe forbear repreſenting to her, at the ſame time, into how many Miſchiefs ſhe was going to precipitate her ſelf, by ſo raſh an Action. And thereupon ſhe laid before her, all that in Reaſon might make her afraid to execute her raſh Deſign, as well with Regard to what ſhe ow'd to her Birth and Family, as what ſhe ow'd to her ſelf. From thence ſhe proceeded to the Conſiderations reſpecting her Lover, who was a meer unknown Stranger; of whoſe Eſtate, Birth or Merit, there was nothing appear'd, other than what he himſelf had ſaid; on which, it would be a great Imprudence to rely intirely; and yet, that ſhe was going to make him ſuch Advances, as were never decent for any Virgin to make; and yet far leſs for one of noble Birth: And ſhould it happen that her Advances ſhould not be receiv'd according to her Wiſhes, as that might poſſibly happen, it would prove an eternal Grief to her, and a Stain that ſhe could never waſh away. All theſe Remonſtrances, tho' juſt and right, were very little reliſh'd by *Donna Elvira*; who, impatient to hear ſo long Reaſoning upon what ſhe had already reſolv'd, made her the beſt Anſwer ſhe could to all her Scruples; ſupplying what was wanting in ſtrength of Reaſon, with Excuſes drawn from the exceſs of her Love; which no longer permitted her to follow any other

Advices,

Advices, than thoſe of her Heart. When therefore *Daraxa* ſaw there was no Hopes that Reaſon could prevail, not being willing to vex her too much, ſhe promis'd to do her this Office of Friendſhip, and to break it to Don *Jayme* the very ſame Night; but what a little diſcompos'd her was, that *Elvira*, whether thro' Diſtruſt, or to be the better inform'd of the Succeſs, would needs be preſent her ſelf behind a Curtain, and unknown to the ſuppos'd Don *Jayme*. It was now grown late, and the Hour was paſt for giving him notice by Writing; yet ſhe comforted her ſelf in the Belief, that the Diſcourſe ſhe ſhould make him would in all Reaſon ſo much ſurprize him, that he would make no doubt but there was ſome Myſtery in it; for he was not a Man who always ſtood in need to be inſtructed, a little Hint ſufficing to put him upon his Guard againſt any Emergency. This ſufficiently appear'd upon this Occaſion; wherein 'twas impoſſible to be leſs ſurpriz'd than he was. The very abſence of *Donna Elvira*, made him preſently ſuſpect there was ſome Novelty in hand; and no ſooner had *Daraxa* begun to enter upon the material part of her Diſcourſe, but he preſently underſtood the drift of the Matter, tho' he never, till then, imagin'd that the lovely *Spaniard* would have puſh'd her Point ſo very cloſe and home. He was of Opinion, that the beſt Turn he could give it, was to take it only for a pure Piece of Raillery, and he did ſo; and whatever *Daraxa* could ſay, to make him underſtand that it was very ſeriouſly ſhe was then ſpeaking to him, and that he ought to anſwer her in the ſame manner; yet he ſtill continued acting the ſame Part to the end of the Converſation. This Night's Meeting being thus waſted, in a manner diſagreable to all Parties, it was broke up ſooner than was uſual. Don *Jayme* was even the firſt that grew weary of it, and deſir'd Leave to withdraw. *Daraxa* thought ſhe had duly diſcharg'd her Part,

Part, and that ſhe had really out-done her ſelf in it. Her Friend had quite another Opinion of it; ſhe was altogether uneaſy and diſſatisfied; and imputed to *Daraxa*, all the wrong Conſtructions, and burleſque jocoſe Argumentations of Don *Jayme*. She concluded from thence, upon the whole Matter, that no Proxies are proper in the Affairs of Love; and that one muſt tranſact ones own Buſineſs, by ones own Hands and Tongue, as well as in ones own Heart; becauſe the Party immediately concern'd, always beſt knows what's fitteſt to be done, and in what manner; and thus ſhe ſtill ſupported her Hopes, flattering her ſelf, ſhe could yet find the Secret to bring her belov'd Don *Jayme* to the Point ſhe ſo paſſionately wiſh'd.

Daraxa plainly ſaw, that, do whatever ſhe could, ſhe was to be charg'd with all the Blame of the ill Succeſs of this Intrigue; but 'twas no more than what ſhe look'd for, and there was no Remedy for it. She had been very ſorry, had her Mediation ſucceeded any better than it did; and ſhe repos'd that Night much the better, becauſe Things paſs'd according to her Wiſhes. As for *Donna Elvira*, ſhe was far enough from ſleeping; but having had time, during the remainder of the Night, to let the Impetuoſity of her Ardour in ſome meaſure abate, ſhe found her ſelf next Day a little leſs tranſported, and thereby more fit, and better diſpos'd, to diſſemble the Anxiety of her Mind. She conſider'd the Calmneſs and cool Temper, wherewith *Daraxa* manag'd this Affair, as the reſult of her Prudence, and thought ſhe might very well excuſe it, becauſe ſhe might, reaſonably enough, have more than common Apprehenſions of embarking her ſelf in ſo very doubtful a Matter. They met again next Morning, but without imparting to each other their ſeveral Sentiments upon what had paſs'd. Each had her diſtinct Reaſons in private to her ſelf; and, from this time, both were on their Guard; and

'twas

'twas a Trial of Skill, who ſhould be moſt Politick. They took their Evening Walk according to their uſual Cuſtom, but there fell out ſomething new and unexpected; an Adventure of ſuch an Air, ſo odd and ſingular, as if expreſly contriv'd by Love himſelf, to affright, embaraſs and confound, and yet at laſt to prove in favour of the generous conſtant Paſſion of our two illuſtrious and extraordinary *Moors*. Don *Rodrigo*, as I have already told you, was in love with the ever-charming *Daraxa*, or, however, he thought fit to pretend to be ſo, for Love had no great Dominion over him, his amorous Pretenſions reſulting more from Vanity, than any fix'd Inclination. Nevertheleſs, he was more than a little mov'd, even from that very Vanity, to have made no more Impreſſions upon his Miſtreſs. His Attempts had been many, but, to his no little Mortification, all to no purpoſe; he ſtill met with perpetual Repulſes, and the ſame civil, yet cold Indifference. But, however, this did not much diſcourage him; and as he was none of the moſt violent Lovers, he gave himſelf no great Diſquiet about it. He comforted himſelf with the Pleaſure and Advantage he had above his Rivals, in that he could viſit and diſcourſe his Miſtreſs when he pleas'd; and this fed his Vanity, as ſome ſort of good Fortune and Diſtinction, in favour of him and his Pretenſions. He had obſerv'd *Ambroſio* to be a pretty ſenſible Youth, and every Day more and more diſtinguiſh'd him, to be careful and skilful in all he undertook. This inclin'd him to think he might inſtruct him with good Succeſs, to aſſiſt him in his Amour with *Daraxa*; and in purſuit of this Thought, he had taken fit Occaſions, to impart to him his Love for her. He had endeavour'd, by ſome little Liberalities, to engage him to ſpeak of him to her, with Reſpect and Advantage, as often as he found Opportunities for it; but he was that Day reſolv'd to employ him in it directly, and in good earneſt. He had

deſign'd he ſhould entertain her at large, and in a very diſtinct and particular manner, in the *Mooriſh* Tongue, wherein ſhe ſeem'd to take Pleaſure to talk with him, concerning the extream Paſſion he had for her, and try to bring her to ſome kind Temper towards him. *Ambroſio* told his young Maſter, with a world of Reſpect, That he did him too great an Honour, by entruſting him ſo far; and that he wanted neither Deſire nor Zeal to ſerve him; nor even to deſerve the good Opinion he had of him, but that as he was very unskilful in thoſe Matters, he was much afraid that he ſhould not be able to anſwer his Expectations. Don *Rodrigo* deſir'd no more but to find him willing, as he ſeem'd to be; and, as he was always well-conceited of himſelf, told him, That he would have no more to do, than to follow exactly the Orders he ſhould give him; and if he did but obſerve to do ſo, he made no doubt of having good Succeſs; and thereupon he gave him full Inſtructions, in every Point, how to manage for him with the lovely *Moor*. That very Evening, when the Ladies were ſate down in the Arbour where they conſtantly reſted themſelves, after ſome Turns in the Walks to enjoy the Pleaſure of the freſh Evening Breezes, *Ambroſio* having brought in a Basket of Flowers, as he us'd to do, Don *Rodrigo* bid him make up the Noſegays himſelf for the Ladies; and at the ſame time, making a Sign to his Siſter to follow him, as if he had had ſomething to ſay to her in private, he went out of the Arbour, and ſhe after him. They were no ſooner both gone out, when the pretended *Ambroſio*, ſeeing his Time now come for opening this new Scene, was about to begin it in a Tone of Pleaſantry, as he manag'd himſelf, with the Siſter's Propoſition; but perceiving in *Daraxa*'s Face an Air of profound Grief, and an extream wan and dejected Look, that more than ſufficiently ſhew'd the violent Agitation and Diſcompoſure of her Thoughts, he was moſt ſenſibly affected

fected by it; and putting on a Manner and Mien more proportion'd to her Grief, I had a Mind, ſaid he, to have diverted you, upon occaſion of the Part given me to act at this Time before you, and which is, in ſhort, very near a-kin to that which you were laſt Night put upon with me; but I find you ſo far from being in a Humour to be diverted, and, indeed, ſo over-whelm'd by an exceſs of Grief, that I am even ſtruck by it into a mortal Inquietude. *Daraxa* fetch'd a deep Sigh, but made no Anſwer; for her Heart was ſo intenſely wounded with the capricious conſtant Malice of their Fortune, and the continual Unhappineſs of their Love, which was perpetually travers'd in all Things with endleſs Croſſes, that the too deep Impreſſions, and too dark Ideas, inceſſantly repeated, quite dejected her Spirits. *Ozmin*, to whom that Silence was a mortal Grief, beſought her not to drive him to Deſpair, by declining to let him know why ſhe was thus exceſſively Diſconſolate. Let me beg you to ſpeak, purſued he with a paſſionate Air, for this Silence, and thoſe ſmother'd Sighs, ſeem to ſhew more Miſchiefs than I would ſhun to hear. Is it not too juſt a Cauſe, even of the extream Trouble in which you ſee me, replied ſhe, with a lamenting Voice, to find my ſelf eternally perſecuted by the Brother, and, at the ſame time, to ſuffer what I do by the Siſter? But dear *Daraxa*, replied *Ozmin*, interrupting her, and hoping and ſtriving to comfort her, even all you mention, tho' bad enough, is yet not worthy the Trouble wherein I ſee you. How! replied ſhe, Is it nothing then, to be every Day baited as I am, in a manner cruel enough to break a Heart, far leſs Tender and Senſible than mine; and to be, perhaps, upon the very brink of reproaching my ſelf with too much Juſtice, that my too great Aſſurance of your Fidelity has coſt me all the future Quiet of my Life? Could you then ſuſpect me, replied *Ozmin*, with a world of Concern, to be capa-

ble of ſo criminal a Weakneſs? Would you, continued he, with an encreaſe of Tranſport, do me ſuch an Injuſtice: You, who ſo well know my Heart, who know it values it ſelf for its ſtrict adherence to Vertue, and are ſo well able to judge whether it be capable of the Guilt, or even of the ſhadow of a Guilt of Treachery? I confeſs, indeed, *Ozmin*, replied ſhe, wiping away ſome Tears that fell, I am to blame to be thus alarm'd; but I love you, and you know my Weakneſs; why will you not then ſpare me ſuch tormenting Cares and Fears? Your Complacencies for the Fair and Amorous *Elvira* have gone a little too far; had they coſt you as much as I have paid for them, you would not have been ſo very liberal of them as you have been. At leaſt, you may now plainly ſee the pernicious Effects they have wrought in her Heart, and to what an exceſs of Extravagance her Paſſion is arriv'd. And who will ſecure me from the dangerous Conſequences of it? I will——— *Ozmin* was beginning to reply, but ſtop'd there, at the unexpected Sight of *Donna Elvira* and her Brother, who juſt then came both almoſt together, running into the Arbour. *Ozmin* did not look for them ſo ſoon, according to what Don *Rodrigo* had ſaid to him; but he had not been able to keep his Siſter from returning her Intereſts at this Time, being quite different from his. She grew unquiet and impatient at what private Diſcourſe might paſs in the Arbour; and getting away from him, and running with all her Force, ſhe got back again before he could overtake her. It was a very dumb Scene that paſs'd among theſe four Perſons; and yet, as dumb as it was, it told more Tales, or at leaſt it rous'd more Thoughts, than conſiſted with any of their Intentions or Expectations. They at firſt mutually beheld one another, according to the differing Intereſts that they ſeverally had; and as all of them had in their Faces, certain Marks or Tracks of the ſecret Agitations of

their

their Hearts, and as theſe Marks are not always ſo diſtinctly intelligible as to declare expreſly what is intended by them, ſo every Body naturally interprets for himſelf, and ſo did each of them. *Ozmin* preſently recollected himſelf, and perceiv'd what an indifferent Figure he made; and as he had now nothing more to do there, and as it therefore was indeed his Duty, as *Ambroſio*, to retire, that ſerv'd him for a decent Handle to withdraw himſelf from ſo dangerous an Accident. Don *Rodrigo* no ſooner ſaw him out of the Arbour, but impatient to know what had paſs'd between him and *Daraxa*, and to inform himſelf, as to thoſe Suſpicions that were riſen in his Mind, from the unaccountable Manner and apparent Diſorder wherein he had ſurpriz'd them, he preſently follow'd him, and with an Air and Mien full of Conſtraint, and plainly expreſſing the Trouble and Concern that then moſt ſenſibly touch'd him, he ask'd him what happy Succeſs from the good Offices he had done him with his Miſtreſs. My Lord, replied he, you have given me ſo little time to talk with her, that 'tis impoſſible for me to have done you any conſiderable Service. And yet, replied Don *Rodrigo*, in that little time, you muſt needs have ſaid ſomething to her of a more than common Importance, to have caus'd her Looks to be ſo much chang'd as I found them, and her Eyes to be ſtill wet with the Tears, that moſt certainly ſhe had newly ſhed. I believe, anſwer'd *Ambroſio*, that ſhe was not very well pleas'd with the Freedom I took, to ſpeak to her of your Paſſion; and, perhaps, the Remembrance of her paſt and preſent Condition, were thereupon the occaſion of thoſe Tears. Can you give me no better Reaſons for ſuch a Change, replied Don *Rodrigo*? I cannot ſo well gueſs, my Lord, anſwer'd *Ambroſio*, at what her Thoughts may be, but that I may very eaſily be miſtaken. How can I tell, continued he, as if he were making Gueſſes of what might poſſibly be the Caſe,

whether ſhe may not already have engag'd her Heart; for, to ſay truth, it would be ſomething extraordinary, if a young Lady, ſo qualified as ſhe, ſhould never meet with any thing worthy of her Thoughts, in a Court ſo full of Gallantry as that of *Granada*. I am as well convinc'd it is ſo, as you are, replied inſtantly and warmly the Jealous Don *Rodrigo*; and further yet, that your Buſineſs here is not to ſerve me, but that happy Rival. I cannot think, my Lord, anſwer'd *Ambroſio*, you will ſuſpect I would betray you for a *Moor*. *Moor* or *Chriſtian*, ſaid he, this is not the firſt time I have been ſtrongly inclin'd to think, your Underſtanding was more than a little above the ſize of a Gardiner's; and that all your *Mooriſh* Diſcourſes with *Daraxa* were not to my Advantage, nor ſhall they end in yours; as, added he, with a Tone and Geſture full of Menace, I will ſoon make you ſenſible, to your Coſt. And having thus ſaid, he turn'd away from him in a mighty Paſſion, and went back to the two charming Friends, who had all this while kept their afflicting Silence; but they no ſooner ſaw him returning, but they roſe up to retire themſelves, and to be more at liberty, each to entertain her ſelf with her diſtinct amorous Thoughts in her own reſpective Apartment. Don *Rodrigo* follow'd them in a very diſcontented Humour, and not at all inclin'd to enter into any Converſation with them; but meeting his Father, who, thinking they were ſtill walking, was come to take a Turn or two with them, he let the Ladies go, to have the more Freedom with him. Don *Rodrigo* was wholly intent upon what had paſs'd that Evening, and more eſpecially as to *Ambroſio*; and Don *Lewis* having chanc'd to mention this Servant, as they were paſſing among the Beds of Flowers, and intimating how well pleas'd he was with the Induſtry and Skill of his new Gardiner; he is poſſibly, anſwer'd Don *Rodrigo*, with a malicious Smile, more skillfull than were to be wiſh'd; and, I believe,

believe, that he both underſtands and practices more than one Employment. Don *Lewis*, who was then looking upon ſome Flowers, and was not ſo very attentive to what his Son ſpoke, as to make any great Reflection upon it, at firſt made him no Anſwer; but quickly after reſuming the Diſcourſe, 'tis true, ſaid he, he wants no Senſe, but he is not therefore a worſe Servant, and I believe he will make me a very good One. I very much queſtion, anſwer'd Don *Rodrigo*, with the ſame Tone and Air, his coming hither with that Intent, or, at leaſt, I am perſwaded, that ſome others will be better ſerv'd by him than you. How's that! ſaid Don *Lewis*, eagerly and inſtantly interrupting him; Pray what's the Meaning of what you ſay? And for whom would a Servant in my Family pretend to employ himſelf, more than for me? To be plain with you Sir, replied the Son, I am of Opinion, he is more in *Daraxa*'s Intereſt, than in yours, or, at leaſt, in thoſe of ſome one of her Lovers. Ah! my dear Son, cried the Father, laughing, I now perceive you are really in Love. If I am, replied he, 'tis not a Love that blinds me, but one that helps me to diſcern; for I know very well what I ſay, and what I have ſeen. But what is it then that you have ſeen? ſaid Don *Lewis*, again interrupting him; explain your ſelf, Son, and let me underſtand you; for you ſhall find, I am Don *Lewis de Padilla*, Son of Don *Gaſpar*, the Man of all his Contemporaries, of all that liv'd within the Age he liv'd in, the leaſt apt to miſtake himſelf, and the moſt difficult to be ſurpriz'd by others. A thouſand times has the World done me the Juſtice of declaring, that I degenerated not from my Anceſtors in this Point, no more than in many others. Our Court is one of the moſt juſtly celebrated in all *Europe*, for its Fertility in grave and wiſe Men; you may have taken Notice what Reputation I have in it, and you ſee of whom the Queen has made Choice, for the Care and Guard of

this illuſtrious *Moor*. In a Word, Son, I have but this more to ſay to you; I am now turn'd of Fifty, and if, at four and twenty, they had brought me, not meerly an *Arragonian*, who are none of the moſt ſubtile, but even the moſt ſharp and cunning Fellow among all the *Greeks*; and if I had had but ſo much leiſure, as to give him but one firm attentive Look, I would at firſt Sight have penetrated the deepeſt Receſſes of his Soul. I am perſwaded of all theſe Truths, my Lord, replied his Son, more than any Man in the World; but yet I cannot but think, that this Man only pretends to ſerve you, while he really intends the Service of another; for he has been all of a ſudden a little too familiar with the *Mooriſh* Lady; and all the little Diſcourſes that paſs between them, and her too viſible Indulgence of his Freedoms, are no vain Ground of my Conjectures, that this is not the firſt of their Acquaintance, and that—— But pray, my grave Obſerver, cried the Impatient Don *Lewis*, interrupting him, and not enduring to have his Son take him for an Ideot and a Property, are not you the ſtrangeſt Man in the World, to find Fault with that very thing, whoſe only Blame is from your ſelf? Pray, added he, very warmly, why did you permit thoſe Familiarities? Is this according to the Inſtruction you have had from me? And are you ignorant of the Laws and Cuſtoms of your Country, that a Woman wounds her Honour, by only looking upon a Man, and that 'tis a capital Crime in a Servant to lift his Eye towards his Miſtreſs? And yet you are the Man that ſuffers the Violation of all this, and the Prophanation of your Siſter's Honour, by being in the ſame Company; diſhonouring your ſelf alſo, by Liberties inconſiſtent with all manner of Decency, and unworthy of a Man of your Quality. Ah! my Son! purſued he, deeply Sighing, What ſort of Conduct is this! Change me but your Treatment of this Servant, and uſe him like the reſt, and

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I'll ſecure you his Fidelity, and anſwer for him, in Point of the Reſpect he owes to you, and to all that any way relate to me. Reſt your ſelf content, I am not a Man to be impos'd upon; and I ſhall not fail to be perfectly awake, both Night and Day, in order to a thorough Inſpection into all that paſſes where I have to do. Don *Rodrigo*, out of Reſpect to his Father, durſt not reply; nevertheleſs, he continued fully perſwaded, that his Father, how diſcerning ſoever he thought himſelf, was yet deceiv'd in his good Opinion of this Servant; and he took a certain ſecret ſort of Pleaſure to think, that ſooner or later his Father could not but ſee his Error, and find he had been quite miſtaken in him. Juſt then, a Servant coming to tell Don *Rodrigo* that one deſir'd to ſpeak with him, he left his Father to make an end of his Walk by himſelf. This Lord, who eaſily took Umbrage at any thing, and wanted none to help fill him with Suſpicions, as ſoon as ever he found himſelf alone, fell into a deep muſing, and made a thouſand Reflections that fill'd him with perplexing Thoughts, notwithſtanding the outward Appearance he had kept in Preſence of his Son. But to compleat his meaſure of incurable Scruples, his chief Gardiner, who had endeavour'd to ſpeak with him for ſome Days, taking this Opportunity of his being alone, came to inform him, that for ſome time of late, he heard ſome ſort of Noiſe almoſt every Night in the Garden, which made him ſuſpect ſomebody was there; and that if he dar'd to ſtir out of his Lodge, without his Order, he might have been able to have given him a better Account. People by Night in my Garden! replied Don *Lewis*, as in a great Aſtoniſhment; and from whence can they come, but out of your Lodge! He ſpoke this with great Ardour and Emotion, becauſe his own Mind being prepoſſeſs'd with what his Son had been telling him about *Ambroſio*, his Imagination inſtantly perſwaded him, that

that if any Body came into his Garden, it could be none but he; and, conſequently, that the Suſpicions of Don *Rodrigo* were but too well grounded. But the Gardiner aſſuring him, that there was no manner of Fear from his Quarter; and that he would forfeit his Life on it, as well for *Ambroſio*, as for his own Man, becauſe he entruſted no Body, but lock'd the Door always with his own Hand, and kept the Key conſtantly in his Pocket; Don *Lewis* became amaz'd and confounded at it, not being able to form any tolerable Gueſs what it could be, or who ſhould have any Buſineſs by Night in his Garden. He was in no apprehenſion that 'twas Thieves, the very height of his Walls was a ſecure Fence from thoſe Harpies; and beſides, there was nothing then in his Garden to tempt them. As to *Daraxa's* Lovers, he was firmly of Opinion, that none of them could poſſibly be ſo ſenſeleſs, to expoſe themſelves to ſo great Danger, only to ſee her at a Window, if ſhe durſt venture to expoſe her ſelf to be ſo ſeen. In fine, he concluded with himſelf, that it muſt either be ſome Miſtake or Dream of his Gardiner, or elſe that of neceſſity it muſt proceed from within his own Walls; and this laſt Thought return'd his Suſpicions ſtrong upon *Ambroſio*, whatever his Servant was able to alledge. At length having ask'd him ſeveral other Queſtions to no manner of purpoſe, he was tir'd with talking ſo long to no end with him; and, therefore, only order'd him, that without mentioning the leaſt Word of what had paſs'd, either to his own Man, or to the new Gardiner, he ſhould keep a ſtrict Watch that very Night; and that if they chanc'd to hear the leaſt Noiſe again, he ſhould fire a Musket, and forthwith Sally out, both he and his Man, compleatly arm'd; and that he himſelf, with the reſt of his Domeſticks, would be ſure to do ſo too. Don *Lewis*, having thus given his Orders on this ſide, went away to take Care elſewhere; for it would take him up ſome time to get

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all things in a readineſs for the mighty Feat he was contriving, and which he look'd upon as Infallible, and a Maſter-Stratagem.

If the two Ladies, Don *Lewis*, and Don *Rodrigo* were full of Trouble, Diſorder, and Inquietude; *Ozmin* was not without his Share. His Character was not to be much alarm'd at little Matters; but he thought Don *Rodrigo*'s parting Words deſerv'd to be well conſider'd, in order to prevent, in good time, any Ill might be deſign'd him. He was not now to learn, that the firſt Suſpicion is the Spring of infinite more; and eſpecially with Perſons Amorous and Jealous. Don *Rodrigo*, indeed, did not ſuſpect him to be his Rival in Chief; but the Suſpicion he had of his being the Confident of another, in which he had clearly explain'd himſelf, was enough to provoke him to give him a world of Trouble with ſuch a Man as his Father, and to bring him at leaſt under ſome vexatious, and perhaps dangerous Examination. He had no Weapon to defend him but one large Poniard, and had ſcarcely been able to hide that; and this was but a poor Defence in a Family, where he might be ſet upon by above thirty Domeſticks. He had ſeen Don *Rodrigo*, a little after he parted from him, walking in the Garden with his Father, and had obſerv'd their Diſcourſe to be with Warmth and Action. This made him ſtill the more apprehenſive, and he no longer doubted his being the Subject of that warm Converſation. He concluded, from all his Reflections, that Prudence requir'd him to be upon his Guard; but he believ'd it to be above what was incumbent upon him, to advertiſe *Daraxa* how Things ſtood; and even to inquire of her, whether Don *Rodrigo* had let any of his Diſcontent appear, or his Jealouſy diſcover it ſelf to her, that ſo he might thereby be the better able to govern himſelf, and that both of them might the better concert their Meaſures, and act with mutual Harmony free from interfering.

interfering. It was then too late to write that Night, and get an Anſwer; and beſides, a Matter of that Moment requir'd a perſonal Converſation. He was in no Concern for *Donna Elvira*'s being preſent at their Diſcourſe, which he knew was not to be avoided; becauſe, beſides the Part it might be proper to aſſign to her in this Affair, ſhe had been ſo accuſtom'd to their Talking now and then in the *Mooriſh* Tongue, that he ſhould eaſily be able to make Pretences to colour whatever Secret ſhould be needful to acquaint his Miſtreſs with. This was what *Ozmin* fix'd upon, after all the various Reflections and Struggles of his Thoughts that Night, for they were neither few nor calm, upon this unexpected Reverſe of Fortune in his Love-Intrigue within thoſe Walks, this ſudden violent Shock giving him no Proſpect of any pleaſing Tendency. He was more than uſually Impatient for the approach of the Hour of their Meeting; but, as it often happens, the more one is uneaſy, the more ſhall Accidents fall in to heighten our Uneaſineſs; he was not able to gueſs what ſhould be the meaning of the Noiſe that he heard made over his Head in the Gardiner's Chamber. He had ſeen him that Night prepare his Muſket, and even Charge it with Ball, and put it in a Poſture and Condition ready for Service, without ſhewing any Curioſity of informing himſelf in the Reaſon of it. The Man, tho' commonly in Bed by Eight a Clock, and in his dead Sleep by Nine, was yet that Night Walking about his Chamber at paſt Eleven. All this could not but give new Subjects of Reflection to *Ozmin*; for 'twas plain, there was ſome Novelty and Myſtery in hand. He was more than once in doubt, whether he ſhould ſtir out that Night; but, at laſt, the very ſame Reaſons that ſhew'd him the Dangers he had on every ſide of him, leſt he ſhould be diſcover'd, vinc'd him alſo of the neceſſity of ſpeaking to *Daraxa*, without any further Delay, to inform one another

ther of all Particulars, and to conclude together upon what Meaſures ſhould be beſt for them, in caſe they were forcibly ſeparated. He had reſolv'd to uſe that Night his utmoſt Care and Precaution, as well in deſcending from his Window with the leaſt poſſible Noiſe, as afterwards in going but Step by Step ſoftly and ſlowly, and in taking a further Compaſs than he uſually did, that ſo he might be leſs liable to be ſeen or heard by the Gardiner, if he watch'd for him, as it was to be fear'd he did. And, indeed, he ſucceeded ſo well in every Particular, that he was not in the leaſt diſcover'd on that Quarter; but there were other Ambuſcades laid for him, beſides that of the Gardiners; and he was ſo ſurrounded and watch'd all manner of Ways, that little leſs than a ſort of Miracle could poſſibly prevent his Diſcovery, or ſecure him an Eſcape.

But firſt, we muſt ſee a little what becomes of *Daraxa*, and how Matters paſs within Doors. The beauteous *Moor* had taken notice, in the Garden, of a part of Don *Rodrigo*'s Diſorders, and of his ſeveral Grievances, and uneaſy Poſtures and Geſtures, when he had found her talking with *Ozmin* or *Ambroſio*, and when he had at any time rejoin'd them, after having left them in Converſation; but all theſe Conſiderations, tho' important enough in their Conſequences, ſcarce mov'd her at all, when compar'd with the Bitterneſs of the Reflections ſhe made upon the intricate and vexatious Affair of *Donna Elvira* with Don *Jayme*. This was the grand Diſturbance of *Daraxa*'s Quiet; the Object of all her anxious Thoughts, her endleſs infinite Cares and Fears. Her Mind was ſo fill'd with it, that there was no room left for any other Reflection. She expected, with great Impatience and Curioſity, to ſee what ſort of an Interview would be this Night between *Donna Elvira* and her ſuppos'd Lover, after a Converſation ſo extraordinary as that which ſhe had had with him

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but the Night before for her Sake. A thouſand Symptoms made her ſuſpect, that this amorous and beautiful *Spaniard* was forming ſome Contrivance to ſurprize her. All that Day ſhe had obſerv'd her in various and unuſual Agitations. She had ſcarce ſpoke at all to her; and ſhe had taken notice of a ſort of Air of Conſtraint and Diſſimulation, in whatever ſhe had ſaid to her, that ſeem'd to preſage nothing of Good or Sincere. But, what was moſt ſurprizing, ſhe came not once into her Apartment all that whole Evening, tho' it had been always her conſtant Cuſtom to paſs almoſt the whole Time there, from after Supper till the Hour came for going together down into the Gallery to meet the ſuppos'd Don *Jayme*. *Daraxa* concluded, from all this unuſual Conduct, that ſhe might expect ſome uncommon Novelty; and it came often, upon theſe Reflections, into her Thoughts, that *Donna Elvira* might poſſibly intend to go that Night without her to meet her Lover; and this was what ſhe moſt ſuſpected, and what would affect her in the moſt ſenſible manner. But at length ſhe diſpos'd her Mind to whatever might happen, to prevent too great a Surpriſe from any thing, and ſo expected the Event. It was impoſſible to have penetrated more exactly into the Intentions of *Donna Elvira*, than was done by the Judgment made of them by the beauteous *Moor*; for this very thing was the Aim and Intent of all the little amorous Politicks of *Elvira* that whole Day. She eagerly aſpir'd at the Viſionary Bliſs of Meeting and Entertaining all alone her dear Don *Jayme*, that ſo ſhe might ſatiate her ſelf uninterrupted with the Charms of his Converſation with all the freedom her Heart long'd for, in order to ſound the Depth of his Sentiments, and to make him a full Diſcovery of her own. This was to break at once all the Meaſures of *Ozmin* and *Daraxa*; but there was alſo preparing elſewhere for her, no leſs Obſtructions to all her new Contrivances, even

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tho' ſhe ſhould have found in her ſuppos'd Don *Jayme*, a Virtue leſs firm than that of *Ozmin*. Her Father had not loſt one Moment, ſince he left the Garden, to put all Things in order of Battle, that is to ſay, to muſter up all the Arms, Offenſive and Defenſive, that were about the Houſe, as Muskets, Musketoons, Carbines, Piſtols, Halberts, Pikes, Partizans, Back and Breſt, Helmets, Targets, Swords, Poniards, and others; the greateſt part of which had been ſo long bound over to the Peace, that they were half eat up by Ruſt; but there was now no time to talk or think of cleaning them, for the Danger was juſt at the very Door; at leaſt one would have thought ſo, to have ſeen the fierce Airs and active Motions of the vigilant and warlike *Don*; and that the Enemy was that very Night to have made a General Aſſault upon his Houſe. For tho' he had never ſeen an Army, much leſs a Battle, in his whole Life, yet being deſcended from Anceſtors who had been in Military Commands, he ſcorn'd to have it ſaid, He knew nothing of the Matter, or was a Man fit to be ſurpriz'd by an Enemy. All his Fire-Arms amounted but to Seventeen or Eighteen, and thoſe were diſtributed among the moſt daring of his Domeſticks, becauſe the Streſs of Action was expected from them. Notwithſtanding all the Stir and Buſtle that might well enough have attended all this warlike Preparation, he had taken ſo particular a Care, and given ſo ſtrict and poſitive Orders to prevent all manner of Noiſe, wherein he placed the main Hope of the Succeſs of his Deſign, Secrecy being the very Soul of great Undertakings, that neither his Son nor his Daughter whom he moſt fear'd upon this Occaſion, becauſe of their mutual Eſteem for *Daraxa*, had the leaſt Intimation or Suſpicion of it. To this end he only entruſted two old faithful Servants, commanding them to ſee his Orders obey'd, and all Things were made ready for Action againſt Eleven a Clock,

Clock, and then the reſt of his Domeſticks were brought ſoftly and privately, one by one, into his Chamber, where he gave them ſeverally their particular Orders, diſtributing the Arms among them, as he judg'd each Man moſt fit to ſerve, and ſending each to his proper Poſt upon Guard as Centinel. The greater Part were diſpos'd in the upper Rooms for better Diſcovery of others, and Concealment of themſelves; and ſtrict Orders to all not to fire, nor make the leaſt Noiſe, without firſt acquainting him what they diſcover'd, unleſs they heard any firing from others. He made Choice for his own Poſt, of a Cloſet over-againſt *Daraxa*'s Apartment, as the moſt ſuſpected Place, and which therefore ſtood moſt in need of his own perſonal Vigilance, he having ſo much Intereſt and Concern in the Matter, as in his own Conceit he imagin'd himſelf to have. He was accompanied by the Maſter of his Horſe, an old Domeſtick, whoſe Bravery was a-kin to that of his Maſter, who wiſh'd all the *Moors* far enough off, at *Granada*, or any where, and his Maſter and himſelf faſt aſleep in their Beds, rather than be plagu'd with all this Buſtle, good for nothing but to give them abundance of cold and needleſs Fatigue. But there was now no Remedy; and ſince Things were as they were, there was neither Honour nor Safety in thinking of a Retreat, till they had ſecur'd themſelves from the Enemy. Don *Lewis* was in his Night-Gown, Night-Cap and Slippers, the Windows open, and a Dark Lanthorn by him, that the Light might not diſcover him. It was one of thoſe fine clear Nights, that are ſo common in *Spain*, as they are likewiſe in other hot Countries; ſo that tho' it were Night, yet the Stars gave Light enough to diſcern the Shadow of a Man at the diſtance of Two or three hundred Paces, which was juſt about the Extent of the Place they were watching. Time ſeems very tedious in theſe ſort of Services, and eſpecially to thoſe that are

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un-us'd to them; and the vigilant Don *Lewis*, began to think it would never ſtrike Twelve, that being the Hour, or thereabouts, that by the Gardiner's Report the Noiſe us'd to be in the Garden; but no ſooner had he heard the Clock ſtrike, but he was ſeiz'd with ſuch a Throbbing of Heart, that one would have thought he had been the Perſon watch'd for, and who had Cauſe to be afraid of all this Preparation. This Agitation ſufficiently ſhewing the Temper of his Soul in time of Danger, encreas'd on a ſudden with a world of Violence, thinking he ſaw ſome body creep along by the Wall on the ſide next the Gallery. Not knowing certainly whether he was miſtaken or not, he pointed where with his Finger, to ſhew it to his Second, but he, whether thro' Fear, or that really his Eyes were not ſo good, ſaw nothing. But they were ſoon put out of doubt; for two of their Centinels came to let them know, that there was a Man ſtanding below under the Gallery, who talk'd with ſome body at one of the Windows, but that there was no hearing what was ſaid. This ſurpriz'd and heated Don *Lewis* in a wonderful manner; but having the Key of that Gallery, among the reſt of the Keys which were regularly brought to him at Nine every Night, he caus'd inſtant Notice to be privately given to all the reſt of his People who were thus in Arms, and on the Watch, and order'd them to draw up near him. This done, he preſently took the hardy Reſolution to begin with ſurprizing the Lady in the very Fact, that ſo he might deprive her of all poſſibility of being able to deny or evade the Matter. He order'd, for this Expedition, two of his moſt reſolute Musketeers, and the gallant and faithful Maſter of his Horſe, who never left him, to attend his Perſon; and deſcending bare-foot, or however without Shoes, to make no Noiſe, they came ſoftly down to the Door of this Gallery, which they found wide open; but here they made a ſtand, in order to har-

ken to what was ſaid; when Don *Lewis*, who was advanced a little forwarder than any of the others, over-heard theſe Words: "I have too much Eſteem "for you, and I ſhould be unworthy of yours, if I "abandon'd my ſelf to the Weakneſs of making you "Unhappy. I know who you are, and what I owe "to your Birth; let us not do any thing, of which "we may Repent as long as we live. I am a Gen-"tleman of Quality, but want to make my Fortune; "the Court is the only Place where I can do it; "I ſhall there ſtand in need of Friends and Support, "and to draw upon me the Hatred of Don *Lewis*, "who is ſo powerful at Court, would be to deſtroy "my own Pretenſions, and to ruin all my Hopes at "once. Don *Lewis* preſently knew the Voice of the pretended *Ambroſio*, whoſe Virtue and Prudence he could not ſufficiently admire; but he thought it was to *Daraxa* that this Diſcourſe was directed, and nothing that he heard could as yet undeceive him. He grew impatient to know what this Beauty would reply, and he liſten'd moſt attentively to hear it. His Curioſity was preſently gratify'd, but in another manner than he expected. But, good Heavens! into what a Rage and Aſtoniſhment he fell, when, inſtead of *Daraxa*, he heard the Voice of his Daughter thus replying: "Are theſe, ſaid ſhe to the Gentle-"man, the Reaſonings of an amorous Heart? And "does your Paſſion for me, inſpire you nothing war-"mer than theſe cold Diſcourſes? Are you come "hither thro' ſo many Difficulties, and even in Dan-"ger of your Life, only to teach me my Duty, and "the Conduct I ought to obſerve? Oh! extream "Weakneſs! How have I been miſtaken in you! I "thought to find in you, a Man that deſerv'd to be "belov'd, or who, at leaſt, knew what Love meant. "Alas! to what am I reduc'd! to pity you, and to "repent my own unhappy Choice! What! ſhall I "have more Courage and Reſolution than you!

"Shall

" Shall I deſpiſe all Things for your ſake, and will " you do nothing for me? The conſideration of ma- " king your Fortune can have the Power of cooling " you, when I place all my Fortune in you. What " need you fear my Father? Is there no other Court " in the World but ours; and ſince there is, why " may not a Man of your extraordinary Worth, " hope to find elſewhere an agreeable and ſufficient " Eſtabliſhment? And, for my part, I had a thou- " ſand times rather live a contented Shepherdeſs in " a Cottage, than be miſerable in the moſt magni- " ficent Palace. But to whom am I ſpeaking?— She was going on thus, when the violence of her Paſſion made her break into a Torrent of Tears, that ſhe was now no longer able to reſtrain. Juſt then a Musket was diſcharg'd; it came from that Quarter where the Gardiner's Lodge was, and conſequently had not been occaſion'd by *Ambroſio*, but it was inſtantly follow'd by Ten or Twelve more. The Tears and Love of *Donna Elvira* gave Place to the ſuddain and violent Emotions of a more tumultuous Paſſion, that of Fear. She was ſo ſeiz'd with it, at the Noiſe of ſo many Muskets firing all round her, that at firſt ſhe ſcarce knew where ſhe was, or what ſhe was doing. In a little time recovering, though but very imperfectly, ſhe betook her ſelf to flight, not ſo much as remembring to ſhut the Window; but juſt as ſhe was running out of the Gallery, her Father, who had way-laid her in the Paſſage, catching her all of a ſuddain by the Arm: " Is it thus, ſaid he " to her, wretched Girl, that you diſhonour your Fa- " ther, and the Illuſtrious Blood from whence you " are deſcended? Poor *Donna Elvira*, already exceedingly frighted by the Noiſe of ſo many Muskets, and her whole frame of Mind ſhaken and diſorder'd in an exceſſive manner, by the heart-breaking Converſation ſhe juſt had with her too much lov'd Don *Jayme*, found her ſelf quite over-power'd with ſo

many violent Shocks at once; this new unexpected Stop, and above all, her Father's Voice, that, unable to reſiſt, ſhe ſwoon'd away in his Arms. Don *Lewis* perceiv'd it by the mournful Shriek ſhe gave, and by her remaining quite ſtill and motionleſs; but opening his Dark-Lanthorn to inform himſelf more certainly, he found her in a Condition, that in ſpite of all his Anger, as he was naturally a tender Father, and above all, to this Daughter, he was extreamly touch'd with Compaſſion at it; and not being able to bear the Sight without diſcovering too much relenting, he left her to the Care of the Maſter of his Horſe, and went away to revenge himſelf, and make his Reſentment fall upon him who had been the Source of all this Miſchief. It was no longer *Daraxa* who had thus wrong'd his Houſe, for he could eaſily have waſh'd away that Stain; but 'twas his own Daughter, which was a mortal Stab to his Reputation, and to the Honour of all his Family; and therefore he no longer conſider'd either the Virtue or Prudence of this pretended *Ambroſio*, who now, in his Eſteem, was only come to bring Diſgrace and Infamy upon his Name, and fill his Family with ſo cruel and extream Diſorder. He aſſembled all his Men of Arms, and having tuck'd up his Gown, he call'd for his Armour, and put it on over his Clothes. But as he was arming himſelf, his whole Body trembled; perceiving which, and obſerving that it quite ſurpriz'd his People, the Fear he had of giving them, by that Accident, an ill Opinion of his Courage, made him have Recourſe, as he was well read in Hiſtory, to a famous Example that gave a handſome Turn and Colour to this ſort of Weakneſs; and added, That he had this natural Emotion in common with the famous King Don *Pedro*, ſurnam'd the *Cruel*, who when he put on his Armour upon a Day of Battel, his whole Body trembled ſo very much, that 'twas ſcarce poſſible to arm him; upon which

which Occaſion he was wont to ſay, That if his Body knew to how many and great Dangers his Valour was going to expoſe it, 'twould do more than tremble, 'twould ſweat Drops of Blood. You ſhall ſee, added he to this Scrap of Hiſtory, that 'tis Rage, not Fear, makes me tremble; for the infamous Wretch ſhall periſh; his Death is reſolv'd, and irretrievable. Finding himſelf now ready, and in good order, that is to ſay, his Helmet upon his Night-Cap, his Back and Breaſt upon his Night-Gown, a Target upon his Left Arm, a long Pike in his Right Hand, and both Hands arm'd with Gantlets. 'Tis true, he was ſtill in his Slippers, which was not quite the Equipage of a Man arm'd from Head to Foot; but it would have took up Time to put on Shoes, and arm his Feet; and there was now no Time to ſpare. All being thus ready, and his Men drawn up in Battalia, he poſted himſelf in the Rear, and commanded the great Garden-Door to be ſet open, from whence they defil'd by three and three, firſt the Fire-Arms, and then the Halberdeers and Pikes. There was nothing wanting except a Drum; but the Noiſe they now made, ſupplied that Want. The Gardiner and his Man preſently join'd them; which was a good Re-inforcement, tho' neither Man nor Maſter was over-valiant, as you may gueſs; for they told their General, that they had ſeen the Enemy, and that moſt certainly there were two of them. That Information aſtoniſh'd Don *Lewis*, who ask'd him why he did not fire upon them. He reply'd, he durſt not do it without his Order. Don *Lewis* having inform'd himſelf which way they went, cauſed his Brigade to march the ſame way, well perſwaded in himſelf, it was impoſſible they could eſcape, out of an incloſure ſurrounded by Walls of that prodigious height. And yet he was mightily miſtaken; for the good Genius of *Ozmin* had taken Care of him, and he was already ſecure from Danger, and

far enough from all the Rage and Malice of Don *Lewis*. This disguis'd Lover being fully poſſeſs'd, after all that had paſs'd, and what he had ſeen and obſerv'd, that there was ſome Deſign in Hand, and that he was aim'd at by it, no ſooner heard the Diſcharge of ſo many Muskets, but he preſently concluded 'twas Don *Rodrigo*, who having caus'd him to be watch'd, had done all this. He was ſenſible, by the many Musket-ſhot he had heard, that his Enemies muſt needs oppreſs him by their Numbers, he having no Succour to expect, nor any thing but his Ponyard to defend him: He therefore quickly concluded, that he had nothing to do but to think of Retreating as well as he could; ſo that *Donna Elvira* had no ſooner left him, but, ſhifting for himſelf, he whipt through a Walk, with intention to get into a little Ground-Room, where the Gardiner's Tools were kept, which Place ſeem'd to him the fitteſt to ſecure and defend him a-while, and to ſell his Life at the beſt Rate if he were driven to that Extremity, and found nothing but his Life would ſatisfy. But he was not got to the middle of the Garden, when a Man that follow'd him, and began to get very nigh him, oblig'd him to make a ſtand and face him, to ſee what he would be at; and to make him ſenſible, if Cauſe requir'd it, he was not retiring from a ſingle Perſon. He therefore ſtood ſtill, and then turn'd and fac'd him, and with his Ponyard in his Hand, he waited his Approach, in order to fall upon him, if he were arm'd with Shot, and made any Motion towards firing upon him. But this Man was ſcarce well got within Piſtol Shot of him, but he call'd to him in a friendly and obliging manner; My Lord Don *Jayme*, if you ſtand in any need of my Aſſiſtance and Service, I am perfectly diſpos'd to ſerve you heartily; you have no more to do, but to honour me with your Commands. I verily believe, your Life is ſought for; and that, in a very few Moments, you will ſee a Troop of Raſcals,

all

all arm'd, ſally out upon you, who, no doubt, will baſely murder you, without any Regard to Virtue or Humanity. It will be no very hard Matter, to imagine the agreeable Surpriſe of *Ozmin*, at ſo unexpected generous and obliging an Addreſs; not being able to gueſs at this unknown Perſon, neither who or what he was, nor how he came thither; nor, in fine, how he could come to know that he was call'd Don *Jayme*. He thought, indeed, that his Voice was not wholly unknown to him; and he could plainly diſcern, tho' it were Night, that he had neither the Mien, nor Manner, nor Habit, either of a Servant, or of any of the Family; and that he was arm'd with two Piſtols at his Girdle, and had a Sword for Service under his Arm. All this plainly ſhew'd ſome form'd Deſign, and that this unknown Perſon had taken his Precautions. Theſe Thoughts and Reflections, which you know move more ſwiftly in the Mind than they can be related, being paſs'd before him in a mental Scene, he conſider'd a few Moments without replying, till he was come up very near him; and then in return to ſo obliging Language, and ſo generous an Offer, I am not able to gueſs, ſaid he to the unknown Gentleman, from whence ſo unexpected a Happineſs as this can poſſibly deſcend upon me; but whoever you are, you cannot but be a Gentleman of uncommon Worth and Nobleneſs. And ſince 'tis only I that am ſought for, if you have no other Buſineſs here, I ask you no Aſſiſtance, nor other Favour, but to lend me ſome Arms; begging you, at the ſame time, to retire from hence, or ſome way to ſecure your own Perſon, for I can by no Means endure to think, that ſo gallant and generous a Man, as you muſt needs be, ſhould ſacrifice his Life for my ſake. As for my Arms, replied the unknown Perſon, they are at your Service. There my Lord, there's one of my Piſtols, and you may depend upon't; but I am not that ſort of a Man, ad-

ded he, in a moſt generous, hearty and obliging manner, to leave a Gentleman of your Merit to be aſſaſſinated, and refuſe to ſhare the Danger with him. If therefore, purſued he, you would have me retire, you muſt reſolve to go with me. I believe, replied *Ozmin*, 'twould be the ſafeſt and ſhorteſt Way; for 'tis to no purpoſe to ſpend our Courage upon Brutes and Footmen, unleſs we were conſtrain'd to diſpute our Lives with them. But the worſt on't is, for ought I know, we muſt be forced to ſtand the Brunt, for I ſee no way to get off. I have a Salve for this Sore, how deſperate ſoever it ſeems, replied the unknown Cavalier; and therefore, without loſing more time, let us be going; and thus I lead you the Way. They haſten'd along, and quickly came to that part of the Garden-Wall that had been lately rebuilt; a Place that *Ozmin* well remember'd, and where he now ſaw a good long Ladder, ſtanding erected to the height of the Wall. And here they would needs paſs ſome freſh Compliments, tho' a little unſeaſonably, for they could plainly hear the March of Don *Lewis*'s Brigade. But therefore they did it; each contending for the Honour of being laſt to aſcend the Ladder, and ſtand the Danger of the Garden, tho' after all, the Difference was not great. But at laſt the Stranger was forced to give way to *Ozmin* or Don *Jayme*, becauſe the Affair chiefly reſpected him. They had time enough, and to ſpare, not only to aſcend the Ladder, but to draw it over the Wall; becauſe the Domeſtick Patrole, that was in queſt of them, had taken their March a quite different way from the Place of their Eſcape; and they withdrew the Ladder, to deprive them of the ſatisfaction of knowing by what means they had thus happily ſav'd themſelves. There was another Ladder ſtood ready planted on the other ſide the Wall, and five or ſix luſty Footmen attending below, all arm'd, who were upon the Watch; by which, *Ozmin* found he had to do with a

Man,

Man of Quality. They were no ſooner got ſafe down into the Street, but *Ozmin* began to return him the Thanks due for ſo important a Succour; deſiring at the ſame time, as an addition of Favour, that he would pleaſe to let him know, to whom he ſtood indebted for ſo ſenſible an Obligation. But the unknown Gentleman anſwer'd, that he ſhould think he had done but half his Duty, if he ſuffer'd him to go alone to his Lodgings; or, indeed, if he ſhould leave him before this Matter was quite ended; that being a Stranger, he might not, perhaps, ſo well know what ſort of Man Don *Lewis* was, and that he had need to make uſe of all poſſible Precautions to guard himſelf againſt him: That he therefore made him an Offer of his Houſe, where he might rely upon being ſecure from all Inſults and Surpriſes, even tho' it ſhould be known he was there; but that if he would not do him that Honour to accept of his Houſe as his own, yet that, at leaſt, he would not refuſe him the Contentment of reſiding there with him, and affording him his Company, till he could ſee what was like to be the Iſſue of this Affair, and after what manner Don *Lewis* and his Son would reſent and purſue it. *Ozmin*, charm'd with a Procedure ſo extreamly noble, and ſo very uncommon, made him all the grateful Acknowledgments that a ſenſible and generous Heart, warm'd with juſt Eſteem ariſing from ſo great Obligations, could inſpire him with; but he could not defend himſelf from accepting, at laſt, the repeated Offers of his Houſe; whither he conſented to retire, finding, by his earneſt perſiſting in it, that he extreamly deſir'd it, and would take it unkindly, if denied. He therefore acquieſced in it, and they began to walk apace, both to avoid being known, and dogg'd by any of Don *Lewis*'s People, and likewiſe to gratify their mutual Impatience of ſeeing each others Faces in the Light; it not having been poſſible, tho' the Night was clear enough, to diſtinguiſh well

the

the Air and Features of a Face. But as *Ozmin* thought he knew the Voice of this Cavalier, ſo he likewiſe fancy'd he remember'd *Ozmin*'s; and his Curioſity was the greater, as not having taken its Birth juſt upon this Meeting, but being of an earlier Date, had been augmented by this Sound of his Voice, which he believ'd was not unknown to him. But how extream was the Surprize of both theſe Gentlemen, when they got to the Place to which they were going; and when two Footmen coming to light them at their entring the Houſe, with each two Flambeaux, gave them an opportunity of gratifying their mutual earneſt Deſire of beholding each others Faces: What an Aſtoniſhment was there I ſay, in both! but chiefly in the Maſter of the Houſe! who yielding firſt of the two to the Tranſports of his Heart; By what good Influence, cried he out, embracing him, do I this Night meet a Man to whom I owe my Life, and whom I ſo ardently wiſh'd to find! For my Cavalier, added he, with an extream Joy, which ſufficiently appear'd in his whole Deportment, 'twas you that ſav'd me, in the late Bull-Feaſt, from the Fury of a Bull, which, but for your timely Succour, I could not have eſcap'd. That little Service, my Lord, replied *Ozmin* very modeſtly and ſmiling, has been well requited, by what you have juſt done for me, in retrieving me from a Danger, wherein, perhaps, more than my Life lay at Stake. If I have render'd you any Service in that, replied Don *Alonſo*, it has been without running any Riſque on my part, and I owe it all to Chance and my good Fortune; whereas you entirely expos'd your Life for me, after I had given you ſo much Cauſe to treat me in a quite different manner; but 'tis only for Cavaliers of your exalted Nobleneſs, to puſh their Generoſity to ſo great a height. This obliging Conteſt of Services and Obligations continued for ſome time, till they went up into Don *Alonſo*'s Apartment, while another

was

was preparing for Don *Jayme*. But they paſs'd the greateſt part of the remainder of the Night in converſing together; Don *Alonſo*, in relating to his new Gueſt all that he knew of his Affairs with *Donna Elvira*, with whom he believ'd him to be really in Love; and that it was Curioſity, and a Deſire that he had to make an Acquaintance with him, that had engag'd him to enter the Garden at that Hour. And *Ozmin* imparted to him, all that he could tell him of that Intrigue, without turning it too much to his own Advantage, for fear of injuring the Reputation of *Donna Elvira*. Don *Alonſo* alſo made him a Confidence of his Paſſion for *Daraxa*; which had been the principal Motive of his deſiring to make an Acquaintance with him. *Ozmin*, tho' he had no great Talent in an eaſy diſguiſing his Thoughts, yet judg'd it concern'd him moſt nearly upon this Occaſion to do it, and to continue the aſſum'd Fictitious Name and Perſon of Don *Jayme Vives*. Day having at laſt ſurpriz'd them in the Courſe of ſo agreeable a Converſation, wherein neither of them were at all tir'd; Don *Alonſo* believ'd, that he ought not to treſpaſs too far upon the Complaiſance of Don *Jayme*; and having made him ſome Compliments upon that Subject, he roſe up to wait on him to the Appartment that had been particularly prepar'd for him; being the moſt commodious and magnificent in the whole Houſe. He left him here to his Repoſe till about Noon: Having heard he was got up, and was dreſſing himſelf, he went to him, that they might Dine together in private, as they had thought it was moſt proper. *Ozmin* had already ſent to look for *Orviedo*, to let him know all that had happen'd, and to be furniſh'd with a Habit more ſuitable to the Honours he receiv'd from Don *Alonſo*, than thoſe he had brought with him from the Garden of Don *Lewis*. Before that Day was over, the whole City was full of the Adventure of Don *Jayme* with *Donna Elvira*; and this

this is a Misfortune, to which all Great Houſes, that are fill'd with numerous Domeſticks, are liable; nothing can be Secret, if of any Moment; no ſooner is any thing of Importance tranſacted, or doth happen in ſuch Families, but 'tis preſently divulg'd, and made a Town-talk. This Story was told a thouſand ſeveral ways, but all to the Diſadvantage of *Donna Elvira*; at which, Don *Jayme* was very ſenſibly touch'd. In a very few Days, the Friendſhip between theſe two Cavaliers was become the moſt firm and moſt endearing in the World. For Don *Alonſo* made daily Diſcoveries of noble Qualities in his new Friend; and poſſeſſing, on his part, Qualities highly valuable, and worthy the Eſteem of a Man, who, like *Ozmin*, both knew what Merit was, and poſſeſs'd it and honour'd it, both of them were equally ſatisfied. Thus neither could refuſe his Friendſhip to the other, where he ſaw it courted, honour'd, valued and deſerv'd. Both of them long'd to know how Matters went at Don *Lewis*'s, and to have more particular News concerning *Donna Elvira*, than what the Publick Talk afforded; for, according to thoſe Rumours, ſhe was ſhut up in a Chamber, where none but her Father had liberty to ſee her, beſides one Woman that attended her. There was none but *Claricia* could poſſibly give them any Information; nor ſhe, but with a world of Difficulty; it was become ſo very hard to ſteal out, ſo as to get ſo far as to Don *Alonſo*'s. For the Servants had now no manner of Liberty to ſtir abroad; and *Claricia* was obſerv'd more nearly than the reſt, becauſe of the Confidence her Miſtreſs was known to repoſe in her. But however, ſhe did now and then make a hard ſhift to get ſo far as to Don *Alonſo*'s. And ſhe it was that inform'd them of all that paſs'd that Night; and the Rage and Deſpair of Don *Lewis*, for having miſs'd his Aim, and not taking the Counterfeit *Ambroſio*, whom he had reſolv'd to diſpatch, had he got him; but that it could never be com-

comprehended how he got away: That 10 or 12 Men had been employ'd to ſearch after him in the City, and that he was ſtill ſought for; but 'twas believ'd he was retir'd: That *Donna Elvira* had been ſick to extremity; and that *Daraxa* had alſo been much indiſpos'd, whether from the Part ſhe took in her Friend's Affliction, or from the Fright at the Noiſe of ſo many Muskets, and the Hurry and Buſtle of that diſorderly Night, wherein none of the Family had ſlept or reſted: That Don *Lewis* had conceiv'd ſo much Grief and Vexation at this whole Matter, that he had never been abroad ſince, nor would ſee or ſpeak with any Body; and that 'twas ſaid, he would go into the Country for a Month, to give Time for all theſe Rumours to blow over. Theſe two Lovers having thus been inform'd of all theſe Particulars, it ſerv'd them for matter of Converſation and Mirth; eſpecially Don *Alonſo*, who had no Kindneſs for the Family of Don *Lewis*, and therefore only diverted himſelf with the Diſorders of it, and turn'd them into Ridicule and Banter. As for Don *Jayme*, who was now out of the reach of Don *Lewis*'s Rage, Don *Alonſo* advis'd him to make uſe of this Maid, and write, by her, to *Donna Elvira*, to comfort her a little in her Affliction. 'Tis true, indeed, that *Claricia* had no permiſſion to ſee *Donna Elvira*, any more than others had; but as *Daraxa*, to whom Don *Lewis* had not dar'd to forbid the going into his Daughters Chamber, was almoſt always with her, it was very likely ſhe would make no Scruple to give ſuch a Billet to her Friend, or rather that ſhe would take Pleaſure in doing it. Don *Jayme*, as you may well gueſs, was not over-hard to be perſwaded by his Friend; ſo leaving him to diſcourſe with *Claricia* as much as he pleas'd, he retir'd to write, not to *Donna Elvira*, but to *Daraxa* her ſelf, a very long Letter in the *Mooriſh* Tongue, to give her an Account of all that had happen'd to him on the Night of the Musket-alarm.

Daraxa

Daraxa receiv'd this Letter with an extream Joy; for ſhe knew nothing, till then, of what was become of her dear Lover; and ſhe was in a continual and mortal Apprehenſion, leſt he ſhould been wounded by the many Musket-ſhots that, as ſhe thought, were fir'd at him. She had not begun to be in any Health of Body, or Quiet of Mind, till the Receipt of this welcome Letter; and ſhe made uſe of the ſame Pretext, and the ſame Conveyance, to ſend him her Anſwer; *Claricia* having proffer'd her ſelf to carry it, that ſhe might render her Lady an agreeable Service. Some Days after, Don *Lewis*, as this Maid had told them, went with all his Family to his Country-Seat, about a League from *Sevil*, and it was not certainly known how long he would continue there. This put *Ozmin* out of Humour; for by this Abſence, he ſaw himſelf depriv'd of *Claricia*'s Negociation, which was to him of exceeding Uſe. But Don *Alonſo* ſoon found out an Expedient to content him; for he told him, that he had a Houſe within a quarter of a League of Don *Lewis*'s; that they had nothing to do but to go thither; and that they might eaſily there find Means to have a more ſpeedy and certain Account of their Miſtreſſes, than they could do in Town; and even to have Acceſs to them, and be in frequent Converſation with them. Don *Jayme* exceedingly approv'd this Deſign, and the very next Day they went thither with *Orviedo*, attended only by two Footmen, to make the leſs Noiſe. They poſted themſelves in this Houſe, one of the fineſt in all thoſe Parts. It only remain'd to let *Claricia* know they were there, and earneſtly deſir'd to ſpeak with her. Don *Alonſo* quickly found out a Peaſant fit for this Meſſage; for they are admirable Fellows in this Country. But not to give this Maid the Trouble of coming ſo far, he caus'd her to be appointed to come to a beautiful Grove that lay within Musket-ſhot of Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, where they met together; Don *Alonſo* and

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Don

Don *Jayme* being diſguis'd like Peaſants. The Converſation by Letters was thus reviv'd; but this was but an indifferent Satisfaction for our two Cavaliers, eſpecially for Don *Alonſo*, who had ſcarce any Share in that way of Converſing, but juſt what his Friend was pleas'd to admit him to by way of Generoſity, or rather of Amuſement. Don *Alonſo* therefore moſt earneſtly preſs'd *Claricia* to prevail with the two fair Ladies, to admit them to a ſmall Interview and perſonal Converſation with them; for *Donna Elvira* now began to walk about, and *Daraxa* was in perfect Health. But how was it poſſible with two ſuch eternally watchful Guardians, as Don *Lewis* and Don *Rodrigo*, who had been once already catch'd, and the Wound was ſtill ſo freſh? It happen'd nevertheleſs one Day, that Don *Rodrigo* being gone to *Sevil*, his Father was oblig'd upon occaſion of an Affair of Conſequence, that was juſt fallen out, in an Eſtate that he had about a League from the Place of his then Reſidence, to get a Horſe-back forthwith, in order to be there with all poſſible ſpeed to give his Orders about it, becauſe the Nature of the Thing preſs'd, and very much requir'd his immediate Preſence. He made as little Noiſe and Talk about his Journey as poſſibly he could, and told his People as he went away, that he ſhould return in half an Hour; but as it was very well known in the Family what he went about, and to what Place, 'twas thought impoſſible for him to return, whatever Diſpatch he made, in leſs than three Hours. Our two Beauties, and our Brace of Lovers, could ſcarce wiſh for a fairer Opportunity, and they all were reſolv'd to lay hold of it. *Claricia* manag'd the Matter with her uſual Dexterity. The two Lovers diſguis'd themſelves like ordinary Peaſants for their better Concealment, as was agreed among all Parties, and, without loſing time, away they went to the Grove that I lately mentioned. Don *Jayme*, as moſt intimate with the Ladies,

walk'd

walk'd out towards Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, to ſee whether they muſt go from the Grove thither, or that the Ladies would venture out; but he met them hard by coming up towards the Grove to walk there with them; and that the Frolick might be more uniform, they had taken the Habit of Shepherdeſſes as near as they could imitate them, and were only attended by their two Confidents, *Layda* and *Claricia*. There is nothing more delightful and entertaining than theſe ſort of ſtolen Meetings, but then they are no leſs Slippery and Dangerous. This preſent Meeting began with an equal Exceſs of Joy on all Sides, firſt to ſee one another, and then at the beholding their ſeveral Diſguiſes, laughing and pleaſantly jeſting at them. The Converſation was at firſt General, and yet Charming between theſe four extraordinary Perſons, who were all in Raptures of Pleaſure, at being once more ſo near to what they ſo much lov'd. They were beginning to deſcend into the Walks of this Grove, which were wonderfully pleaſant and agreeable, when they perceived thro' the Trees two real Peaſants coming along that way, whom they took to be ſome that belong'd to the Town adjoining to Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, as indeed they were. They could not imagine what Buſineſs they had there, for they were not allow'd the freedom of that Place; however they thought proper not to take any notice, but let them paſs by; yet as they came on ſtrait towards them, whether thro' Curioſity, or ſome other Reaſon unknown to them, the Ladies, to prevent their Faces from being ſeen, which might have betray'd them, ſtood playing with their Fingers upon the Trees, and Don *Jayme* before them with his Back towards the Peaſants. Don *Alonſo*, who ſtay'd ſome Paces behind, being as little willing to be ſeen, ſtood in a like Poſt, pretending to be amuſing himſelf with ſome ſort of Trifle, when all of a ſudden he felt himſelf ſaluted with a good ſound Blow of a

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Cudgel,

Cudgel that almoſt ſtun'd him. Don *Jayme* having heard the Blow, turn'd about in a Moment, and very luckily too, for there was the ſame Sauce preparing for him; but as he was inimitably active and nimble, he avoided part of the Blow, ſo that it ſlid down his Back without much Hurt. One may gueſs what Return was fit for ſuch a Salutation: His Staff was not of the bigneſs of the Aſſailants, but the Strength and Vigour of his Arm was at leaſt equal to that of the ſtrongeſt Peaſant; ſo that with one back Stroke, taking him juſt in the Face, he broke half his Jaw, and laid him flat upon the Ground. His Stick was broken by the violence of the Blow, but he preſently ſeiz'd the thundring Cudgel of the Raskally Peaſant, whom he had handled ſo handſomly, and ran to the Aſſiſtance of Don *Alonſo*, who ſtood in great need of it, for he was hard put to it by his Antagoniſt, and reduc'd to Fight and Retreat. But this Fellow, having ſeen his Com-Rogue ſtruck down at once, thought 'twas in vain to ſtay with ſo dangerous an Enemy, and therefore ran away to the Town as hard as he could drive. There he put them all in Alarm; telling them his Comrade was kill'd, tho', in Truth, he was but wounded. Don *Jayme* would not give himſelf the trouble to purſue him, for fear of abandoning the Ladies and Don *Alonſo*, whoſe Condition he could not tell; but the firſt Blow that was given him had only amaz'd him, tho' it were a very violent one, the Tree, againſt which he was leaning, having broken the force of it. He had receiv'd another Blow upon his Arm that was more troubleſome to him; but the whole was no great Matter, and they had ſtil only turn'd it into Raillery, but for the Conſequence, becauſe of the Ladies; who ſeeing all this Confuſion, had very prudently betaken themſelves to Flight, extreamly alarm'd, and mightily concern'd for what might be the Iſſue of it. But the Matter reſted not here; for as our two Cavaliers were reaſoning the

Caſe, and conſidering whether they ſhould make any further Attempt for that time to ſee the Ladies, or ſhould return Home, they were ſuddenly attack'd by three Ruffians from the Town, who came running upon them with drawn Swords. The firſt of them, who was the briskeſt and likelieſt Fellow of the three, haſtening more forward than the reſt to ſhew his Courage, chanc'd to light upon *Ozmin*, whom he thought to ſpit with the firſt Stroke, and he did wound him in the Hand, but he quickly found his Requital; for *Ozmin* return'd him ſuch a Blow upon the Head with the Peaſant's heavy Truncheon, that he laid him flat at once; and his Sword, which was of a good handſome length, ſtood our Cavalier in great ſtead againſt the two others, who came preſently up with him; but being ſeconded by Don *Alonſo*, who tho' he had nothing but a Stick, yet laid on thick, and drub'd them to the purpoſe, they together far over-match'd them; and having wounded both of them, they drove them, too warmly, to the very Town's-end. The Town was all up in Arms, upon occaſion of the Fellow that had been kill'd, who happen'd to be the Son of the *Town-Bailiff*: By this Rabble of Clod-Pates they were inſtantly ſurrounded, and charg'd by 2 or 300 of them arm'd with Cudgels, Iron-pointed Clubs, ſome few Fire-Arms for a Shew, for there was not an Ounce of Powder in the whole Town, ſeveral old Swords, Flails and Spits. This ill appointed Crowd were yet, by their Numbers and Violence, exceeding troubleſome to our two young Hero's; and eſpecially with their long Poles and Quarter-Staves, more than all the reſt; for beſides the Blows they gave with them at a diſtance, they were thrown between their Legs, by which they were frequently put to the ſtumble; ſometimes ready to tumble backwards, and ſometimes upon their Noſes; and, at laſt, *Ozmin* was actually thus thrown down, as he was getting forward to

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ſuccour Don *Alonſo*, to whom he had given a ſecond Sword he had ſeiz'd, but which could not prevent his being taken, and himſelf alſo ſoon after, by occaſion of one of theſe Poles unluckily thrown between his Legs, as I told you. It threw him down, and the whole Mob taking the Advantage, fell preſently upon him, and ſecur'd him; for as he appear'd the moſt active and animated againſt them, they chiefly aim'd at him. There had been 3 Men kill'd out-right, and all laid to him, beſides 10 or 12 that were very much wounded; and God knows how he had been us'd by that Kennel of furious Hounds in the Rage they were in, and having now got him into their Clutches, if happily for him, and chiefly for Don *Alonſo* who was all over bloody, two Gentlemen of Quality had not chanc'd, juſt in the very nick, to paſs through this Town in their Way to *Sevil*, follow'd by three or four Servants. Theſe Gentlemen, curious to know the Meaning of all this Mob and Tumult, forcibly open'd the Crowd, Sword in Hand, and came up to Don *Alonſo*, whom they preſently knew, and were greatly ſurpriz'd, but reſcu'd him from this Pack of Raskals, not without Danger of their own Lives, two of their Servants being very much wounded. This made the Peaſants careful to ſecure their other Priſoner; and that was the ſaving of his Life. In the mean time, Don *Alonſo*, tho in no Condition to ſerve his Friend, could not conſent to leave the Place, without ſeeing him at Liberty; and openly declared, he had rather die with him, or be impriſon'd with him, than thus abandon him. But theſe Gentlemen repreſented to him the impoſſibility of reſcuing his Friend, becauſe he was now actually ſhut up in the Bailiff's own Houſe, who had been all along at the Head of this Rabble, animating them to revenge the Death of his Son; and who kept the Mob ſtill up in Arms round his Houſe to ſecure the Priſoner. They were of Opinion,

that what they could beſt and moſt properly do, was, without loſing a Moment's Time, to go and aſſemble all the Friends they could get together, and to come in the Night, they and their Servants, and reſcue him by force. Don *Alonſo* yielded to the Weight of this Advice, as very reaſonable and probable; and this had been actually done as it was projected, had not the Bailiff, ſuſpecting ſome ſuch Violence, ſent away to *Sevil* immediately, to inform the Magiſtrates and Courts of Juſtice; who preſently ſent a Company of the uſual Guards, and other arm'd Men, to ſecure the Peace and Priſoner; which broke all the Meaſures of theſe Gentlemen, who had already got together at leaſt 40 Maſters and Men. One may well conjecture, in what Pain, in what Alarm, the two Ladies were, for they were too near all this Buſtle and Confuſion, to be totally ignorant of what was doing; and they had too much Intereſt in it, not to inform themſelves. All the Domeſticks of Don *Lewis*, both Women and Men, were in the Field to ſee the Event of this notable Campaign, their Maſter not being yet return'd. They all knew *Ambroſio* again, and they were every Moment, one or other, bringing News of the ſlain and the wounded, and of all the conſiderable Actions and Paſſages; but 'twas always in favour of the Brave *Ambroſio*, of whom they talk'd, as of the moſt terrible Man they ever ſaw in their Lives, and yet with Pleaſure, for they all lov'd him. 'Twas no ſooner known that he was taken, but *Donna Elvira*, in concert with *Daraxa*, ſent to tell the Bailiff, that he ſhould take heed what he did; for if that Man were injur'd, his Life would anſwer it. This Meſſage was admirably timed, and prov'd exceeding ſerviceable to him; for from that Moment he was better treated, and more conſider'd; and as all Don *Lewis*'s Family had free Acceſs at the Bailiff's Houſe, who was an Officer of their Maſter's, they had all of them free Liberty to ſee the Priſoner, and

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they brought him all manner of Refreſhments. All of them, even to *Claricia* and *Laida*, would needs have the Pleaſure of ſeeing and ſerving him; and the laſt of them gave him a Billet from her Lady, which ſhe ſlipt into his Hand, unperceiv'd by the reſt: It was pretty near in theſe Terms;

" As there is no Body but your ſelf, *Ozmin*, that " knows, to what an exceſs I love you; ſo there is " none but you that can poſſibly gueſs, what I have " gone through within theſe laſt Three or Four " Hours. Death it ſelf is a leſs Evil, than this Con- " dition wherein I find my ſelf, for your ſake. " One cannot fear Death, when one loves; and " when that which is belov'd is involv'd in ſuch a " Danger, as that wherein my only ill Fortune " has plung'd you. I ſend *Laida* to know how " you are; whether you are wounded, and if your " Life be in danger. Mine depends on yours. Let " me, if poſſible, know how it fares with you, by " your own dear Hand; for nothing but the Cha- " racters of that Hand, can Calm the violent Tem- " peſts of my Heart. Ah! wretched Day, for me! " and yet more wretched Night! unleſs I am ſo " happy as to be aſſur'd, that I have nothing to ap- " prehend in point of Danger to you! elſe, this will " be my laſt; and you ſhall not die alone. Has " Love made and fram'd us for each other, only to " render us, even by that, ſo much the more miſe- " rable? At leaſt, we cannot be depriv'd of the " Pleaſure of dying together. That will depend " upon the News that *Claricia* and *Laida* will bring " me. Till then, I have no Repoſe; but ſtruggle " in the Confines of Life and Death, telling all the " Minutes. Moſt miſerable State! But if no *Oz-* " *min*; depend upon't, there can be no *Daraxa*.

ADIEU.

This faithful Lover having taken a fit Time to read this welcome Letter, and having his Pencil and Writing-Tablets about him, as was uſual for the Men of Quality of thoſe Times, and eſpecially the *Moors*, he therein wrote this Anſwer:

" Had I pour'd out all my Blood for your ſake, " moſt lovely *Daraxa*, yet I could not have me- " rited the Tenderneſs and Regard you expreſs for " my Life. That Life, you are ſo pleaſed to Prize, " is hitherto ſecure. I have been careful of it, as of " Somthing that had the Honour to be devoted " to you; but now it will indeed become precious " and eſtimable, ſince you are pleas'd to fix it to " your own. Live, charming *Daraxa*, and hope " better of Love. He is a God, of endleſs Powers " and Manners of retrieving, far beyond all our " Proſpects. He never intirely abandons true and " faithful Lovers. He has begun with us by Pains " and Miſeries: He will make an end by Joys and " Pleaſures. I have intirely ſubmitted my ſelf to " him: 'Tis on his Part now, to ſhew his Power " and Care, and Goodneſs towards me. It has this " Day coſt you ſome Tears: He will repay them, " with Uſury, in Joys; and will ſtill preſerve you,

Your Faithful

OZMIN.

Laida had no ſooner got this Anſwer from our Lover, but ſhe and *Claricia* went back to their Ladies, and gave them an account of the Condition he was in; and that he had but two or three ſlight Wounds. They preſently ſent him whatever he could poſſibly want to forward his Cure, and make all Things eaſie to him. But at laſt Don *Lewis* returns, to the Diſturbance of all the little Conſolation that they yet retain'd amidſt this great Misfortune.

fortune. He was not able to make Head or Tail of all this Tumult and Diſorder of his Town, from the Peaſants he had met and talk'd with; they all ſpoke of it ſo variouſly and confuſedly. But when he was got home, he preſently underſtood a great part of the Matter. He was diſtinctly told every Particular, except the going abroad of the two Ladies; of which, none in the whole Family had any Knowledge, beſides the two Confidents. This new Inſolence, of the pretended *Ambroſio*, put him in ſuch a Rage, that he was no longer Maſter of himſelf. He was perſwaded, that this Matter was not tranſacted without his Daughter's being ſome way or other concern'd in it; and he inclin'd to believe, that ſhe had caus'd him to have exact Notice of his Departure from home by ſome unknown Method or other. And what ſtill more inflam'd him, was to obſerve, that *Daraxa* was likewiſe embark'd in this Intrigue; there being, in his Opinion, no manner of Doubt, but that Don *Alonſo*, who had been plainly diſcern'd and known as well as the other, was preſent upon this Occaſion, for her ſake; and ſome way or other in expectation of ſeeing her, or hearing from her. This Thought fill'd him with Trouble and Vexation; and, in that Paſſion, he would ſee neither of them. But as for his Daughter, he gave ſtrict Command and Directions that ſhe ſhould be ſhut up again; and watch'd and guarded, and confin'd, more rigidly than ever. All his Comfort was, that the Spark was catch'd; but for that, moſt certainly he had burſt with Rage, or died of Grief. He was now full of Hope, that this time it would be impoſſible for him to eſcape him; and that he ſhould have the Pleaſure of making him fall a Sacrifice to his Rage. Heaven only knows, after what ſort he ſent to engage the Bailiff's Care of him. But after various Ruminatings, he began at laſt to conſider

this Adventure, as an Act of Divine Juſtice; and as if God himſelf had delivered this Man into his Hands, to repair his Honour, and glut his Revenge. He deſir'd to be inſtructed in all the Particulars of this Affair, from firſt to laſt; and ſent into the Town, for all that might probably be beſt able to inform him. He was told, that all this Misfortune happen'd purely from a Miſtake of the Bailiff's Son; who being in Love with a Neighbour's Daughter, a very pretty Girl, and one that had a good Portion, and having a Rival, a Farmer's Son, who dwelt about half a League from the Town, and was more welcome than he, both to Father and Daughter, becauſe he was in better Circumſtances of Fortune, and a more ſober and regular Lad than the Bailiff's Son; this latter had caus'd him to be threatned to have him well drub'd, if ever he could find that he came any more near his Miſtreſs; and having notice given, that two Men habited like ordinary Country-Fellows, but ſeeming to be ſomething better than meer Clowns, were that Day ſlipt into the Grove, he had made no doubt but 'twas his Rival, with a Comrade of his that us'd to be with him when he viſited their pretty Miſtreſs; and that they were thus in Diſguiſe to avoid the Drubbing they had been threatn'd withal. Upon this, the Bailiff's Son had ſent two Peaſants, employ'd by him for this Execution, who were two of the boldeſt and ſtrongeſt young Fellows that belong'd to the Town; and he himſelf follow'd them at a little diſtance, with two of his Friends, in order to aſſiſt them, if Cauſe requir'd. Don *Lewis* plainly ſaw, by this exact and true Relation, That all the Fault and Blame was in the Bailiff's Son, and the Peaſants; and that what the Gentlemen had done, had been only in their own Defence, and conſequently they were entirely free from any legal Crime: But he was too much incens'd againſt the pretended

pretended *Ambroſio*, to omit doing all that lay in him to make him ſeem Criminal, tho' he was not in Fault; and this Opportunity of ridding him out of the way, was too favourable a Juncture to be let ſlip. He nothing doubted, but that Don *Alonſo* would on his part employ all his Power and Credit to ſave him; but then, this young Lord had not that Power and Intereſt with the Judges and Magiſtrates that he might poſſibly ſuppoſe he had; but that Don *Lewis* knew himſelf really had, and therefore he was very well aſſur'd of carrying it from him, in Point of Power and Intereſt there. There had not one word been told him, of the Meeting between the Ladies and the Gentlemen, becauſe one of the two Peaſants, he whoſe Jaws had been broke, was in no Condition to Talk; and the other had been kill'd by returning into the Scuffle, and none elſe had ſeen them together. Don *Lewis* ſent the Bailiff all neceſſary Inſtructions to proſecute the Priſoner with the utmoſt Rigour; aſſuring him of his Protection, his Credit, and his Purſe, in this whole Affair, when ever he wanted them; and not only for himſelf, but for all that were concern'd, as well on the Part of thoſe that had been kill'd, as alſo for the wounded Perſons. He directed, that they ſhould go the next Day, all in a Body, to *Sevil*, and throw themſelves at the Feet of the Magiſtrates, crying for Juſtice. This was accordingly done; and it ſo mov'd the People, that there was all the Difficulty in the World to preſerve the Priſoner from their miſtaken Fury when he was brought up into the City, which was the next Day, about Ten in the Morning. His Guard had been doubled, becauſe of a Rumour, that ſome Cavaliers of Don *Alonſo*'s Friends intended to Reſcue him from the Officers of Juſtice, as he ſhould be bringing up to *Sevil*; but they were not yet ſtrong enough for ſuch an Exploit, or rather they wanted

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at their Head a Man of ſufficient Activity and Vigour, and one that would ſo heartily Eſpouſe the Matter, as to undertake and manage it with Spirit and Reſolution, and animate others by his own Example. Don *Alonſo*, to his great Regret, continuing ſo ill, as not to have ſtrength to ſit his Horſe, Don *Lewis*, ſtill boiling with Rage, and breathing nothing but Revenge, and who had not been in Bed all that Night, caus'd all his Equipage to be got ready betimes in the Morning, to return to *Sevil* with all his Family; where he knew his Preſence would be neceſſary to puſh on this Buſineſs with the utmoſt Rigour, and get it diſpatch'd according to the Violence and Impetuoſity of his Paſſion. *Daraxa* ſaw all his Procedure with an inexpreſſible Grief, tho' indeed 'twas no more than ſhe expected from a Man of Don *Lewis*'s Humour; believing, with Reaſon, that the Conſideration of the ſuppos'd Intrigue between *Donna Elvira* and *Ozmin* would prove of dangerous Conſequence to him. But as to returning to *Sevil*, ſhe was no leſs deſirous of it than Don *Lewis* himſelf, to ſee how this Matter was like to go, and to have frequently an Account of all Particulars relating to it; to the end, that, without ſtaying for the laſt Extremity, if ſhe ſhould find *Ozmin*'s Life in Danger, and that there was no more Time left to carry on his Diſguiſe, ſhe might diſcover his Name and Quality; being throughly perſuaded, as ſhe had good Reaſon to be, that the Judges, after ſuch a Declaration, would not dare to make any further Step, without expreſs Orders from their Majeſties. But what cruel Alarm was it to her! when ſhe was inform'd, and even heard the loud Out-cries of the People, that they demanded his Death with clamorous Importunities: There was nothing left to Comfort her but the generous Ardour, wherewith ſhe was very ſenſible Don *Alonſo*, and all his Relations and Friends,

Friends, employ'd their whole Credit and Intereſt, with indefatigable Zeal, for his Preſervation. This young Lord ſeeing the Danger to which his Friend was expos'd, and that the Judges repreſented to thoſe that ſollicited for his dear Don *Jayme*, that 'twas a very great Favour that Don *Alonſo* himſelf was not ſecur'd and proſecuted; and that, in reſpect to him, they were willing to act the Blind and Deaf Part; but that the Slaughter and Wounds, and Maiming of ſo many Perſons, call'd aloud for Juſtice; and that were he himſelf in the Priſoner's Place, they ſhould poſſibly be hard put to it to be able to ſave him. This Lord, I ſay, hearing of all theſe grave and wiſe Reaſonings, could no longer be kept in Bed by any Conſideration of his Wounds and Weakneſs; but cauſing himſelf to be carried with his Head and Arm bound up, and almoſt half dead, he went in that Condition from Judge to Judge; and repreſented to them, the crying Injuſtice they would do to a Man of ſuch uncommon Merit, in condemning him to Death, only for defending his Life againſt a crew of Aſſaſſins, and a tumultuous Rabble. This indeed produced ſome viſible Effect, but not enough to have ſaved Don *Jayme*, but for ſome unexpected News that came; which breaking all the Meaſures of Don *Lewis*, diſcover'd, reſtor'd and pacifi'd all Things. This was begun by an Expreſs the Queen had diſpatch'd to Don *Lewis*, and which arriv'd at *Sevil* the ſecond Day of this Proceſs. The Queen, by this Courier, acquainted him with the ſurrender of the City of *Granada*; and gave him Orders, to cauſe *Daraxa* to ſet forwards immediately, and to accompany her himſelf: becauſe her Father, who extreamly wiſh'd to ſee her, had deſir'd to turn *Chriſtian*, he and all his Family; and 'twas hop'd ſhe might be moved, by that Example, to embrace *Chriſtianity* likewiſe. There came alſo Letters for

Daraxa,

Daraxa, one from the Queen, and the reſt from her Father, and other Relations: But Don *Lewis*, following the Dictates of his refin'd Politicks, was unwilling to leave unfiniſh'd this darling Proſecution, now he had brought it ſo fairly forward; and that he hoped to ſee it compleated the very next day, by obtaining a Sentence of Death againſt the Priſoner; as indeed he did: He therefore judg'd it moſt proper not to deliver theſe Letters to the *Mooriſh* Lady; nor to ſay any thing at all to her concerning this great News; nor let her know of the Courier; but hide all from her, leſt in her Impatience of returning to her Parents, ſhe ſhould conſtrain him to be going before he had finiſh'd his fine Piece of Juſtice. He therefore redoubled his Efforts, his Diligence and Solicitations, the reſt of that Day; and in fine, he follow'd it ſo cloſe, that the next Day, about Eleven in the Forenoon, Don *Jayme* was condemn'd to have his Head cut off, and Orders were at the ſame time given for the Execution; which was to be done upon the fourth Day from the Sentence. Don *Alonſo*, who had a very early Account of this unjuſt Judgment, ſent word of it forthwith to the two Ladies; but he alſo let them know, that he had already above Three hundred Men in a readineſs for Action, and that he and his Friends would all periſh, rather than ſuffer ſuch an Injuſtice. Such Promiſes, how well ſo ever meant, yet having twice already fail'd, were not of Force ſufficient to revive the languid Spirits of the deſolate *Daraxa*. She was under an inconceivable Affliction. She went to Don *Lewis*, who was but juſt come from the Palace, where he had been all the Morning; and talk'd to him at ſuch a rate with ſo much Haughtineſs, and ſuch extraordinary Tranſports, that ſhe no longer ſeem'd to be the ſame Perſon. She told him, ſhe would Poniard him with her own Hand, but that ſhe was aſſur'd

there

there were thoſe among her Relations, who could and would acquit themſelves of it much better than ſhe could do. She added, that it was her Lover and her Husband whom he had thus purſued to Death, and not the Gallant of his Daughter; for whom, a Man of his Sort and his Quality was by no means made. That he was a Kinſman to the King of *Granada*; whoſe Blood, notwithſtanding the War, could not be ſhed upon a Scaffold with Impunity. That the Reparation for it would in a particular manner be exacted from him; becauſe he alone would be the Cauſe of his Death, as he already was of the cruel Sentence pronounc'd againſt him by unworthy and unjuſt Judges, he having done nothing that deſerv'd it. She went on yet farther, enlarging upon many Points; which, not to tire you, I omit. The amaz'd Don *Lewis* found himſelf ſtrangely embarraſs'd at the hearing of theſe Particulars, and ſo many Menaces. All ſhe told him, had been ſo remote from his Ideas and Conceptions of Things, that notwithſtanding the violent Tranſports wherein he ſaw her, which had a peculiar perſwaſive Language of their own, and plainly ſhew'd the Intereſt ſhe had in the Life of this Man; yet he ſcarce knew what to believe, nor what to reply, but ſtood like a Man ſtruck Speechleſs, and over-whelm'd with Reproaches and Confuſion. He began, however, at length to tell her, that the greateſt Fault was on her ſide, in not having ſooner told him of theſe Things, that he did not deny his having ſolicited againſt that Man; but then he was concern'd in Honour to do it, there having no Regard been had to him in the ſeeming Attempt upon his Daughter. *Daraxa* was going to interrupt him, to make him ſenſible that *Ozmin* had not at all contributed to the Exceſſes of *Donna Elvira*; but a Servant came and whiſper'd Don *Lewis*, that there was juſt now a great number of Perſons and Equipages come to the Gate, who were thought

to

to be *Moors*, and ask'd to ſpeak with *Daraxa*. Don *Lewis* appear'd thoughtful at this News, and humbly beſought the afflicted *Mooriſh* Lady to permit him to leave her for a Moment, and he would inſtantly return; but ſhe, whom the ſmalleſt Matter diſcompos'd in the agony of Soul wherein ſhe was, had preſently a ſtrong Curioſity to know what might be the Matter, not having been able to hear one Word of what the Servant had ſaid; ſo ſhe ran to the Window to ſee who it might be, whoſe inquiring for Don *Lewis* had made him ſeem ſo aſtoniſh'd; but ſhe her ſelf was yet more ſo, when ſhe ſaw they were *Moors*, with a great number of Horſes, and that the greateſt part of the Men ſeem'd to be People that belong'd to her Father. Her Joy was already ſo great at the firſt bare Apprehenſion of it, that her Heart paſſing too ſwiftly from one Extremity to another, ſhe had ſcarce Strength to bear it, and was juſt ready to ſink into a Trance; and this Surpriſe ſtill encreas'd upon her, when ſhe ſaw enter the Room, where ſhe was, an Officer of her Father's, whom Don *Lewis* himſelf came and preſented to her. This Officer, after having firſt paid her the Reſpect and Duty owing to her Quality, acquainted her that the War was now at an end, the City of *Granada* being taken; and that her Father, having obtain'd their Catholick Majeſties Permiſſion for her Return, had ſent her an Equipage and Attendance fit for her illuſtrious Birth; adding, that he preſum'd ſhe was already inſtructed in all theſe Particulars, by the Courier whom the Queen had ſent Expreſs to her, and who had Orders to give her ſeveral Letters. But theſe Letters had been till now detain'd from her by Don *Lewis*; who, being no longer able to avoid giving them up to her, did it with much Confuſion, and many Bluſhes, and the beſt Excuſes he could frame. She was ſo poſſeſs'd with Grief, not ſo much for the Condition of her Country, as the fatal

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Extremity wherein her Lover was plung'd; and at the ſame time ſo agitated, by the returning Hopes of better Fortune that was derived to her, by the good Omen of the unexpected Arrival of all theſe Domeſticks belonging to her Father, that ſhe had not Power to make any Reply to this Officer, and her Eyes appear'd all ſwell'd with guſhing Tears. Don *Lewis* perceiving it, preſently withdrew, as did the Officer likewiſe, out of Reſpect and Duty. She ſent away preſently for *Orviedo*, who continued at Don *Alonſo*'s, and who was wrap'd with Joy at the Sight of all theſe Country-men, old Friends and Comrades of his, who could never have come more opportunely than now they did, being juſt at the Eve of an Enterpriſe, to which Don *Alonſo* was preparing himſelf, in favour of *Ozmin*; and wherein *Orviedo* made no doubt, but that theſe New-Comers would ſo heartily aſſiſt, and diſcharge their Duty, with ſo much Fervour and Fidelity, as to be rather an Example to others, than be in any Point deficient. *Daraxa* order'd *Orviedo* to go preſently after Dinner, taking with him the Officer who was thus newly come from her Father, and deſire a publick Audience of the Judges; and to acquaint Don *Alonſo* with it, who then began to be a little better; and to tell him, that ſhe believ'd him to be ſo much a Friend, both to her ſelf and to the Priſoner, as that ſhe might hope from him, that he would willingly accompany her upon ſuch an Occaſion, wherein ſhe preferr'd him before Don *Lewis*; of whom, as he might gueſs, ſhe ſhould be far enough from accepting or permitting any Service. But as ſhe well knew the infirm State of his unſettled Health and Strength, ſhe earneſtly entreated him not to incommode himſelf, but to ſend only ſome of his Friends. The Judges were but juſt aſſembled, when *Orviedo* and the Officer arrived at their uſual Place of Meeting; and they were met to come to ſome Reſolution, upon the ſeveral Advices

they

they had received of the Deſign of Don *Alonſo*; whoſe Houſe, as they were well inform'd, was continually more and more filling with Cavaliers, that came from the Country all round about, for 10 or 12 Leagues in extent; ſo that the Judges were already almoſt reſolv'd, for prevention of ſuch a Violence, to cauſe the Priſoner to be executed that very Night in Private. They were at firſt ſurpriz'd at this Requeſt; but having conſider'd and debated the Matter a little, they concluded it could only be in Favour of the Priſoner, and for the ſake of her Friend *Donna Elvira*, whoſe Intrigue with Don *Jayme* had been the publick Talk; and that it was for that Cauſe, that Don *Lewis* had taken ſo much Pains to further this Proſecution. It was an intire Novelty, a Thing till then unknown, for a Woman to come in Ceremony to an Audience, and to ſpeak in Publick to them. They were a while much divided in their Opinions, whether to grant the Audience deſir'd, or not. Many of them, chiefly the old Gray-beards, were for excuſing themſelves from granting it; nevertheleſs, at laſt the Curioſity to ſee her, and to know what the Thing might be, together with the Conſideration univerſally had for her Perſon, Quality and Merits, and the Eſteem the *Queen* was known to have for her, prevailing with them; it was, upon the Queſtion, carried by a good Majority, that Audience ſhould be granted her; and Six a Clock the ſame Evening was appointed for it. As for Don *Alonſo*, he was extreamly charm'd at the Honour done him by his Miſtreſs; and had he been twice as bad, as he really was, he would not have fail'd, in one manner or other, to have render'd her this little piece of Service, wherein he thought his own Concern and Intereſt had exceeded hers. He was of the ſame Opinion in this Point with the general Vogue; believing that ſhe would not have made this Step, but in conſideration of her Friendſhip for *Donna Elvira*;

vira; and he prais'd the Action as exceeding generous. *Orviedo*, who had no Direction as yet to open the Myſtery to him, let him alone in his Error, and went away to give Orders for the reſt of the Matters, that all Things might be ready againſt 5 or 6 a Clock. Don *Alonſo* had no need to ſeek very far for the Friends he had a mind to employ in this *Cavalcade*, they were for the moſt part lodg'd in his own Houſe; and he had no ſooner told them the Deſire of the lovely *Moor*, but they all ſtrove who ſhould get ready ſooneſt to do her Honour and Service, and have the richeſt and nobleſt Equipage and Furniture, as if in a Feaſt of Turnament. Don *Alonſo* aſſiſted many of them in it, who were not rich enough to do it of themſelves; and it might well be ſaid, that for ſo little time as they had to prepare themſelves, they could ſcarce have appear'd more ſplendid and magnificent than they did. They were about 200 Gentlemen on Horſeback, attended by a numerous Retinue, but on Foot. Don *Lewis*, who had notice of *Daraxa*'s Deſign from ſome of the Judges that were his particular Friends, offer'd his Service to Accompany her: But ſhe return'd him Thanks; telling him, She would by no means give him the Diſpleaſure of ſeeing her ſollicit for the Life of a Man, whoſe Death he had endeavour'd with ſo much Induſtry. Don *Lewis* was much mortified at this Refuſal, and to find himſelf ſo often reproach'd upon this Subject; but what touch'd him moſt nearly, and of which he had not met with the leaſt Intimation, was, to ſee ſo great a number of Gentlemen at his Gate, who were come to attend upon *Daraxa* on this Occaſion, and Don *Alonſo* at the Head of them, inexpreſſibly magnificent. Moſt certainly, had there been time for it, and he could have been ſtrong enough to have broke this Deſign, he would have left no Stone unturn'd, to have render'd it uſeleſs; but there was now no room to form any Obſtacle. He ſaw himſelf ſurpriz'd, and

unable to ſtem it; and it was ſo much the more bitter and unſupportable to him, becauſe *Daraxa*, in excluſion of him, had made choice of the very Man of whom he moſt complain'd, and was the moſt averſe and oppoſite to him. She went out, taking little notice of all the Vexations that were ſo viſibly painted in his Face, tho' he did his utmoſt to conceal them. She was mightily ſurpris'd at ſo great and gallant an Appearance of Men of Quality; not being able to comprehend how Don *Alonſo* could amaſs together ſo great a number in ſo ſhort a time. He and all the principal of the Troop were alighted to compliment her, and to aſſiſt her to mount her Horſe, tho' he knew well enough ſhe ſtood in no need of any ſuch Help. She receiv'd him, and the reſt of the Gentlemen, with a moſt charming Gracefulneſs; and made an Effort to expreſs ſome Air of Joy, as flowing from the Pleaſure that ſhe, indeed, took in their kind and reſpectful Appearance; but ſtill there was an Impreſſion of deep Grief, and a ſettled Sorrow, viſible in her Face, that was the Obſervation and Surpriſe of all the Company. She expreſs'd to Don *Alonſo*, the lively Sence ſhe had of his extream Civilities; acknowledging, ſhe was moſt ſenſibly oblig'd by them, and aſſuring him they ſhould never be forgot. She perceiv'd him to be ſtill ſo pale and ſo weak, that ſhe very much pity'd him; and told him, That tho' ſhe had a great deal of Joy in ſeeing him, yet ſhe could have wiſh'd moſt heartily, in Friendſhip to him, that he had ſpar'd himſelf ſo much Pains and Danger. Don *Alonſo* forgot nothing that a Man in Love, and full of lively Sence and noble Thoughts, could moſt obligingly reply, and even moſt paſſionately upon ſuch an Occaſion; telling her, he was quite unable to expreſs, how very ſenſible he was of the Honour ſhe had done him, in being willing to accept of himſelf and his Friends to accompany her in the Action ſhe was going upon; which was, indeed,

deed, an Act of a real Heroine. The Compliments being over, ſhe mounted her Horſe with her uſual Grace, and the *Cavalcade* began to defile by the *Moors*, who were 40 in Number, all well equipp'd, and excellently mounted, having *Orviedo* and the New-come Officer at their Head. After them came *Daraxa* in the middle, between Don *Alonſo* and Don *Diego de Caſtro*, who had alſo been one of her Lovers, and was the intimate Friend of the Firſt. All the Nobility follow'd next in very good Order, and ſix in each Rank. Tho' this Deſign had been fix'd upon with precipitation enough, and had been carried on very ſilently, yet the Rumour of it had ſpread thro' the City, and had gather'd the People in Crowds, both to ſee the beautious *Moor* paſs along with ſo illuſtrious and numerous a Body, and likewiſe to know what ſhould be her Buſineſs at the Palace; ſo that the Streets were ſo throng'd, there was ſcarce any paſſing, the People being untir'd with beholding, praiſing and admiring her. She was dreſs'd in a moſt extraordinary becoming manner; having that Day put on a *Mooriſh* Attire; but ſo rich, and ſo magnificent, as hardly could be equall'd. Her Father had ſent it her ſome little time before, and ſhe had deferr'd wearing it till the Return of the Court; but this Occaſion was too important to be in that, or any thing, neglected. But what moſt charm'd and ſurpriz'd, was her graceful ſitting, riding and managing her Horſe; a thing rare in *Spain* for a Woman. At laſt the *Cavalcade* arriv'd at the Square before the Palace, where all this Cavalry form'd it ſelf into one great Squadron round about her, as a Guard of Honour, till the Judges ſhould ſend to receive her; which was done by two of the principal Cryers, or Uſhers, without the Palace-Gate, and they conducted her to the Door of the firſt Hall, where ſhe was receiv'd by two of the Judges, who did her all the Honours that could have

been done to a Princeſs, and ſhe was led after the ſame manner to her Audience. All thoſe Officers, and other young Nobles, who had alighted from their Horſes as ſhe diſmounted from hers, follow'd her, and enter'd alſo into the Hall, to the great Aſtoniſhment of the Judges, who underſtood not the meaning on't, and many of them grew very uneaſy at it. They had ſet her a great Arm'd-Chair with a Cuſhion, and ſpread a Carpet of Tapeſtry for a Foot-cloth. But the whole Aſſembly was ſurpriz'd and charm'd at the Free and Majeſtick Air wherewith ſhe enter'd the Hall, and ſeated her ſelf in her Chair. Being ſeated, after ſome Moments of Silence, ſhe firſt beheld all the Judges with great Earneſtneſs and fix'd Attention; and then with a loud, clear, diſtinct Voice, that was naturally harmonious, ſhe thus Harangu'd them:

"It is ſo little Cuſtomary, my Lords, to ſee a "Perſon of my Sex appear before ſuch an Aſſembly "as yours, that you will not doubt, but it muſt be "ſome very important Cauſe that brings me hither. "I know the Rules preſcrib'd us by Decency and "Modeſty, and I ſhould not deviate or vary from "them, if Time and Place had permitted me to make "uſe of the uſual and ordinary Means; but there are "Occaſions and Seaſons, wherein the beſt and juſteſt "Rule is that of obſerving none at all. I am come "hither, my Lords, to implore your Juſtice, againſt "your Juſtice it ſelf, and to put your Equity upon "correcting a Sentence of Death, that you have "paſs'd upon a Man who hath committed no other "Crime but that of defending his Life againſt Aſ"ſaſſins, who attempted to raviſh it from him. I "ſpeak not this, my Lords, from the Reports of "others: I acquaint you with what my Eyes ſaw, "and what was alſo, and equally, ſeen by the Eyes "of the Daughter of Don *Lewis*, his mortal Enemy.

"This

" This cannot be call'd puniſhing Crimes, but au-
" thorizing them, and making the Innocent ſuffer
" the Pains of the Guilty. Your Sentence condemns
" the Lives of all the Honeſt, and gives them up for
" a Prey to Murderers; and there is not one Judge
" of all thoſe that pronounc'd it, who cannot find
" himſelf equally diſpos'd and inclin'd to the very
" ſame Fault; ſince it is certain, that there is not
" one among them, who ſeeing himſelf attack'd,
" and in danger to loſe his Life, would not uſe his
" utmoſt Efforts to prevent his Enemy, and even to
" kill him, if he could not otherwiſe preſerve himſelf.
" But what need can there be of ſo many Arguments
" for the Proof of a Law ſo wholly natural, and of
" which you are already better perſwaded than I
" am? The Queſtion is, concerning the Matter of
" Fact, whether it be as I have ſtated it? It is ſo
" eaſy to prove it, that I much doubt, whether any
" Shadow of an Evidence can be brought in Contra-
" diction to it. We were not alone, my Lords,
" *Donna Elvira* and *I*; we had alſo with us two of
" our Women, who may likewiſe be examin'd, and
" who are ready to declare the Truth as well as we.
" What Wrong, my Lords, was done by two Gentle-
" men, to two infamous Peaſants, in being with us,
" that they ſhould come in ſight of Don *Lewis*'s
" Houſe, and attempt to brain them with Clubs that
" they were arm'd withal? Well, but they ſay now,
" 'twas a miſtake of the Bailiff's Son. Does that mi-
" ſtake make this Aſſaſſination leſs Violent, and leſs
" Cruel and Outrageous, to be us'd towards People
" of Quality? But the ſecond Attack, in which this
" furious Son of the Bailiff was the Head, that can-
" not poſſibly paſs for a Miſtake, but is a downright
" formal Aſſaſſination, and inexcuſably ſo, ſince they
" came ſuperior in Number, and arm'd with huge
" drawn Swords, and fell upon two Men that had
" only Staves. Where then, my Lords, is the Crime

" of the Perſons attack'd, unleſs it be in not letting
" themſelves be kill'd and aſſaſſinated by theſe new
" Villains, or by the whole Rabble of the Town,
" who took up Arms againſt two Gentlemen that
" had not done them the leaſt Wrong, nor ſpoke
" one Word to them. I will, my Lords, ſpare you
" the Trouble of enlarging my Diſcourſe, which
" how juſt ſoever, and tho' it contain nothing but
" what is True, Clear, and Evident, yet cannot,
" from the Nature of it, but be Tedious and Trouble-
" ſome to you. I will alſo ſpare ſome, not ſo much
" as naming them, whoſe Paſſions have made a lit-
" tle too much Noiſe upon this Occaſion; but I
" ought not to leave you in the Dark, as to what
" obliges me to Intereſt my ſelf ſo much in the Life
" of him for whom I intercede. He is a near Kinſ-
" man to King *Mahomet*, deſcended from the Kings
" of *Granada*; 'tis the Brave *Ozmin*, my Lords, and
" no Don *Jayme*. His real Name, *Ozmin*, is well
" known among your Troops, and ſufficiently Illu-
" ſtrious after ſo many Actions worthy of Glory.
" This is the Man that kill'd the two Bulls on the Day
" of the Courſes, and ſav'd the Life of the generous
" Don *Alonſo*. But to ſay yet ſomething more, at
" leaſt, with regard to me, he is my Husband, if I
" may be permitted to give that Name to a Man
" with whom I am engag'd by Promiſe and in Ho-
" nour; and that by the mutual Commands of our
" Parents. It is now, my Lords, on your Parts to
" conſider what you have to do, with regard to a
" Perſon of his Worth and Dignity, whoſe Life is
" not of ſo little Moment, as to be cheaply thrown
" away, to be raſhly condemn'd, and to be put to
" Death in the ſame ſlight Manner, as might be done
" to a Man of no ſort of Conſequence.

She had no ſooner made an end of Speaking, but there was a Noiſe throughout the Hall, that very much

much ſtartled and frighted the Judges; every body crying out, That the Priſoner ought to be diſcharg'd, and that his Uſage had been highly unjuſt. The Judges replied, in a few Words, to the beautiful *Mooriſh* Lady, That 'twas very poſſible they might have been miſinform'd in this Affair, and that it was no Fault of theirs that they were kept ignorant of the Rank and Quality of this Gentleman; that they would review the whole Matter, and would give her their Anſwer that very ſame Day. But the whole Aſſembly cri'd out again, That the Priſoner was Innocent, and ought to be ſet at Liberty, threatening otherwiſe to break open the Priſon-Doors, and take him thence by Force. To which the Judges calmly repli'd, That after Judgment, the Matter depended no more upon them. That to make Uſe of Force and Violence to free the Priſoner, would be an Affront to the Majeſty of their Princes, and an Injury to Juſtice, which they were entruſted with, and oblig'd to maintain. That all they could do on their parts, was to ſuſpend Execution till their Majeſties were pleas'd to give their Orders in it. *Daraxa* then deſir'd Permiſſion to viſit the Priſoner; and it was granted her, provided that no more than four Perſons ſhould enter the Priſon with her, and that ſhe would engage that no Diſorder ſhould happen there, nor no Violence be us'd; all which ſhe promis'd. And thus every body was quiet and eaſy, and the People, who but three Days before had demanded the Death of this Man, were ready to make publick Demonſtrations of their Joy becauſe his Life was ſpar'd. The *Cavalcade* march'd in the ſame Order to the Priſon. *Daraxa* named Don *Alonſo*, Don *Diego de Caſtro*, and *Orviedo*, with the *Mooriſh* Officer, to go in with her. As this great number of Cavaliers, and ſuch a vaſt throng of People, made a mighty Noiſe and Buſtle in the Streets, *Ozmin* heard it, and was ſurpriz'd at it, not being able to gueſs what ſhould be the Matter. But he was

much more agreeably ſupriz'd when he ſaw his lovely *Daraxa* entering his Chamber with Don *Alonſo*. This Surpriſe, nevertheleſs, how great and how agreeable ſoever, quickly gave Place to the Emotions of Joy that ſeiz'd him; and above all, when he knew what had brought them to him, and what had been juſt done for him by his dearly belov'd Spouſe or Miſtreſs. She was ſo pleas'd and eaſy in her Mind, and her Heart was in ſuch a Rapture at the ſight of him, that ſhe could not expreſs her Sentiment but by her Eyes; and ſhe was a conſiderable time without having Power to ſpeak to him. Don *Alonſo* embraced *Ozmin* with great Tranſports of Tenderneſs; but in the midſt of them, he intermingl'd kind Reproaches for his want of an intire Confidence in him, threatning him to revenge it, by continuing to be in Love with the charming *Daraxa* for the whole remainder of his Life. This drew obliging Careſſes on him from both of them; and *Daraxa* aſſur'd him, That, next after *Ozmin*, he ſhould always poſſeſs a chief Part in her Eſteem: While *Ozmin* declar'd, That he could never ceaſe to Love, Honour, Value, and Embrace, with his whole Heart, a Gentleman to whoſe Exceſs of Nobleneſs he had ſo many and ſo great Obligations. Don *Alonſo* made obliging Returns to both, aſſuring them of his immutable Friendſhip, and his utmoſt Services upon all Occaſions. He preſented Don *Diego de Caſtro* to *Ozmin*, as a Cavalier of a diſtinguiſh'd Birth and Merit, and his particular Friend: But, at laſt, paſſing from theſe mutual, tender, and hearty Endeavours, to the Conſideration of their preſent Caſe, and what moſt immediately preſs'd, which was to ſee what could be done to terminate this grand Affair with the greateſt Speed. It was reſolv'd to diſpatch away *Orviedo* that very Night for *Granada*, with Letters both to *Ozmin*'s and *Daraxa*'s Friends and Relations, to intercede inſtantly and ſtrenuouſly with their *Catholick Majeſties*, to obtain

their

their Pardon for *Ozmin:* For the equally amorous and beautiful *Daraxa*, how earneſtly ſoever both the Queen and her Father had preſs'd her, in their Letters, to haſten her Journey to *Granada*, ſhe was not able to think of it without the Company of her belov'd *Ozmin*. *Orviedo* made ſuch Diſpatch, that he came back the third Day with *Ozmin*'s Pardon; and an Order from their *Majeſties* to the Magiſtrates of the City, to do him all the Honours due to his Birth and Merit. And thus he left that Priſon with as much Glory and Joy, as he was thruſt into it with Shame and Sorrow. *Daraxa* went her ſelf to fetch him out of Priſon with a like Equipage, Train and Attendants, but far more Numerous, Rich, Gay and Magnificent, as having had more time to prepare for't. Even Don *Rodrigo* himſelf would needs make one at it, and made himſelf remarkable by his Magnificence, and by his earneſt Compliments of Joy to *Daraxa* for the good Succeſs of this Affair. 'Tis true, indeed, that in ſpite of all his Father's Rage, and notwithſtanding his Concern in reſpect of his Siſter, yet he always comported himſelf with a great deal of Diſcretion and Moderation, and expreſs'd himſelf upon ſeveral Occaſions, that he diſapprov'd the Conduct of his Father, and would have ſolicited againſt him, had he dar'd to do it. And, indeed, he acquitted himſelf towards *Ozmin*, when he ſaw him, in a very handſome, frank and obliging Manner, without entring upon what concern'd his Father, neither to excuſe nor condemn him. As for the fierce Don *Lewis*'s Reſentment, it abated but little for all the Diſcoveries, occaſion'd by this Affair, of the Birth of *Ozmin*, and the Engagements between him and *Daraxa*, and that he had never made any Pretentions to his Daughter. He continu'd of Opinion, that the Honour of his Family muſt have ſuffer'd by the Noiſe and Talk that had been made; and that *Ozmin*, tho' otherwiſe not much to blame, yet was guilty enough, as to him, in being

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the Object of his Daughter's Extravagancies; but what he could never Pardon him, and was a more ſenſible Wound to him than all the reſt, was, to have taken him for a Tool; he, who thought himſelf the leaſt capable of being impos'd upon in thoſe ſort of Intrigues; and he was mortally afraid of being ralli'd at Court upon this Account, and turn'd into Ridicule. So that not only he would not go and pay his Reſpects and Compliments to *Ozmin*, as did all the reſt of the young Cavaliers, and grave Lords, in and about *Sevil*; but he even excus'd himſelf from accompanying *Daraxa* to *Granada*, under pretence of a feign'd Indiſpoſition, and therefore appear'd no more in *Sevil* till after ſhe was gone. Poor *Donna Elvira* was very unfortunate indeed, for ſhe had all the ill Humours of her Father to contend with, who laid the whole Blame upon her; but ſhe had other and more raging Ills to contend with, and ſuffer by, as thoſe of Jealouſy, and mortal Regret of her Infatuation and Blindneſs, and to have been made a Tool and a Property of by two Perſons ſo very dear to her; tho' in truth ſhe had more cauſe to complain of her ſelf than them. She did not long ſurvive thoſe Troubles; but to the laſt Moment of her Life ſhe could never forget, nor ceaſe to love, her dear Don *Jayme*, as ſhe intimated to him, by a Ring ſhe ſent him to *Granada*, ſome few Days before ſhe died. All the ill Humours of Don *Lewis*, and Jealouſy of his Daughter, did not hinder the making of extraordinary Rejoycings at *Sevil* for the Liberty of *Ozmin*, and chiefly at Don *Alonſo*'s, where he continu'd to lodge, and where he would needs ſtay one Day longer, as well not to refuſe his Friend's Requeſt of it, as alſo to have ſo much Time to return his Thanks to all thoſe honeſt Gentlemen of the late Cavalcade, of whom there was not one to whom he did not make ſome Preſent before he went away; having employ'd in thoſe Gratifications, as far as to 20000 Franks. Many

of

of the Gentlemen would needs accompany him to *Granada*, to aſſiſt at his Nuptials; and, among others, Don *Alonſo* and Don *Diego de Caſtro:* They were celebrated in ſpite of the Noiſe and Tumults of War, (not very conſiſtent with Feaſting and Rejoycing) with ſo great Splendor and Magnificence, that ſcarce has there been any thing of that kind more Noble and Splendid. Their *Catholick Majeſties* honour'd them with their Preſence almoſt continually. There was Tilts and Turnaments, and Bull-Feaſts, wherein as well *Moors* as *Chriſtians*, of the one and the other Court, made their Valour and Addreſs appear. And in fine, having receiv'd Baptiſm, they and their Parents, Relations and Families, they are ſince become one of the moſt Populous, Flouriſhing and Illuſtrious Houſes in the whole *Spaniſh* Monarchy.

This Story was no ſooner ended, but we ſaw the Steeples of *Cazalla*. The Time nor Way had been tedious to any body; every one after his manner return'd Thanks to the honeſt Gentleman that had beſtow'd this Entertainment upon us; and there was not one of us, who did not ſignify to him the particular Satisfaction he had receiv'd by ſo delightful a Relation. The good Fathers, and the other Gentlemen, reaſon'd a little more upon all theſe different Events, like Men that underſtood themſelves well, and knew the World. As for the *Muleteer*, who knew but little of thoſe Matters, and did not trouble himſelf much about them, he was for another ſort of reaſoning with me. He had, as I ſaid, kept a profound Silence ever ſince our laſt Adventures, but when he ſaw we were at the Gates of *Cazalla*, and were about to part, his Tongue began to get looſe, to ask me for ſome Money for my Journey, and for two fair Meals we had made at the laſt Inn, which he computed at three Crowns. This was quite another ſort of Story for me. He would have been a rare Fellow, if he could

could have made me pay them, for I was far enough from being Maſter of ſo much Money. We were juſt ready to fall to Fiſty-Cuffs about it, and I had already provided my ſelf with two Flints to make up for the Weakneſs of my Arms: But theſe Gentlemen and good Fathers, who piti'd me, interpoſing their Authority, made him hearken to Reaſon; and as it was not juſt I ſhould be compell'd to pay for my Riding, which he had freely profer'd of his own accord, and without my deſiring; ſo they only condemn'd me to reimburſe him the Expence of my Shot for the Mule's Provender, and to give him ſomething more for the keeping of his *Mule* that Night, and this almoſt quite drein'd my poor Purſe, there now remaining ſcarce enough to make one good Meal, and have one good Night's Lodging, which I went to ſeek as far as I could from this *Muleteer*, who underſtood Inns ſo providently well, and had to do with ſo good Cooks, and ſuch honeſt People.

THE

THE LIFE and ACTIONS Of the Famous *SPANISH ROGUE* Guzman d'Alfarache.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Guzman, *in his way from* Cazalla *to* Madrid, *ſpeaks of the bad State and Condition of a miſerable Man; and thence takes Occaſion to Diſcourſe gravely on the Conſequences of Want, Shame, Caſtles in the Air, and the like: And at laſt, tells how he came to ſerve an Innkeeper, with the wicked Diſpoſitions of that ſort of People.*

THOU ſee'ſt me, Reader, at length at *Cazalla*, Twelve Leagues from *Sevil*, upon a Monday Morning, with my Purſe pennileſs, and Condition remedileſs, after having been accus'd for a Thief, as a ſort of Prophecy of what I ſhould be one Day. The Firſt Day I ſet forth

forth, I ſuffer'd enough; the Second yet more, becauſe my Troubles encreas'd, and one Miſchief came upon the Neck of another. I had not long ſince Money in my Pocket, and Meat to put in my Belly; but now 'tis quite another Caſe, for now I have neither Money nor Meat. Any thing may be born, when a Body has Bread to Eat; but when one has none, every Thing is intollerable. 'Tis good to have a Father, 'tis good to have a Mother, but above all 'tis good to have a good Belly-full. The Third Day of my Expedition I was in a manner quite dead, for I could think my ſelf like nothing more than a lean half-ſtarv'd Dog, at whom other Dogs barking, as is uſual, he turns about and gnaſhes his Teeth, but dares Bite none of them. So I, tho' I ſaw my ſelf ſurrounded with Misfortunes, durſt not Quarrel with any of them, tho' I ſuffer'd ſo much by them, ſo low was I brought. I was then truly ſenſible of the Value of the leaſt Piece of Money, for he that never wants, never knows how to prize his Happineſs. This, indeed, was the firſt time I had look'd the Heretick Neceſſity in the Face. I knew her before by her Character, but now had leiſure to conſider her better by her Effects. How many infamous Things does that frightful Figure expoſe us to? What terrible Apprehenſions does ſhe occaſion us? What baſe and unlawful Actions make us attempt, and ſometimes even ſuch as are impracticable? On the other hand, I ſufficiently experienc'd, that Nature was to be contented with little; yet, tho' ſhe diſpences never ſo much, how few are ſatisfy'd with their Lot? Every Body is poor, becauſe every Body complains that they have not what they deſire. O unhappy *Epicure!* who conſum'ſt thy Wealth ſo laviſhly! What a Fool art thou to complain that thou ſpend'ſt ſo many Thouſand *Ducats*, when thou at the ſame time own'ſt that thou eat'ſt? Complain rather, that thou haſt had ſo many *Ducats*

to

to ſpend, and employ'd them ſo ill, and not that thou haſt eat them; for if thou eat'ſt, what Reaſon haſt thou to complain? Art thou more a Man than I, who am fat and luſty? And yet I feed upon nothing but rotten Lentils, dry Fitches, hard Grey Peas, and Mouſe-eaten Bisket. Wilt thou, or can'ſt thou, give me a Reaſon for all this? What I know of the Matter is, that if thou had'ſt been once reduc'd to Neceſſity, as I have been, thou would'ſt then know, that Hunger is the beſt Sauce. For my part, I wiſh no Man ill, and only lament my own Misfortunes. Neceſſity is not only the beſt Sauce to all Meats, but likewiſe the beſt Miſtreſs to all Trades. She is full of Invention, and makes Magpies, Jackdaws, Thruſhes, and Parrots to ſpeak. It was She alſo that made me ſenſible, that bad Fortune makes Men wiſe; for She ſeem'd to repreſent to me, as it were in a Mirrour, what was Paſt, Preſent, and to Come. I had hitherto been a Coxcomb, and the Condition of a Widow's Son well became me, that is, to be Well-fed and Ill-bred. There was a great deal to be amended in me, and the firſt Step towards it was the *Omelet* I met with, which made me ſenſible of ſome Folk's Dealings. I ſaw my ſelf immediately after, young and unexperienc'd as I was, embark'd in the main Ocean, without knowing where to land. The worſt was, that tho' I found I was thus embarraſs'd, I had no Body to ask Councel of, therefore was fain to reaſon with my ſelf. Poor Reaſoning, alas! which help'd but little towards bringing me out of my Troubles. I had reſolv'd to go no farther, becauſe I wanted wherewith, but then I wanted likewiſe wherewithal to return: Moreover, I thought it a Shame to go any more to *Sevil*, which I had left with ſo great Indignation. O Shame, thou fatal Poiſon of human Life! How many Inconveniencies have I known occaſion'd by thee? How many Maids have ceas'd to be ſo, through a Shame

of

of refuſing any thing, to ſuch as have been ſo kind as to make them Preſents? How many Mothers have prov'd Parricides on the ſame Account? How many Cullies and Coxcombs have been drawn into Bonds and Suretiſhips for others, and afterwards paid the Debt, to the Prejudice of their Wives and Children, meerly becauſe they were aſham'd to deny thoſe that ask'd them? How much Money has been lent and borrowed on the ſcore of Friendſhip, and yet both Money and Friend have been loſt at laſt? Nay, he that lent ſhall be oftentimes found to Want, and he that borrow'd never ſupply his Neceſſities; the Lender being aſham'd to ask, and the Borrower too much a Rogue to offer. The Lender has not the Courage to demand his own, becauſe he is reduced to a mean Condition; and the Borrower is ſo much exalted above his former Station, that he thinks it below him to look down even upon one that has oblig'd him. I would have thee to know, if thou doſt not know it already, that Shame is like the Web in a Weaver's Loom, where, if one Thread be broken, it all unravels, and muſt be begun again. In all Things that may do thee Harm, or turn to thy Diſadvantage, have nothing to do with Shame, but let the Threads break as often as they will. If there be any Inconvenience to undergo, by doing any thing that is ask'd of thee, it were better to fall on him that requires it of thee, than on thee that ow'ſt him nothing, and who art not oblig'd to take another's Crimes upon thee, to be recompenc'd with Ingratitude and Repentance. Remember, that Shame for refuſing, is the Shame of Sots. Shame is a Virtue in regard to thy ſelf, and a great Vice in regard to other People. Thou ought'ſt to have it for thy ſelf in this Reſpect, that thou do no ſhameful or diſhoneſt Act, nay, tho' no Body ſaw thee, nor knew of it; but as for others, what haſt thou to do with them? Free thy ſelf from Shame, at leaſt

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in Matters of the greateſt Conſequence, and do not keep it like a Dog chain'd behind the Door of thy Ignorance. Cut or ſlip the Collar, and let it get away from thee as faſt as it pleaſes. Do thou only be aſham'd, as I ſaid before, of what is Shameworthy. 'Twas this fooliſh Shame made me ſpoil ſo much Paper in relating the Follies of my Life, which I might nevertheleſs have comprehended in much leſs Compaſs; but I muſt now ride Poſt to come at Things of greater Conſequence, and ſo pray lend me your Attention.

I was mighty unwilling, as I've already told you, to return Home, and that without my Cloak, which People would be apt to think I had either pawn'd or ſold for Meat or Drink in ſome Inn. I was not leſs concern'd that I muſt ſtop, when I was in ſo fair a Way. A Point of Honour then ſeiz'd me, and I ſaid to my ſelf, What a Diſgrace will it be for me to return tamely Home after the Third Day, when I have ſet out with ſo much Reſolution. This Point of Honour is another fooliſh Thing; 'tis the Father of that ſilly Daughter I have juſt been ſpeaking of: Since it falls under my Hands, I muſt ſay ſomething of it too, and truly there's a great deal to be ſaid. 'Tis that which meddles with every Thing, and I have a mind to treat it as it deſerves. But hold, a little Patience I beſeech you, and do not run ſo much a-head. You may find another Opportunity for this, when you may give its Character at large, that People hereafter may not be deceiv'd by it.

I made it then a Point of Honour to proceed on my Expedition; and I ſaid to my ſelf, I ought to put Confidence in God, who never forſakes any Body. With this Pious Reflexion I ſet forward, and took the direct Road to *Madrid*, the ordinary Reſidence of our Kings, where was then a ſhining Court, and, above all, a young King newly married. All this muſt needs excite the Curioſity of ſuch a young Fel-

low as I was. I fancied every Body muſt be in love with, and ſtrive for me, ſince I was ſo well made, and had ſo good an Air. How many Inſtances could I give of the Simplicity of young Men, were it worth my while. There is a great deal of difference between what we may imagine it to be, and what it is in reality. 'Tis eaſy to form to our ſelves bright Idea's, but difficult to meet with any thing like them. I am conſidering what a Man is like, that has theſe fine Fancies in his Head. Why, he's like a young Child, who, riding a Cock-horſe on a Stick, thinks himſelf the fineſt mounted in the World. And then, to bring them to paſs, is like an old Bald-pated, Palſy-fiſted, Lame-legg'd Fellow, who leaning on two Crutches, attempts the Scaling a high Wall that is manfully defended. I have ſaid a great deal, but yet I know what I've ſaid to be true. At Night when all is dark, and our Heads are upon our Pillows, a great many Things come into them, which, like Fogs, vaniſh as ſoon as the Sun begins to appear. Thus, tho' I had had ſuch Fancies during my Sleep, as ſoon as I were well awake they left me, and I had nothing before my Eyes but a long and tedious Journey, which, for a Youth as I was, and almoſt ſtarv'd with Hunger, was not a ſmall Matter to undertake, or at leaſt to perform.

I am, nevertheleſs, once more ſet out with a ſhort Cane in my Hand inſtead of a Walking-Staff, for, me-thought, all the while I had this laſt, I had my Cloak on my Back. In Winter, a Cloak would be more welcome; but in Spring, a tough Oaken-Plant is as good. My Cloak, 'tis true, covers me, and does me more Honour; but my Plant fatigues me leſs, and bears me up in walking. I muſt do my beſt to comfort my ſelf whatever happens. Two Gentlemen chanc'd to paſs by, who, by their Looks, ſeem'd to be conſiderable Merchants. They were mounted on two Mules, which went the Grand-

Trot.

Trot. Good, ſaid I to my ſelf, there are two Gentlemen that I hope will defray my Charges. I call'd up my ſmall Courage, and had a great mind to follow them; but tho' they went only the ordinary Pace, they had like to out-ſtrip one that had not been us'd to Travel, and not eaten well in three Days. I muſt, however, beſtir my Stumps, out of the Hopes of a good Dinner. They were ſilent People, and ſaid little or nothing, which did not much pleaſe me. I took it for a Sign of Avarice, for there are ſome Folks who are Covetous, even of Words, when they think they can by ſpeaking do any Body a Kindneſs. An agreeable Converſation nouriſhes the Soul, keeps up the Spirits of wearied Travellers, extinguiſhes Grief, expels Care, ſhortens your Journey, lengthens Life, and, by a particular Excellence, places thoſe on Horſeback, who were before on Foot. I made my Party, however, ſo good, that notwithſtanding their obſtinate Silence, we arriv'd together at the Inn, about three Leagues from *Cazalla*, where we were to dine. I was more dead than living, yet, tir'd as I was, neglected not to do my Duty, for I immediately diſpos'd my ſelf to hold the Gentlemens Stirrups while they alighted, and to lead their Mules to the Stable; offering beſides, if they pleas'd, to carry their Portmantues to their Chambers; but whether my over-readineſs render'd me ſuſpected to them, or that they were naturally ſuſpicious, I no ſooner laid my Hands upon their Cloak-Bags, but one of them calls out to me, in an angry Tone, to let them alone. I obey'd, tho' with Regret, fearing that falſe Step might occaſion me the Loſs of my Dinner, and calling to mind, that Charity and Brutality never met together. However, I was reſolv'd not to deſpair, and conſequently follow'd them very humbly with my Hat in my Hand. They had brought their Dinner along with them, as the Cuſtom of *Spain* is, that is to ſay, a good *Gigot* of Mutton, a good Ham of

Bacon, with Bread, Wine, and whatever elſe was neceſſary. I had a great mind to wait on them at Table, and, the better to procure my ſelf that Liberty, offer'd to fill them out a Glaſs of Wine, if they pleas'd, and for that End was going to waſh the Glaſs, when he that had not yet ſpoken caſting an ill-natur'd Look at me, by which I gueſs'd he was not much better humour'd than his Companion, cried, No, No, let it alone, we have no manner of occaſion for your Service. O Traytors, quoth I to my ſelf, Enemies to God and Man! I find 'tis to little or no purpoſe for me to follow you. I had a mind, nevertheleſs, to ſee them eat, not knowing, but when their Bellies were full, they might be better humour'd, and give me a Bone or ſomething to pick, for at that time nothing would have come amiſs to me. They fed as they travell'd, without ſpeaking a Word, and without ſo much as caſting the leaſt Look on me. I however, on my part, devour'd them with my Eyes, but that would not fill my Belly. But when I ſaw them, to my great Diſappointment, put up what they had left in their Wallet, even to the ſmalleſt bit of Bread, I was ready to run diſtracted, and, I believe, ſhould have died on the Spot with meer Hunger, had I not ſeen a good Fryar, of the Order of St. *Francis*, juſt then enter the Room, who, tho' I could not expect much from him, was yet going to eat what he had, and, with whom, I thought I might in Charity partake. This Fryar came on Foot, and ſeem'd much tir'd, when pulling out what Proviſion he had, he laid it on the Table. It conſiſted of a good Loaf of Bread, and a tolerable Piece of Salt-Beef, which made me to jump. I had my Eyes on him all the while, when looking at me by chance, and perceiving what I wanted, (for my Looks ſpoke) he took his Loaf, and giving me half of it, ſaid aloud, If I had but this in the World, and knew not where to get any more, I would give thee thy Share of it, ſince I believe

lieve thou haſt occaſion for it: Eat, young Man, what thou wilt, and there's a good Piece of Beef for thee into the Bargain. O good God, ſaid I to my ſelf, what a Providence is this! When thoſe that could, would not aſſiſt me in this Extremity, a poor Begging-Fryar has ſpar'd me what is neceſſary out of his own Belly. 'Tis commonly ſeen, that thoſe who have the greateſt Plenty, are the moſt uncharitable and inſenſible to ſuch as want; whereas thoſe that are the leaſt in a Capacity, are the moſt ready to do Acts of Charity. Theſe two Merchant-like Gentlemen, whom I had follow'd on Foot above two Leagues, in Hopes they would take Pity on me, and to whom I had offer'd my Service in the civileſt manner imaginable, would nevertheleſs not hearken to my Neceſſities, tho' my Looks ſufficiently proclaim'd them, whereas this poor Fryar comprehended them at firſt Sight, and reliev'd me with Pleaſure, giving me half his Loaf, and half his Meat, when, perhaps, he had not more than enough for himſelf. What Difference is there between Man and Man! I was now pretty well repleniſh'd, Thanks be to God and that charitable Fryar. I thought my Fortune would have been made if he had gone the ſame Way with me; but, as ill Luck would have it, he went juſt the contrary, for he was going to *Sevil.* When he was upon the Point of departure, he put his Hand in his Wallet, and pull'd out another ſmall Loaf he had there, which, he ſaid, he would divide with me, that I might have my full Share of all he had; ſo praying to God to bleſs and aſſiſt me, he departed. I put up the half Loaf in my Pocket, and having pretty well refreſh'd my ſelf with this Repaſt, and a good Draught of Water, for the good Fryar had no better, or I had had it, I jogg'd on very contentedly on my Journey. I travell'd three Leagues farther, and came late at Night to an Inn, where I ſupp'd upon my Piece of Bread, having nothing elſe to eat, and finding no Body there to

give me any thing. It was a Place where the *Muleteers* lodg'd, ſome of whom came thither towards Night. The Hoſt allotted me a Lodging in the Hay-loft, whither I went very contentedly, becauſe I could not help my ſelf to a better. My Supper was, 'tis true, ſomewhat light, and any one will be apt to believe me when I Swear, I found my Stomach exceeding empty next Morning; nevertheleſs, reſuming Courage, I went forth to continue my Journey, but I was hardly out of Doors before the Dog of an Hoſt follow'd me for a Penny to pay for my Lodging. I had not a Sous, yet the Raſcal would have taken off my Coat, which was of good Cloth, had not one of the *Muleteers*, who chanc'd to paſs by, took pity on me, and paid the Penny for me. This done, the Villanous Hoſt look'd at me, and ask'd me if I would ſerve him. At another time I ſhould have taken that Queſtion for a groſs Affront, but now, indeed, it was altogether ſeaſonable. I conſider'd a while, and being prompted by Hunger to accept his Proffer, told him I would. Enter then into my Houſe, ſaid he, and know that I ſhall require no other Service of you, but to give out Oats and Hay to Paſſengers, and be ſure you keep a good Account of them. I promis'd I would, and ſo I was engag'd in his Service without further Trouble. I ſpent ſome Time in this worthy Employment, eating and drinking tolerably well for one in my Station, having little to do, for 'till Night came, when the *Muleteers* arriv'd, I had only Provender to give out to ſome accidental Paſſengers. 'Twas here I learn'd how to manage Oats to Advantage with hot Water, which made them encreaſe a Third: 'Twas here I underſtood falſe Meaſuring, by ſweeping the Corn off with my Hand, or thruſting my Arm up to the Elbow in it. 'Twas here, I ſay, I was taught to ſurvey the Mangers, and, if I were not well look'd after, to conjure away half the Corn. We had ſometimes

thoſe

thoſe ſort of Gentlemen came to our Houſe, who having nicely curl'd Whiskers, and no Servants, took little Care of what was done in the Stables, whereby I had an Opportunity to impoſe on them, and rob their poor Beaſts as much as I pleas'd; and which, indeed, my Maſter expected from me, whenever I had ſuch People to deal with. As ſoon as we ſaw ſuch Fools come, we paid them more than ordinary Reſpect, well knowing we ſhould eaſily be able to make our ſelves Amends. We took Care to put their Horſes in ſuch Places where they ſhould find neither Oats nor Hay, and were ſure the dumb Creatures could not find Tongues to diſcover our Fraud. If we gave them any Oats, it was juſt before they went away, and that ſcanty Meaſure too, and ſuch as the Poultry had left. All this was nothing to thoſe that took no Care of it; but when they came to pay, we ſhould be ſure to hear of it on both ſides our Ears. Taxes and Orders indeed were fix'd on the out-ſides of the Stable-Doors, but little or nothing was obſerv'd of them within. They were plac'd there only to ſignify that the Officers muſt be paid, and that was ſufficient to excuſe all Faults. As for the Quantity of Corn the Beaſts were to eat, that was a Thing regulated by Cuſtom; but then for the Expence of it, I always ask'd Money for twice as much as they had eat, pretending I had given them their full Meaſure, whereas they had not half of it, nevertheleſs with a *haga les buen Provecho, much good may it do them*, at the end of my Account, I never fail'd to get a few Pence for my ſelf. Some there were that would pay me what I demanded at firſt Word, altho' they knew my Bill to be unreaſonable; whereas others, that took themſelves to be more cunning, would needs have the Landlord call'd, that they might reckon with him; who, for fear of doing himſelf Wrong, always charg'd more than I had done, ſo that have they Money, or have they none, they muſt pay to the

laſt *Maravedis*, ſo arbitrary are an Inn-keeper's Demands, as well here, as in other Countries. 'Tis to no purpoſe to make a Noiſe, for they will be ſure to be favour'd by the Neighbouring Juſtices, or their Clerks, with whom they go Snacks. If it ſhould happen, as it ſometimes does, that a Gueſt diſputes his Reckoning, and refuſes to pay it, the Hoſt will be ſure to follow him with a ſort of *Hue* and *Cry*, and having taken him, pretend he would have fir'd his Houſe, raviſh'd his Wife or Daughter, or the like, of which he has always Witneſſes ready; ſo that if the poor Traveller eſcapes at laſt with paying double what was demanded of him, and begging his Landlord's Pardon to boot, he may eſteem himſelf more than ordinarily happy. In all Houſes, of this kind, there are certain neceſſary Animals, call'd Trap-Cuſtomers, who are ever at hand to recommend what you ſhall find little or nothing of when you come to try. Moreover, if you ever chance to leave any thing here, you may give it up for loſt, for you will be ſure never to hear of it again. How many Villanies, Rogueries, Extortions and Raſcalities, are committed in theſe Inns! Neither God nor Juſtice is fear'd there, and the greateſt Crimes for the moſt part go unpuniſh'd. One would think, by theſe Practices, the bare being an Hoſt entitled a Man to do what he pleas'd, and to uſe his Cuſtomers as he thought fit; but for my part, tho' I have been conſiderably Criminal my ſelf in this reſpect, I judge it high time to put an End to theſe Abuſes. Your Landlord, forſooth, becauſe he gives you Meat, Drink and Lodging for your Money, believes himſelf empower'd to deal by you as he ſees beſt for his Intereſt, without the leaſt Regard to Conſcience, or juſt Dealing. I ſay, theſe Abuſes ought to be reform'd, ſince they diſcourage Trade, and make People afraid to go about their lawful Buſineſs, for fear of being impos'd on by theſe worſe than Highwaymen, I mean,

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Raſcally Hoſts. I my ſelf have been an Eye-Witneſs of moſt of theſe Villanies I condemn, and if we were to be told, that ſuch Things happen'd in other Countries, and had not experienc'd them here, we ſhould be apt to diſtruſt the Truth of it, not being able to believe that any Nation could be ſo tame as to ſuffer them, or ſo barbarous as to act them; yet, here in *Spain*, we have daily Examples of this kind. I ſay, once more, that a thorough Reformation of theſe Things is what is moſt to be deſir'd for the Benefit of Travellers, tho' hardly ever to be expected. For my part, I don't ſpeak for my ſelf, I have but one Journey to make more after I get out of the Gallies, which, I truſt in God, I ſhall before it be long, and that is Home again from whence I firſt came, for 'tis the Devil of a Life I have undergone, and I have been ſufficiently puniſh'd for my Diſobedience to my Mother, in leaving her as I did.

CHAP. II.

Guzman *leaves his Hoſt, and goes a begging towards* Madrid, *where being arriv'd, he continues that Employment; and having learn'd other Arts, falls at laſt upon a Diſcourſe of Vain Honour.*

THIS Oſtler-like Life by no means ſuiting with a young Fellow of my Humour, I reſolv'd to quit it, and the rather, becauſe I look'd upon it as a diſhoneſt Calling, and what would not in the leaſt contribute towards my grand Deſigns. I, moreover, thought it a very mean Employment, as in truth it was, and would not for a thouſand Lives, that any One ſhould have ſeen and known me in it. Being upon

upon the High-Road, I ſaw every Day Perſons as young and as well deſerving as I go a begging, if they had no Money; which made me ſay to my ſelf, What a Devil do I ail, that I cannot have the Wit or Induſtry of theſe People? Am I a Chicken, that I ſhould want that Courage they ſeem to have! Hereupon I took Heart, and leaving my Maſter, went to ſeek my Fortune. The Money I had, 'tis true, was not much, but then I thought I got it honeſtly, and therefore it would thrive with me the better. It nevertheleſs did not laſt long, yet long enough to rid my Way a little; and when it was gone, I had nothing to do but to ſtretch out my Arm, open my Hand, and ſhrug up my Shoulders, with a *For the Love of God, Sir, &c.* This was worth me ſometimes a Penny, ſometimes a Half-penny, ſometimes only a *Gramercy*, and ſometimes nothing at all. With a Penny or Half-penny I could feed with a *Gaudeamus*; but with your *Gramercy* I could do nothing at all, for it ſerv'd me in little or no ſtead. It was a very uſeleſs ſort of Charity, yet there was ſomething to be ſaid for it, there being, at that time, a general Dearth throughout *Spain*. Of this, *Andaloaſia* had ſome Share, but which was nothing in reſpect of what was found in the Heart of the Kingdom, and in the Towns moſt remote from the Sea, which ſuffer'd extreamly. Then was the Saying verified, *Librete Dios de la Enfermedad que baxa de Caſtilla, y de Hambre que ſube del Andaluzia*; That is, *God deliver thee from the Plague that comes down from* Caſtile, *and from the Famine that goes up from* Andalouſia.

I profited ſo little by this new Trade, and the Learning of it coſt me ſo dear, that at length I reſolv'd to quit it in like manner as I had done the other. I was hereupon minded to make the beſt I could of the Clothes I had on my Back, and accordingly I ſold ſome, and pawn'd others as occaſion ſerv'd, beginning with ſuch as were of leaſt Uſe to me.

me. By theſe Means, I ſoon reduc'd my ſelf to a tatter'd Pair of Breeches, a black Shirt, and a Pair of Stockings with a thouſand Holes in them; in which Equipage I arriv'd at *Madrid*, and look'd more like a Slave newly come from the Gallies, than a Gentleman's Son of a good Family.

Being thus out of Repair, I could not hope to be employ'd in any Gentleman's Service, which was, nevertheleſs, the utmoſt of my Ambition. My Appearance was too bad to procure me that Fortune, and he muſt have been a bold Man that would have admitted me into his Houſe in this Condition. I had alſo ſomewhat of the Air of a Rogue, and no Body that ſaw me, but cried, See that Fellow there, who, to be ſure, wants only an Opportunity to put better Clothes upon his Back than he has now on. Thus deſpairing of any Employment, nay that of turning a Spit, I cried to my ſelf, What ſhall I do? and, at the ſame time, ſpying a Company of Beggars before me, who by their Miens ſeem'd to have far'd well, and to have liv'd without Trouble or Care, I reſolv'd to join my ſelf with them. I imagin'd I ſhould be well receiv'd by them, becauſe I were much of a Piece with them as to Habit; and then, as to Roguery, they could have no Reaſon to call my Abilities in Queſtion, ſince I look'd as much like a Knave as the worſt of them.

I did as I deſign'd, and it was well for me I left my Modeſty on the Road, for it would have been of no Service to me on this Occaſion. It would have been too heavy for a Foot-Traveller to lug along with him; and beſides, it would have been uſeleſs at *Madrid*, where True Modeſty lodges in the Suburbs, whilſt the Falſe only inhabits the City. For my part, Thanks to my Stars, I had neither the Shadow of one or t'other, and which I were not ſorry for, becauſe the True is troubleſome, and makes one do fooliſh Things, while the Falſe ſerves only to impoſe upon People,

ple, and render one more Impudent. I became ſo indeed, and began to grow wiſer than I was before. I look'd upon the Adventures of the *Omelet*, the good Supper the *Muleteer* had, and the Loſs of my Cloak, as ſo many Things that happen'd to me in my Prenticeſhip; I muſt now have other Thoughts, and ſince I am come to *Madrid*, muſt let People know I have ſeen the World, and that I have as much Wit in my Fingers, as in my Head. I had already made Acquaintance with certain Birds of Prey, true Cocks of the Game, whoſe Dexterity and Cunning were both to my Liking. I imitated their Example as much as I could, and follow'd them whereſoever they went; but as I did not well underſtand the Map of the Country, I could not trace them ſo nicely as I deſir'd. I nevertheleſs trod in their Steps as well as I was able, and went the ſame Rounds with them, by which Means I ſoon got a little Money. However, becauſe the Wind was not altogether favourable to me, I always went with my Plummet in my Hand, that I might know the Soundings. In the mean time, I fed as well as I could deſire, Prog was not wanting, and I had it rather three times a Day than once, but then I muſt give due Attendance, all Hours would not do, and I learn'd that the Gueſts were to wait on the Treaters, and not the Treaters on the Gueſts. We had our Times for Work, and our Times for Play. As I was young, and knew little of Gaming, tho' I had always Inclination enough to it, I had hitherto practiſed nothing but Cock-all, Marbles, Chuck-farthing, and the like; but at length becoming more bold, I ventur'd on All-Fours, One and Thirty, *Quinolas*, and *Primera*. In ſhort, I, in a little time, profited ſo much in this School, that I ſet up for an Artiſt, and attempted Games of greater Conſequence; and, in a Word, was ſo pleas'd with my Courſe of Life, that I would not have chang'd it for any my Anceſtors ever led. O what a fine Thing is

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it, ſaid I to my ſelf, to ſwim, and yet no Body hold up my Chin! The Life of a Beggar, is a Life for a Prince, abounding with variety of Pleaſure and Recreation. No Cares moleſt it, no Sorrows diſturb it; but it glides on in that ſmooth and eaſy manner, that no State on Earth can be more happy. What Fools were my Parents, continued I, to give themſelves ſo much Trouble to live unhappily! What Charges were they not at, what Plagues did they not undergo, to ſupport their Commerce and Credit? What Inconveniencies did they not ſuffer for the ſake of this Thing, call'd Honour? And yet, after all, what is this Honour more than a Mill-ſtone, to ſink him that has any thing to do with it? How many Perils is a Man ſubject to, that entertains and fears to loſe it? How wary muſt he be to take proper Means to preſerve it? Always upon his Guard, and ſeldom or never at Reſt; ever agitated with a thouſand different Motions. Theſe are the Rocks this Honour drives us upon; Theſe are the Thorns and Briars we muſt walk over. We muſt never think of Repoſe, but always be, like Rope-Dancers, with one Foot lifted up in the Air. But tell me, prithee, how comes it to paſs that my Honour depends on the Breath of a Slanderer, or the Hands of a Villain? Is it in my Power to make this Man ſilent, or that do as he ought? What Hell-born Fury firſt infus'd this Thing, call'd Honour, into the Heart of Man? I have always heard ſay, Honour was the Product of Virtue, and that the more Virtuous a Man was, the more Honour he had. If this be ſo, as you will be ready to own, then muſt a Man be depriv'd of his Virtue, before he can be ſo of his Honour; and it is impoſſible my Honour ſhould be taken from me, as long as my Virtue remains untouch'd. My Wife, according to the once ridiculous Opinion of *Spain*, might take away my Honour by loſing her own, for then 'twas thought, we Two being but one Fleſh,

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our Honours muſt likewiſe be one and the ſame. But this is now an exploded Notion, believ'd only by Sots and Fools, and from which the Men of Wit and Sence have been for ſome time reclaim'd. Happy then muſt that Man be, who knows not what this ſort of Honour is, and which is, indeed, the Bane of Life, depends on the Opinion of the Vulgar, and is oftentimes confer'd on a Raſcal or a mean Fellow, preferably to a Gentleman or an honeſt Man. You'l cry, perhaps, What ſignifies all this Preaching, when you are ſufficiently convinc'd of the validity of what is aſſerted? A very fine Gentleman truly! you cry; you are ſatisfied of this Truth, and yet you ſuffer your ſelf to be daily impos'd on by it, nay, adhere to it as Religiouſly, as if the Salvation of your Soul were concern'd in it. Why don't you rather make Honour conſiſt in cloathing the Naked, feeding the Hungry, and ſuch-like Works of Charity, which are truly Honourable, and your Duty; as likewiſe are many other Things that I ſhall omit, for fear of being thought too ſevere upon you? Can you think it an Honour, that you have abundance of Wine in your Cellar, and yet the poor Hoſpital wants it that is hard by you? Can you think it an Honour, that your Horſes and Mules are cover'd and adorn'd with rich Trappings, whilſt the Poor go daily half-ſtarv'd and naked by your Door? Can you, I ſay, take it for an Honour, to have your Wife ſplendidly Cloath'd, while your poor Creditors, perhaps, want Neceſſaries? Yet this is the Honour ſo much priz'd now-a-days, and whereof there are but too many Examples.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Guzman *goes on with his Diſcourſe againſt Vain Honour; and, at laſt, comes to ſpeak of Perſons in High Poſts, and their mean Extraction.*

I Was now young, 'tis true; but as I had naturally a Mind form'd for Reflexions, I did not neglect to make ſome that were reaſonable enough. I ſate ſometimes at the Corner of a Street two or three Hours together, with my Hat in my Hand, expecting that ſomebody would take Notice of me; but finding few regard me, I could not but reflect upon my Employment. Very well, quoth I to my ſelf, for a poor Sous I ſee thee, *Guzman*, become a Slave to all the World, and to be certain thou wilt be happy when thou happen'ſt to be ſo; but after all, conſider'd I, if I live at my Eaſe, and eſteem my ſelf Happy, what's all the reſt, nothing but Whimſy and Imagination. This ſame Gentleman that lies lolling in his Coach, does he ſleep better than I, feed heartier, enjoy his Health more, or paſs his Time with greater Satisfaction? Undoubtedly not. What is it then thou want'ſt, Dear *Guzman*? Whilſt I was thus reaſoning with my ſelf, one of my Comrades happen'd to paſs by, who, ſeeing me alone, would needs bear me Company; but I was ſo involv'd in Thought, tho' he was by me, I did not ſee him. Taking this occaſion to ſpeak to me, What means all this Doſing, cried he, for a Brother of the careleſs Tribe? Why, what's the Matter? anſwer'd I, like one that was but newly wak'd out of his Sleep: What are you dreaming of? purſued he; have you a Suit of Law to follow, or a Miſtreſs to Court, that you ſeem ſo intent?

tent? Neither, I thank God, replied I, I have no ſuch Fiſh to Fry. I was only thinking of the different States of Life, and, upon mature Deliberation, cannot but eſteem ours the beſt of any. You are much in the right, replied he; and when you know more, you'l be yet more ſatisfied, for at preſent you have experienc'd but little of the Sweets of it. You have been hardly three or four Months with us yet, and much longer Time is requir'd to underſtand the perfect Happineſs of a Beggar. He, indeed, might well underſtand it, having been an old Dog at it, and drove that Trade at *Madrid* for many Years, there being ſcarce a Man, Woman, Turning, Street or Houſe, in all that great City, but what he knew. There are a great many People, quoth I, and, perhaps, ſome great Lords, that do not enjoy themſelves ſo well as we, tho' they ſeem to do ſo. There are hardly any, replied my Comrade, but what envy our good Fortune. They have, added I, ſomewhat more Honour, but then they pay dearly for it; and when a Man is cur'd of that Folly, he finds himſelf at no Loſs for the want of it. This Honour's a pretty Chimera truly, replied my Friend, which every Body hunts after, and Rogues more than any. There's hardly one of that Gang but would be taken for a Man of Honour. Harkee, ſaid he to me, do you ſee that Cavalier there riding upon his Mule? Yes I do, anſwer'd I, and I ſee People ſaluting him on all Sides. You're miſtaken, replied he, 'tis the Beaſt and his gaudy Trappings that they ſalute, and not the Man. He was, but t'other Day, Footman to the Marqueſs of *N*———, and now, forſooth, he's all of a ſudden become a Man of Quality. If this Gallantry continues three Years longer, you'l ſee the Marquiſs on Foot, and Monſieur the *Quondam* Footman in his Coach and Six; and, it may be, in a Condition to lend his Maſter Money, if he be honeſt Man enough to do it. Next ſee this Lady of Ho-

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nour pass by in her gilded Coach, and observe how many Obeisances are made her, yet she was two Years ago but an Actress, and still acts the same Parts, tho' on another and larger Stage. She has a fine Equipage, numerous Lackies, a House well furnish'd, and every Body almost goes to pay their Court to her. Who then shall dare to say, she is not a Woman of Honour! But whence came all this Wealth to her? From the Play-House? No, that cannot be, because your Players usually die poor, having no other Trade to trust to, when they are disabled from Acting. She is as fine a Woman as you know; and, it may be, a Prince has fallen in love with her. With all my Heart; there's no Woman sure can refuse a Prince, especially no Player. There is none of your most honest Women, but would be glad to have a Prince for her Bed-fellow. But let's say no more of her, for here's one of t'other Sex a coming, that makes no less a Figure. Your Servant, good Master *Beau*, with your large black Eyes, and your languishing Air; with your affected Skrew of your Neck, and your shrugg'd-up Shoulders. I know not how this Creature came to be on Foot, for, generally speaking, he keeps the backside of a Coach warm. Two Footmen follow him, who are almost as great *Beaux* as himself; and 'tis ten to one but they are of a better Family; yet have I seen this Gallant fill out Wine at his Father's House who still keeps a Tavern. But he knows more than other People do, he understands dexterity of Hand; and would you have an Ace, a Size, or what Throw you please, he'l immediately give it you. He runs no Risque for it, for he does it with the greatest Ease. You shall no sooner speak, but have what you call for. If this Game lasts, and he finds Bubbles enough, you'l in a short time see him a Grand Signior, and, perhaps, one of the greatest Men in his Country. Look, here comes another. Is there any famous

mous Preacher that holds forth hereabouts, that ſo many good People viſit our Quarter? See, here's Don *John* of *Caſtile*, and a great many others. Don *John* of *Caſtile*, interrupt I, who's he, I pray? What, don't you know the Marqueſs of *Caſtile*, replies he? Where have you liv'd I wonder, that you ſhould not know him? Have not you been for theſe four or five Months at *Madrid*? I have, anſwer'd I; but yet I don't know this Don *John*. Why, proceeded he, this Don *John* of *Caſtile*, who was formerly a Turn-Spit in Mr. *N*——'s Kitchin, and afterwards Under-Cook to Mr. *G*——, is now become Steward and Intendant-General to my Lord *S*——; and that yet you ſhould not know him! You ſee how he rolls along in his Triumphant Coach and Six; never ſaluting any, but ſuch as have as many Footmen as himſelf; and this for fear of Degrading, forſooth. He often ſays, a Man of Quality eaſily diſtinguiſhes himſelf by his Equipage. But hold, here comes another, that is the verieſt Raſcal of all. Would you know how this Rogue came to be ſo great? Why, he was a *Devoto*, that ran from Priſon to Priſon to relieve the Wretched, or at leaſt pretended to do ſo. This Fellow happening one Day to give his Coat to a poor Beggar, in the Preſence of a Lady of Quality that was but juſt come from her Devotion, ſhe took ſuch a Fancy to him for this good Office, that ſhe had him into her Houſe, and made him her Steward, giving him the Direction of all her Affairs; and when ſhe came to die, which was ſoon after, left him all ſhe had, to the great Prejudice of her Relations. 'Tis true, he had Suit upon Suit on this Occaſion, but at length the Will prov'd good; and tho' he was fain to part with ſomething, to enjoy the reſt at quiet, he had, nevertheleſs, at leaſt 15000 *Ducats* a Year left. He that you ſee now talking to him, and pays him ſo much Reſpect, was one of the Heirs to that Lady, and hopes to be ſo to this *Devoto*. Now the

the Buſineſs is done, farewel Priſons, farewel Charity; there's now no more need of Devotion than what will procure a Man Reſpect, and that you may have for peeping into two or three Churches in a Morning. What you tell me is very ſurprizing, reply I; but pray, are there many ſuch People in this City? Are there many ſuch People? anſwer'd he; why the City ſwarms with them. Stay, ſaid he, riſing, the better to view a Man that was ſurrounded with ſeveral others, do not you ſee that honeſt Man there, with his flaunting Periwig, and a Company of *Beaux* about him? Yes I do, anſwer'd I, what of him? Why he's the Son of a Taylor, replied he. Impoſſible, quoth I. 'Tis not impoſſible, ſaid he, for I'm ſure I know him. His Father has not left off his Trade above theſe two Years, and he lives now in the great *Square*. But how comes he to have ſo much Reſpect paid him, added I? What makes People bow ſo low, and almoſt kneel to him? O, he's one of the Chief Juſtices, anſwer'd he, and theſe Gentlemen are pleading before him. He has no occaſion for them, but they have for him. Would you know more? He has, beſides, a great deal of Money——. A great deal of Money! Yes, does that go for nothing with you? Don't you know that now-a-days your Wit, Honour, Deſert, *&c.* are all meaſur'd by Money? No Body enquires what your true Merit is, but how many thouſand *Ducats* a Year you have. Nevertheleſs, it ſeems to me, quoth I, that a Fool will be a Fool ſtill, and a Knave a Knave, for all his Money. I am not of your Opinion, replied he; for as ſoon as a Man comes to be rich, he ceaſes to be either a Fool or a Knave, and every Body would laugh at you if you pretended to be of a contrary Opinion. The Laughers are always on their Side, that have wherewithal to give the beſt Dinner; and I am entirely of Mr. *N*——'s Mind, who ſaid, that when a Man had Money, he had every Thing.

This Chief Juſtice, however, was of a different Character; for tho' he was very rich, he was likewiſe immoderately covetous, which is but too common; and who, not contented with what he had of his own, was yet deſirous of that of his Neighbour; and by his litigious Temper only had waſted part of his Fortune. He thought, nevertheleſs, to patch it up again, by an Occaſion that offer'd, which was this: He had an only Daughter very handſome, and very intelligent, but whom, tho' ſhe had been long of Years to be married, no Body would venture upon, becauſe he would give her no Fortune, but what was to be got out of the Fire. At length, however, a Perſon offer'd altogether to his good Liking. He was Son to a Collector-General, who had been formerly *Tip-Staff* to this Judge, but not finding Money come in as he expected, he quitted that Poſt; and, by downright Dint of Intereſt and Importunity, procur'd himſelf the aforeſaid Collectorſhip. He had not been long in this Employment before he began to grow exceeding rich, making uſe of all his Arts, of which he had good Store, to further him in it, and whereby, in a ſhort time, he heap'd up above a Million of *Francs*. He had only one Son, whom he was deſirous to marry into ſome conſiderable Family, that might protect him, in caſe he ſhould be call'd to an Account for his Extortions. Now being acquainted with the covetous Humour of Mr. *N*——, he, by a third Hand, propos'd this Marriage to him, giving him to underſtand, he requir'd only the Perſon of his Daughter, without any Fortune; and offer'd, that his Son ſhould ſettle upon her 100000 *Francs*, and that he himſelf would lend him, the Father, 50000 more upon good Security, tho' with no Intereſt, for twenty Years. This Propoſal was too well lik'd by Mr. *N*—— to be refus'd by him, and he look'd upon the Day it was made him, as the moſt fortunate of his Life, therefore was not willing to let it paſs before

fore the Marriage was conſummated, ſo afraid was he of being depriv'd of that advantagious Offer. But as this Matter could not be perfected ſo ſpeedily as he deſir'd, he was fain to content himſelf with taking ſuch Meaſures as were neceſſary, and referr'd the reſt to Chance, endeavouring, in the mean time, to keep it conceal'd, as much as poſſible, from his Relations, who were all Perſons of Diſtinction, and who he knew would oppoſe it to the utmoſt of their Power. Nevertheleſs, as he could not well proceed without acquainting his Daughter with it, ſhe no ſooner came to underſtand it, but, tho' her Father had watch'd her narrowly, ſhe inform'd her Uncles of it, proteſting ſhe would rather die than diſhonour her Blood by ſo baſe a Marriage. This alarm'd the whole Family, as well on the Father's as Mother's Side, who thereupon deputed two of the moſt conſiderable of their Number, and both Courtiers, to Mr. *N*——; who having repreſented to him the ill Conſequences of ſuch an Alliance, he only anſwer'd, He I intend for my Son-in-Law, has Money. But as they follow'd him, and urg'd their Reaſons with greater vehemency, he began to grow warmer; and at laſt running about the Hall, where this Conference was, like a Madman, cried out, He has Money, he has Money; and ſo left them, retiring into a Cloſet, and locking himſelf up. Theſe Gentlemen, perceiving they were not like to prevail upon him in this Matter, addreſs'd themſelves to the King about it, who order'd, that the young Lady ſhould be ſhut up in a *Convent*, till ſuch time as it was agreed what Choice ſhe ſhould make; from whence it was concluded this Marriage would never happen. But to return to the Fortune of this Son of a Taylor, this illuſtrious Judge, continued he, I muſt let you know, his Father having got conſiderably by his Trade, turn'd Merchant, and ſo became a Merchant-Taylor, in which Calling he thriv'd ſo much, ſerving

almoſt the whole Court with what they wanted, that in leſs than 20 Years he had 12 fine Houſes at *Madrid*, a conſiderable Eſtate in Land, many Coffers full of Money, and 48000 *Francs* which the Duke of *L*—— ow'd him; upon which, nevertheleſs, he did not much reckon, however, the Poſt his Son now poſſeſſes becoming vacant, he ran to that Duke, who no ſooner ſaw him but he cried out, extending his Arms to embrace him, Ah, Dear Sir, I am heartily glad to ſee you, but I muſt beg your Patience yet one ſix Months longer, and I will be ſure to pay your Debt to a *Doit*. I come not on that Account, my good Lord, anſwer'd the Merchant-Taylor, with a fawning and humble Grin, I thank God I am not ſo Self-intereſted, I come rather to offer your *Grace* all that is in my Shop, or whatever elſe lies within the compaſs of my poor Ability, which your *Grace* may diſpoſe of as you ſhall think fit. But, added he ſighing, there is an Opportunity offers, by which your *Grace* may make the Fortune of me and my Family by a ſingle Word of your Mouth. How, quoth the Duke, is there any I can ſerve Mr. *Poncet* in? (ſo was this Rogue's Name) I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful Man in the World, if I did not do all that lay in my Power. Be aſſur'd, Mr. *Poncet*, continued he, I will not be wanting in any thing that may teſtify my Obligations to you, and preſerve your Friendſhip. Then Mr. *Poncet* told his Grace what his Ambition drove at, which the Duke underſtanding, and being over-joy'd that he had an Opportunity to diſcharge at once an Article of 48000 *Francs*, which he muſt have paid one time or other, and that he had freſh Credit offer'd for as much as he pleas'd, he promis'd to engage in the Matter, which he did with that Zeal and good Conduct, that as he was knowing and powerful at Court, he ſoon brought his End about, and procur'd young Mr. *Poncet* the Place he now enjoys, tho' he

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underſtood neither Law nor *Latin*. But what is not Money able to do? We ſhall never have done if we continue long here; for I perceive others of the ſame Kidney, who ſet up for Lords and Great People, tho' they are of as mean a Parentage as Mr. *Poncet*, yet they fill Places above their Birth, and exerciſe Employments beyond their Capacity.

Thus thou ſee'ſt, my dear *Guzman*, what theſe People of Honour are, or rather, theſe People that are ſo honour'd, for there's a great deal of difference betwixt one ſort and t'other. Perſons of Honour owe the Reſpect we have for them purely to their Merit, whereas honour'd Perſons are only beholden for theirs to their Pence or their Poſts. On the leaſt Reverſe of Fortune their Salt melts, and they return to their Primitive Water. When I obſerve a Footman, *Valet de Chambre*, or ſome ſuch-like Fellow, quitting his Maſter's Houſe to go and take Poſſeſſion of an Employment or Poſt has been given him in lieu of Wages, I am almoſt tempted to ask him whither he's going. He might anſwer me, he's going to fill a Poſt has been given him in Recompence of his Services, and to gratify his Deſert. I underſtand you, but are you not likewiſe going to rob the Publick? I rob the Publick! cries he, I am a Man of Honour. Be as much a Man of Honour as you will, reply I, it can be nothing but robbing the Publick, to put ſuch Fellows as you in Places which you don't underſtand, and which by no means become you. Do you believe the Exerciſe of theſe Poſts to be the ſame Thing with bruſhing a Coat, tying a Ribbon, Combing a Periwig, filling out a Glaſs of Wine, ſpreading a Table, or the like trifling Employments, which you are only capable of? Were you ask'd when you had your Place given you, whether you knew what was the Duty of it? Or did you examine your Ability in reference to the Execution of it? What ſignify all theſe Queſtions, cry you, interrupt-

ing me, every one muſt do as he can in this World; Every one muſt get what Fortune he can. They that put us into our Places know well what they did I warrant you, and if you queſtion it, you muſt call them to Account, and not us. Right, my Friends, if any one's to be call'd to Account, 'tis your honourable Maſters indeed, who becoming liberal at the Expence of the Publick, the Publick is even with them by charging them home with their ill Conduct and Male-adminiſtration, and loading them with Scandal and Calumny.

CHAP. IV.

Guzman *gives you a long and witty Diſcourſe, of his own Invention, againſt the Vanity of Honour; touching, by the by, on the Vices of Servants, Shopkeepers, Notaries, Proctors, Judges, Artificers, Apothecaries, Phyſicians and Lawyers.*

THUS much ſhall ſuffice, added he; for tho' we Beggars have a liberty to ſpeak, yet ought we not to talk on all Subjects, unleſs we would be bid to mind our Scraps, or hourly Employment of cracking Lice. Adieu, for I ſee a Perſon of my Acquaintance about to make a Bargain, and I know he will have occaſion for my Aſſiſtance. I muſt get a few *Maravedi's* to make the Pot boil, or all the Fat will be in the Fire. Hereupon he left me to go to that Man, and I was much concern'd at it, for I took a great deal of Pleaſure in hearing him talk. He was a notable cunning Blade of *Galicia*, who knew a great deal, and was not ſo much a Beggar by Neceſſity, as thro' Inclination and Philoſophy. He might have liv'd better if he pleas'd, for he was born of good

good Parents, and wanted neither Money nor Wit, but he lov'd Begging, and wou'd not be induc'd to leave it by all the Reaſons could be given him. All he had told me was freſh in my Memory, and delighted me whenever I thought on't; but while I was buſi'd with Reflections, a Shoemaker came and took me off from them, by hiring me to carry a Joint of Mutton after him to his Houſe. As I was following him, I amus'd my ſelf with reading a Ballad I had found in the Street, the Tune of which I endeavour'd to get. My Maſter hearing me humming, turn'd haſtily about, and cry'd, What, Wretch! can'ſt thou read? Yes, repli'd I, I thank God, and write too. Write, quoth he much ſurpriz'd, is it poſſible? Yes, ſaid I, 'tis poſſible, for poor as I am, I have been well brought up. Hereupon he ask'd me if I would teach him to write his Name, and he would reward me well for't. I told him, with all my Heart, for that would be an eaſy Matter to do. But, ſaid I, what will that ſignify if you don't learn further. That will be enough, repli'd he, for in the Employment that Mr. *N*— has given me for making Shoes for his Family *gratis*, the bare writing my Name is ſufficient. I have hitherto made uſe of a Man for that purpoſe, to whom I gave twelve Pair of Shoes a Year, but I would be willing to ſave that Charge; beſides, I can't but think it a little Scandalous, that an Officer in the Government ſhould not be able to write his Name. I told him, I would teach him to write, if he pleas'd, for one Pair of Shoes, with which he was ſo well ſatisfi'd, that he would needs give me them before-hand. We were no ſooner got to his Houſe but we began to ſcrawl, I finding it not an eaſy Matter to make him hold his Pen as he ought, but at the ſame time one of his Boys brought me a Pair of Shoes, of which I had great need.

Upon leaving this Shoemaker, who treated me very handſomely to encourage me to come again,

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and which indeed I promis'd, I fell into a great Soliloquy. Very well *Guzman*, quoth I, thou ſee'ſt now what this ſame Honour is which belongs to Perſons in Employment, and that it is ſufficient to be a Taylor, a Shoemaker, a Footman, or a *Valet de Chambre*, to get into a Place, or at leaſt ſuch Fellows ſtand the faireſt for Preferment. How many honeſt and able Perſons have been ſet aſide by the ſuperior Intereſt of theſe Raſcals? How many Knights of the reſpective Orders of *San Jago*, *Calatrava*, and *Alcantara*, have been oblig'd to pay them Reſpect as they paſs'd along in their Coaches and Six? How many others of the ancient Nobility of *Layn Calvo* and *Nunio Raſura*, have found themſelves poſtpon'd to make way for theſe Dogs! Tell me, *Guzman*, who now a-days makes a Difference between theſe Hang-dogs and Perſons of Birth and Merit? Shall not the former be honour'd and reſpected, while the latter are ſlighted or unknown? Is it Merit is regarded in this Caſe? No, they that are preferr'd, have either had Money or Patrons; they have either robb'd or ſerv'd; they are eſtabliſh'd; they are in Place; no more is requir'd to procure them that Reſpect is paid them, while Perſons, without theſe Qualifications, are look'd upon as Vagabonds and Beggars.

I fancy I hear behind me ſome Barber dreſs'd like a great Lord, who not being able to endure that I ſhould take this Liberty with his Fraternity, rails at me in his turn. Theſe Barbers are naturally great Babblers. This Fellow, impatient to hear me talk as I did, cries with a ſupercilious Air, Tell me I beſeech you, Mr. *Dean* of the Faculty, you that Harangue thus like a Schoolmaſter, and right or wrong will needs reform the World; what Qualifications do theſe Perſons want that you treat thus like Scoundrels? Are they not Men, and have they not Underſtanding, or common Senſe? Is it neceſſary they

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ſhould be Doctors of Law, to enable them to determine Matters of this Nature? Muſt they have read over all the Books of Politicks before they can pretend to give Orders right? And may not a *Valet de Chambre*, who underſtands the Art of War, be as proper to command a Regiment, as a Gentleman? But tell me then, you in your Turn, reply I, you that have not been a Captain above theſe three Days, and that only for Shaving well, do you believe there's no more in this Art than thrumming a *Guitar*, or ſcratching a *Citern*, which you boaſt you have learn'd without Inſtruction? The Myſtery of War is free for all, anſwers he: 'Tis the only Trade Man can arrive at without Pence, or *Pater Noſter*, Birth and Quality ſignify little in that reſpect, Virtue does all. Nor is a Soldier envi'd for all this; on the contrary he is better eſteem'd, and that with great Reaſon, becauſe Feats of Arms are not ſo natural to us as the *Nobleſs*, who ſeem to be born for warlike Atchievements. But, continued I, how many Generals and Leaders of Armies have, in deſpight of this natural Propenſity in the Nobility to War, been made out of *Valet de Chambres*, Serving-men, and ſuch Fellows as thou art, notwithſtanding they have had no other knowledge of Arms but what they have learn'd by following their Maſters into the Field, and yet thro' Intereſt they have been preferr'd to many brave Officers who have been all over cicatriz'd with Scars. This, Friend, ſaid I, is leſſening and depretiating the nobleſt Calling that ever was in the World, and which is commonly done by ſuch as ſhould have the greateſt Care of it, becauſe they either are or ought to be Members of it. And then for the Civil Employments, 'tis certain none of your Tribe are qualifi'd for them, for 'tis not combing a Periwig, or carrying a Flambeau, will bring a Man acquainted with thoſe Myſteries. 'Tis the Buſineſs of a Man's Life to learn them, and unhappy is that Magiſtrate that has a Sot

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or Blockhead to his Clerk. Don't tell me, that ſuch as are to diſtribute Juſtice to others have occaſion for a little good Senſe themſelves; for if you do, I ſhall readily believe you have little or none your ſelf. If ever there be occaſion for good Pilots, 'tis in the Sea of Juſtice, where even the moſt Expert are liable to Shipwreck. And tho' this happens more by their Ignorance than their Fault, yet are they no leſs inexcuſable before God and Man, than if they had occaſion'd it thro' Malice or Envy. As for thy part, Barber, continue I, thou hadſt better kept to thy Shaving; for if thou believ'ſt that Employment and Trailing a Pike are the ſame thing, thou art miſtaken. If thou haſt a mind to learn this Trade, I can aſſure thee it may coſt thee dear, and thou wilt not find it ſo eaſy as playing upon thy Flageolet to thy Black-bird. But ſince thou art advanc'd to this Degree of a Captain, I dare be poſitive, it will be much if thou doſt not diſgrace the Colonel that gave it thee.

I think, *Reader*, I have pretty well play'd my Part as to Honour and honourable Perſons; if I had not fear'd to tire thy Patience quite out, I had, perhaps, proceeded farther, for 'tis one of the moſt deplorable Things in Civil Life, that ſo Sacred a Character as that of Honour ſhould be ſo much abus'd as it commonly is. I will not promiſe that nothing on the ſame Head ſhall eſcape me hereafter; and if I ſhould happen to ſay any thing more on this Subject, thou may'ſt make uſe of it as occaſion ſhall preſent. The Sheets will be eaſy to turn over, and the Benefit I hope not ſmall, tho' I ought to ſay nothing in that Caſe.

I did a few ſmall Buſineſſes more that Day, by which I got a tolerable Subſiſtence; but at Night, either becauſe I were not over-well, or that I was more than ordinarily incommoded with thoſe Animals that love human Fleſh, and are inſeparable from Beggars,

Beggars, or elſe that my *Galicia* Spark's Stories and Morals ran in my Head I could not ſleep a Wink. I then had recourſe to my Soliloquies, and thus began with my ſelf: I ſee, *Guzman*, how the World goes, and therefore am reſolv'd to have neither Employment nor Commiſſion. I have and do renounce this Thing call'd Honour, and will have nothing to do with it. Continue as thou art, my poor *Guzman*, and let theſe Gentlemen in Places make the World talk of them as much as they pleaſe. They are only admitted into Company to be laugh'd at, and one had better be altogether unknown. To accept of a Poſt before one is able to manage it, muſt needs be a ridiculous Thing. If thou art afraid of Danger, thou ought'ſt not to venture out at Sea. Content thy ſelf with Swimming between two narrow Shores. Do not covet too much Wealth, that thou may'ſt apprehend any body's taking it from thee; nor deſire to be ſo low, as to want every bodies Aſſiſtance. This laſt is a bad Part to act; 'tis worſe than the Itch to have nothing, 'tis having the Plague when every body will fly thee. Do not become a Flatterer to get a Dinner, a Trencher-fly is always uneaſy. He muſt watch not only his Patron's Words, but Actions; nay, the leaſt Sign muſt not eſcape him, if he has a mind to be continu'd in favour. Be not only a good Husband of Life, in that, if thou liv'ſt well, thou may'ſt be rewarded according to thy Merit. Why ſhould a Man take ſo much Pains, and be ſo ſolicitous about gaining a Thing which, perhaps, will vaniſh with to Morrow. Conſider, there's neither mention made now of King Don *Pelayo*'s Lord Steward, nor Count *Hernando Gonzales*'s Chamberlain, and yet theſe two were undoubtedly very conſiderable in their Time, and, perhaps, as Eminent for their Virtue and good Qualities as their Maſters. But ſince they are dead, there's no more ſaid of them, or their Merits, than if they had never been in the World. Thou may'ſt believe

lieve, *Guzman*, it will be the ſame thing with thee, tho' thou art very far from being equal with theſe Perſons in any reſpect. It can hardly be known whether thou ever hadſt a Being. What ſhould make People then make all this Buſtle, this Stir, this Noiſe; ſome will do it on account of their Table, for they love to feed well, and ſee others do ſo at their Expence, which they value themſelves upon; others make all their Honour conſiſt in fine Cloaths; and a third ſort bluſter about their Preferments, without which they cannot be ſav'd. No, no, *Guzman*, theſe Things will by no means agree with thee, and with ſuch Cares in thy Head thou wilt be ſure to grow Grey before thy time. Leave theſe proud Folks to be drawn along by their Coaches and Six, which nevertheleſs reproach them with their Villanies, whilſt thou art contented to trudge it on Foot. Go always as becomes thee, and never wear any thing but what's neceſſary to keep thee from Cold in Winter, or to cover thee in Summer. Let nothing either Superfluous or Scandalous be about thee. Eat only what's neceſſary to ſupport Life, for all beyond is unprofitable and uſeleſs, and ſerves only to injure the Body and Soul. A rich Man does not live the longer for being rich, nor a poor Man die the ſooner for being poor. On the contrary, too great abundance of Edibles and Superfluity in feeding, is what occaſions a thouſand Diſeaſes. Happy *Guzman*, nay four times happy art thou, that riſeſt when thou pleaſeſt, and ſerv'ſt whom thou think'ſt fit, without having occaſion to be ſerv'd by any body. If it be Slavery to have a Maſter, it is certainly a greater to have Servants, as I ſhall ſhew in its proper Place. At Noon, thou art ſure to have thy Dinner ready provided for thee, without being at the Trouble of paying either Cook or Butler. Thou art not concern'd about thy Cloathing, nor fear'ſt ſpoiling thy Cloaths; no Lace or Ornaments appear there. Thou

art

art only ſolicitous to keep what thou haſt, and if thou loſeſt it, 'tis without Regret. Thou haſt no Envy, Jealouſy, occaſion for Lying, Stealing, or Cringing, to advance thy ſelf. Thou art always eaſy, and 'tis the ſame Thing with thee, whether thou goeſt alone, or attended with Servants, whether thou walkeſt faſt or ſlow, whether thou laugh'ſt or crieſt, whether thou eateſt or not. Thou art always Gay, always Brisk, always Nimble. The beſt Tavern is thine, for there one may be ſure to find thee. If there be a good Bit at the Cooks, that will be ſure to come into thy Diſh, and thy Hunger will not fail to be good Sauce for't. At the Market, thou art always beſt poſted. Thou art at all publick Feaſts, and no body calls thee to account. In the Winter thou ſeek'ſt the Sun, in Summer the Shade. Thou ſpread'ſt thy Table, thou mak'ſt thy Bed as large and how thou pleaſeſt, and no body comes to diſturb thee, nor does it coſt thee a Penny the more. Thou art ſafe from all Proceſs and Suits, and not any body comes to treſpaſs on thy Copyhold. Thou art neither in Danger of being ſu'd for any Thing, nor of being lent any Thing, nor need'ſt thou fear any Decree coming out againſt thee. Thou need'ſt neither apprehend wanting Bail, nor being ask'd to ſtand for another, which by the by is no ſmall Privilege, as the World goes. Thou art above all State-Plots, Buſineſs, Conteſts, Quarrels, and the like Incumbrances of Life, which others are tormented with. In a Word, well ſatisfied with thy ſelf, and contented with every body elſe, no body has the Power either to moleſt or diſturb thee. Well pleas'd with thy Condition, thou mind'ſt only paſſing away thy Time, and, like a Philoſopher, look'ſt down with Pity on thoſe great Men, who are ſo blind as to think themſelves above thee.

All are not born to reliſh this Happineſs; but thus, ſaid I, being about to finiſh my ſmall Reflections, God opens the Eyes of the Poor, whilſt he blinds thoſe of the Rich; thus he is pleas'd to ſend Joy into our Hearts, and make us paſs our Lives as agreeably as thoſe that think themſelves in a much happier State. 'Tis true, every one has not a Relliſh of this happy Condition, but he that has, ought to prize it, and never ſuffer his Mind to be poiſon'd with Chimerical and Ambitious Thoughts, ſuch as mine were, as you will find by what follows.

CHAP. V.

Guzman *tells how he ſerv'd a Cook; and by and by takes occaſion to reflect upon ſeveral Profeſſions. He condemns Gaming and Gameſters. He relates a ſmall Theft of his. He diſcovers the Rogueries of Stewards, Cooks, Butlers, and other ſuch-like Officers; and acquaints you how much Great Men are commonly abus'd by their Servants. He ſpeaks of Kings, and their miſerable State; and ſhews the Vanity of Inferiours contending with Superiours. At laſt, he condemns thoſe Maſters that uſe their Servants ill, and tells the ill Conſequences of it.*

I Enjoy'd this charming Liberty, ſo much boaſted of by the Philoſophers, when the Devil, always an Enemy to the Repoſe of Man, put it into the Head of a curſed Cook, to think me proper for a Scullion-Boy. He knew me, he was one of my Maſters that us'd to employ me. I often made him laugh by Ways I had, and Jeſts I utter'd. He thought

thought me an honeſter Fellow than moſt of my Companions, and that made him love me. One Day, which, indeed, was an unlucky one for me, after I had carried home ſome Poultry for him, and he had given me both Meat and Drink, as was his uſual Cuſtom, he began to diſcourſe me as follows, which being very ſubtil and deſigning, could not but have been ſtudied for ſome time: "Friend "*Guzman*, quoth he, wilt thou always be a Beggar, "and carry a Basket about all thy Life long. Thou "haſt Wit, thou look'ſt like one of a good Family, "and ſeem'ſt to have an Inclination to Good, there- "fore muſt be taken Care of. 'Tis high Time, and "at the Age thou art of, thou ought'ſt to have begun "to work. I have taken a Fancy to thee from the "Exactneſs and Fidelity I have obſerv'd in thee, and "would willingly aſſiſt thee, in becoming ſomething "ſuitable to thy Merit. In a Word, I have fix'd my Eye "upon thee to be my Scullion-Boy, whoſe Place has "been vacant for ſome time; and if thou wilt approve "thy ſelf a diligent Lad, thou may'ſt learn a Trade "will be a Support to thee for ever, and which thou "wilt never think thy ſelf enough oblig'd to me for. "Thou wilt ſoon be ſenſible of the Advantage of "the Kitchin, which is the ſureſt Step to Preferment "in any Gentleman's Houſe. Thou need'ſt only pleaſe "thy Maſter's Palate, make him a little nice Ragout "now and then to give him occaſion to commend "his Table, and ſometimes preſent one of his Mi- "ſtreſſes with a good Plate or two, and thy Buſineſs is "done, thy Fortune is made from that very Mo- "ment: It is taking a Giant's Stride towards Pre- "ferment. See the King's Houſhold-Steward, who "I my ſelf have known Scullion-Boy to a private "Gentleman; I can't tell whether he did not once "wear a Livery, but now thou ſee'ſt how he is preferr'd; "inſtead of wearing a Livery, he has ſix luſty Fel- "lows that follow him in Liveries wherever he goes.

"Ah, *Guzman*, *Guzman*, a Cook is not ſo mean a "Poſt as thou may'ſt imagine; I know one, now-a-"days, that is Chief-Miniſter to a Great Prince, and "his *Fac-Totum*, ſo high his Virtue, and a little In-"duſtry, has advanc'd him. I have Orders from my "Lord to look out for a good Scullion-Boy, and I "think I have executed my Commiſſion well in "finding thee. The other Boy we had, had the good "Fortune to pleaſe my Lady, and ſhe has preferr'd "him to be her Page. Can'ſt thou deſire any thing "greater at firſt, and yet 'tis the leaſt Preferment "thou may'ſt expect, in that thou art a handſomer "Youth than he, and haſt infinitely more Wit." Who could have thought that I, who have made ſo many fine Reflections on Honour, on Places, and on all other Varieties of this World, could at laſt have ſuf-fer'd my ſelf to be led by the Noſe, and impos'd upon by the airy Viſions and ſpecious Pretences of a Raſcally Cook. How frail is Man! and how different when he ſpeaks himſelf, and when others ſpeak to him! How little a matter diſreliſhes all the Sweets of Life! A little Wind in thy Head brings all thy Af-fairs into Diſorder. In a Word, 'tis the Deſtiny of Man not to know when he's well, and to be ever hunting after Misfortunes, and this becauſe he al-ways deſires to be in a better Condition than he ought to be, or what's neceſſary for him. I ſay to my ſelf, I am deſirous to taſt a little Preferment; I riſque no great Matter, and if I do not ſucceed in it, the Gate of Beggary is ſtill open. I can't well fall lower, and that's my Comfort. I had a mind to have a little Honour, to ſee what would come of it. I agreed then to the Propoſal made me, but that not without Regret, or fear of repenting of my Folly, for ex-changing my Liberty ſo readily for the Poſt of a Scullion-Boy to a great Lord. I was immediately carried to pay my Reſpects to his Lordſhip, and to be admitted among the Number of his moſt humble Vaſ-

ſals. He had already had a Character of me: So that I no ſooner appear'd, but he cried, with a grave and gibing Air, What is the Pleaſure of this Lord of *Poca-Ropa*? (*Few Cloaths.*) Has he any Pretenſions at Court? Would he be made a Knight of the *Golden Fleece*, or what other Order? Has he a mind to marry any Marchioneſs or Counteſs? Is he in ſuit for ſome conſiderable Inheritance, and would have Favour? Muſt I ſpeak to the King about him? Or, in a Word, what elſe is it that I muſt do for him? All theſe Compliments, which I plainly perceiv'd were Jeſts upon me, were enough to have diſmounted any one of leſs Aſſurance than my ſelf; but I ſtood Bluff, and, having made him a thouſand Cringes, anſwer'd, with an Air as grave as his, My Lord, I am the Lord of **Illeſcas*, and your moſt humble Servant; and being likewiſe Knight of the Begging-Order, have no greater Ambition than to ſerve your Lordſhip in your Kitchin, in quality of your faithful Slave and Scullion-Boy. This bold Anſwer from a Youth he thought was altogether ſilenc'd, pleas'd him exceedingly, and made him to laugh heartily; whereupon he told me, I was welcome, and that I had nothing to do but to ſerve him faithfully, and he would take Care of me: A common Compliment with great Folks, whoſe Sight nevertheleſs you ſhall be no ſooner out of, but they forget both you and their Promiſes.

* *A poor Town near* Toledo.

Now am I become a Graduate in Scullionry, with a white Apron before me, a Napkin-Cap on my Head, my Hair tuck'd up under it, and a Knife in my Girdle to ſhred Parſley with. I had not yet learn'd to Lard, becauſe that was a Maſter-ſtroke, and 'twas not every one could do it. Whilſt I was thus employ'd, I ſaw the Servants coming and going, and moſt of them buſied in abuſing their Lord one way or other. One would have Eggs, another would have Butter, a third ſort Meat, a fourth a *Ragout*,

a fifth a *Soupe*, and a ſixth a good chopping-piece of Paſty-Cruſt. Every one was for having what he demanded, and another thing, tho' good in its Kind, would not ſerve his turn. Good God, ſaid I to my ſelf, What a Confuſion is here? And what a Havock do theſe Raſcals make of their Lord's Edibles? If any one happens to go in another Road, they'l be ſure to hoot him, and count him either a Blockhead or a lazy inſignificant Wretch. They'l ſpread a thouſand Lies about him to make him odious and contemptible, and at laſt, it may be, get him turn'd away for his Honeſty. Again, if you turn your Head on the other ſide, you meet with a pilfering, ſlothful, idle, drunken Drab of a Wench, who, tho' ſhe does Things ever ſo odly, you muſt never call her to account, becauſe ſhe, forſooth, is Favourite or Niece to Madam the Governante or Houſekeeper, who is an old Toothleſs Jade, with too much Authority, and too little Underſtanding. She ſhall always have a Troop of Kindred at her Breech, who are ſure to have Tit-Bits enough; and when ſhe wants Wine, it muſt be the ſtrongeſt ſort, becauſe her Stomach's cold, and ſometimes ſhe will have Pepper and Ginger boil'd in it to warm her ſuperannuated Conſtitution. Now, ſaid I to my ſelf, is not all the World like theſe He and She Servants, who does not endeavour to rob, cheat and pilfer what they can? I need only go out of Doors and look about me, and I ſhall be ſure to meet with either falſe Weights or falſe Meaſures, either in the Markets or Shops. If we go a little higher, and take notice of the greater ſort of Rogues, who can be more ſo than *Notaries*, who will ſell their very Souls for a few *Ducats*? What can be more Mercenary than their Tongues, or more dangerous than their Pens? If you leave theſe Fellows and go to Attorneys, what will you get by that? They'l plunge you into greater Difficulties than ever, and only let you have Lies and Uncertainties for your

your Money; but I can assure you, you'l never see an End of your Cause as long as you have a Penny left, and then perhaps you may. Go to the grave Councellor, and he'l tell you a fine Tale for your Gold, yet never do you a jot of Service, but rather Disservice. If he gives you the best Advice in the World, he'l be sure to betray the Weakness of your Cause to your Adversary for as much more. He's certainly a Rogue if there be one in Nature, and knows all the Quirks, Shifts and Tricks, to prolong a Suit. But pray tell me, Mr. *Pedro*, you that go every Day to *Mass*, and confess your self at least once a Month, how can you have the Conscience to plead for one that never pays any Body, nor cares what becomes of his Creditors? Who pretends, there's the Lord knows what owing to him, and therefore cares not what he owes. Who, because one Man has injur'd him, will let a hundred starve for want of their due Debts. How can you, I say, have the Face to go to Church so frequently, and yet give your Advice to oppress honest People? Where is your Conscience, and in spite of your *Hours* and your *Beads*, what Religion do you pretend to be of? But I shall say more to you in another Place, and therefore, at present, will release you. I must now talk to a certain Judge, who sets up for a judicious Person, and pretends to understand every thing, yet understands nothing, nor does any Body understand him, so well he expresses himself. You should have seen him while he was in pursuit of the Post he enjoys, and you would have found him as tame as a Bull among Heifers; but when once he was possess'd of his Place, he rav'd and bellow'd about without Provocation. He was contented before with a patch'd Habit to keep himself from Thieves, but now you see him all in Velvet, from Head to Foot; and if he wears Cloth, there's not any fine enough in all *Segovia* to please him. But at whose Expence does he do all this? Why, at whose should

he, but at that of the Publick. Wherever he lights, he muſt have either a Leg or a Wing. He makes no Step unprofitably. He has Buſineſs every where, and every where ſomething to ſay. No Body can appear Innocent before him, and if there be Money in the Caſe, no Body can appear guilty. Let us go on. Here's an Apothecary behind his Counter, ask him if he has not ſuch a Drug, or ſuch a Medicine, and he'l be ſure to anſwer you, Yes. He won't cry ſtinking Fiſh, and tell you he has none that's good; or, perhaps, he may give you ſomething like it, or it may be juſt contrary to it. As for Oils, Syrups, diſtill'd Waters, and the like, they are generally ſpoil'd with him, and yet he'l juſtify them, and tell you the Good and Bad muſt go together. I will not anſwer for him, that he ſhan't Poiſon you rather than not take your Money. It is but making up theſe Drugs, good or bad, according to the Preſcription; and whether they do you good or harm, cure or kill, 'tis nothing to him, he's paid let it go how it will. If he can but put them up neatly, and ſend them away ſpeedily, 'tis all he cares for. Expedition only is requir'd of him, and tho' the Diſeaſe be prolong'd by the Medecine, he'l tell you he can't help it. But here comes the Spruce Phyſician, who takes care of all, and who having enquir'd of the Apothecaries Boy if his Preſcription had been rightly obſerv'd, goes away contented, perhaps, without an Anſwer. Next the Patient is viſited, his Pulſe felt, his Tongue view'd, and theſe Queſtions put to him; Have you ſlept well? Have you been at Stool? Have you any Stomach? All theſe are anſwer'd with a ſhake of the Head. So much the worſe. Then the Urinal is brought forth, and no Comfort is found there. Another Preſcription muſt be Penn'd immediately; after which, a Turn or two is taken in the Room, but ſtill nothing comes. Bad, Bad, the Patient may die if better Care be not taken. Sir, my Lady deſires

ſires you would pleaſe to accept of two *Piſtoles*. Ah, there was no occaſion for it: What I do, is more out of Friendſhip than Intereſt; but ſince your Lady will have it ſo, I muſt obey her. You may tell her, Sweet-heart, her Husband is in no manner of Danger, and that he'l be a ſound Man again after two or three Fits more; but if any thing ſhould happen to the contrary, ſhe need only ſend for me, either by Night or by Day, I ſhall be always ready to wait on her, to do her, or the Gentleman her Husband, what Service I am able.

I return to my Kitchin, for I can ſee nothing but Villanies, Thefts and Rogueries, in all other Places, as well as there. Courage, *Guzman*, here's Bacon brought thee to cut into ſmall Slices for Larding; I'll do it I warrant, and be ſure to take Care of my ſelf to boot, according to Cuſtom. I was like a Cock in a Pye, in this Houſe; I depended only on the Cook, who was married, and lodg'd and eat apart with him and his Wife, that I might be the readier at hand when he wanted me. At my Hours of Leiſure, 'tis true, I was willing to oblige every Body, being naturally officious and good humour'd, which made me belov'd by all, and I conſequently receiv'd a great many ſmall Gratifications from the Servants of both Sexes. I perform'd their Commiſſions faithfully and ſecretly, which procur'd me a good Opinion throughout the whole Houſe. Now as to the Kitchin, you muſt know I always came firſt into it, and went laſt out of it; and, in a Word, I acquitted my ſelf ſo well of my Duty, that no Body could be better ſatisfied with a Servant, than my Maſter ſeem'd with me. This, you may imagine, coſt me no ſmall Trouble, but that's nothing, one loſes nothing by that in the End; if one is not rewarded, one has at leaſt the Satisfaction of having done well, and that's ſomething. For the reſt, we are to refer our ſelves to Hereafter, when we ſhall

be ſurely recompenc'd. Well, what I can ſay farther is, that ſetting aſide the Begging-Trade, which is certainly one of the moſt charming in the World, and which will admit of no Compariſon, there cannot be a pleaſanter than that I drove in this Kitchin, for conſidering I had been bred to good Cheer, I let no Tit-Bits eſcape me. No Plate came in or went out but I had a Lick at it, I muſt always taſt the Sauce, to ſee whether it was good, and the roaſt or boil'd Things to know whether they were well order'd. My Maſter was, indeed, a famous Cook, and all the Treaters of St. *Giles's*, St. *Dominick*, the Gate of the *Sun*, the Great Market-Place and *Toledo-Street*, were but as ſo many Sutlers to him. I might have been happy enough, if it had not been for that curſed Humour of Gaming which I fell into, upon ſeeing the Lackies and Pages play. At firſt I ſpent only now and then a quarter of an Hour at it, and that at ſuch Times as I could beſt be ſpar'd; but at laſt I came to ſit out whole Nights, and thought my ſelf wrong'd if I were check'd for it. However, ſcarce any Body would do me that Injury as to acquaint my Maſter with it, and when they did, I had always an Excuſe at hand, which ſerv'd me inſtead of a Reaſon. But the worſt was, I generally loſt my Money, and if I would proceed, I muſt either Coin or Steal, as others did. I plainly ſaw this Life would not laſt, and my Maſter being as great a Rogue as any Body, I propos'd his Example for my future Subſiſtence. There's no Vice but what a Gameſter is guilty of; Gaming is a Sea, wherein all the leſſer Rivers of Villany empty themſelves. A Gameſter is utterly incapacitated to do Good, and is always endeavouring at Evil. You muſt never believe a Word that comes out of his Mouth. He's always either Lying, or preparing to do ſo. He knows not what it is to have a Friend, for he ſpares not even his neareſt Relations. An honeſt Man's

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Reputation he laughs at, and he cries up the Dexterity of a Villain. The Game, ſays he, goes always to the cunningeſt Fellow, and it is not reckon'd Knavery in him to win it, tho' unwarrantably, but Addreſs. I forgive him that knows more than I, that I may have the like Favour when it comes to my turn. Gaming is a Battel, wherein the ſtrongeſt Side has generally the better. But you diſhonour your Family by this ignoble Practiſe. My Family! a Trifle. What Family is there that has not either a Rogue or a Whore in it, and muſt the whole Race be diſhonour'd for the Fault of one? I game not with intent to loſe, but to win; and whatever contributes to that End, is warrantable with me. Otherwiſe, how would ſo many honeſt Fellows live, that depend wholly on Play? 'Tis impoſſible to game long, without being skilful at it; and if Stratagems are allow'd in War, why mayn't they as well be tolerated here? This is reaſoning like one that looks upon his Neighbour's Goods as his own. But let him have an ill Hand at Play, and ſee what a deplorable Figure he makes. He Frets, he Storms, he Swears, and gives himſelf to the Devil a thouſand times an Hour to recover his loſt Fortune; but ſeeing all ineffectual, he goes home mightily diſcontented, and will ſee no Body. Every thing diſpleaſes and torments him. He ſhuts himſelf up in his Chamber, and, taking a Pack of Cards, Plays the Game over with himſelf, to ſee where his Fault lay. Having found it, he lifts up his Eyes in a great Paſſion, and tears the treacherous Devils in a thouſand Pieces, eating them Bit by Bit after he has done. Thus he ſpends great part of the Night, for Sleep he cannot; and next Morning getting up betimes, goes to the ſame Gaming-Houſe again, where he had loſt his Money, demanding Revenge, which is given him, and ſo he loſes every Penny he had rais'd by pawning his Wife's Jewels. This done, he returns home once more,

more, curſing, blaſpheming an draving like one Poſſeſs'd; and all this without ſpeaking a Word to any Body. He's no ſooner within Doors, but he redoubles his Imprecations in a terrible manner, and nothing will ſatisfy or pacify him. If he's ask'd to eat, he refuſes it. He throws himſelf upon his Bed, and immediately Madneſs takes ſuch entire Poſſeſſion of him, that he's fit for nothing but *Bedlam*. O Man, how frail thou art! I ſhould never have done, if I extended this Character as far as I might reaſonably do; but let no one believe I form this out of my own Head, that this is a Child of my Imagination. I paint after Nature, and this is nothing but what I and every Body elſe has ſeen more than once. It is a true Original, as all the other Pieces are, that I expoſe to Sale in this my Shop; where I have Mirrours for all ſorts of People, by which they may reform themſelves, if they think fit. Life is ſhort, and the Practice of this Virtue a little difficult. Every one pretends to be perfect, or, at leaſt, to have but very few Faults. I have one Shoulder a little higher than t'other, but I am not Hunch-back'd for all that, for no Body knows it beſides my Taylor and my ſelf. We may hide our Defects if we will, and thoſe that are not too viſible may be eaſily conceal'd. My Defect was chiefly that of Gaming, which engag'd me in a thouſand other Rogueries, and became both my Crime and my Puniſhment. I could not get rid of this pernicious Inclination, and whatever I got, either by fair Means or foul, I ſhould be ſure to loſe that way. Money's only of uſe to Good People, who know how to employ it well; but as for Bad, it ſerves meerly to ruin and deſtroy them. It is with them, as with ſome Creatures who ſuck Venom from the ſame Herbs and Flowers that Bees make Honey of.

I began

I began to pick up Knowledge in my Profeſſion of a Scullion, and might have taken my Degrees in a ſhort time, for I was well belov'd by my Maſter, had it not been for this curſed Humour of Gaming. In fine, it quite ſpoil'd me: It taught me to Pilfer, to which, however, I was but too much enclin'd naturally; and whenever I had loſt my Money, I would be ſure to have recourſe to Means to get more without turning Coiner. I would caſt my Eyes all about the Houſe, to ſee if I could ſpy any thing that might make up what I was out of Pocket. Small Matters in the Kitchin were an aſſur'd Penny to me, I never let them ſlip, for I need only take my Time, and they were my own. This was alſo what I were perfectly gifted in, for I manag'd my Thefts ſo diſcreetly, that no Body in the Houſe had the leaſt Suſpicion of me. One Day, my Maſter having treated ſeveral Friends of his, good Bottle-Companions like himſelf, with a Collation, and given them good Hams, and other reliſhing Bits, to make them Taſte their Wine, I, upon my return from the Kitchin, where I had done my Work, very ſorrowful to think I had not a Penny left to play for a Quarter of an Hour, found the Coaſt was clear, tho' I ſaw there had been good Chear. The Gueſts were gone, very Gay you muſt ſuppoſe, but the Doors were left wide open, and the Table-Cloth not taken away; ſo that the Bottles, Plates, and the like, remain'd in an agreeable Diſorder. Among theſe lay a Silver Cup that they had drank out of, which one would have thought might have been taken better Care of for the Value-ſake. As for my Maſter, tho' I did not ſee him, I heard him plain enough; for having thrown himſelf on the Bed, he lay ſnoring like the Drone-Pipe of an Organ, and made all the Houſe ring with the Noiſe. My Miſtreſs, poor Woman, who deſir'd to imitate her Husband in all Things, and lov'd a

Bottle

Bottle as well as he, lay by to keep him Company, and perhaps was no more ſober than he. The Silver Cup tempted me: Fleſh is frail, quoth I, eſpecially in one that has loſt his Money, and knows not where to get more to Game with. As I came in unobſerv'd, ſo may I go out, and nothing is to be neglected, for in great Affairs a Man cannot have too great Precaution. I went into my Maſter's Chamber to ſee if he ſlept ſtill, and found both him and my Miſtreſs as faſt as a Church. I then cry'd ſoftly, Mr. Cup, I muſt beg your Pardon; and ſo took him, and put him into my Pocket. Then I return'd to the Kitchin, where I found my ſelf Employment till ſuch time as my Maſter came in, ſomewhat recover'd from his Debauch, but his Head ak'd terribly. He was out of Humour, and immediately began to Quarrel with me for laying on a Fagot too much, telling me, he believ'd I had a mind to fire the Houſe. I made no Reply; and as he was not in a Condition to work, I got ready the Supper as well as I could, and ſerv'd it up; which done, we retir'd as uſual. My Maſter was good for nothing but to go to Bed, which he did as ſoon as he got to his Appartment. I found my Miſtreſs more wakeful, and very much afflicted and concern'd. I preſently gueſs'd the Cauſe of it, tho' I ſeem'd to know nothing of the Matter, therefore ask'd her what ſhe ail'd. She having always put great Confidence in me, told me the Loſs of the Cup, and that ſhe had look'd all over the Houſe for't, but could not find it. 'Tis not ſo much for the Value of it, quoth ſhe, but the Paſſion it will put my Husband in when he comes to know it is gone. He'l be ready to knock me o'th' Head for't. I endeavour'd to comfort her all I could, and indeed was the propereſt Perſon. I told her, there was a Remedy for all Things, and that this Cup was not ſo extraordinary, but there might be found one like it; therefore adviſ'd

vis'd her to get a new one made of the ſame Weight and Faſhion, and ſhe might pretend to her Husband ſhe had chang'd the old one, or got it new boil'd, becauſe it was furr'd and tarniſh'd. The firſt Propoſal ſhe lik'd beſt; but as ſhe could not well go out, becauſe her Husband was apt to be jealous, tho' ſhe was not extraordinary handſome, ſhe deſir'd me to take that Task upon me, and go to the Goldſmiths, and ſee if I could meet with one any thing like it, for ſhe ſaid, I muſt needs know what ſort of Cup it was, having ſeen it ſo often. I told her, I would do all that lay in my Power to ſerve her in this, or any thing elſe; and ſo next Morning betimes, before my Maſter was up, I carried the Cup to a Goldſmith a good way off from our Houſe, and deſir'd him to trick it up as if it had been new, which he promis'd to do, and that in a ſhort time. Returning home, I gave my Miſtreſs an Account of my Commiſſion, or at leaſt as much of it as I thought proper, telling her, I had met with a Cup ſo exactly like hers, that they could not well be known aſunder, but that the Goldſmith would not abate a Farthing of 25 *Francs* for it. She could not think that unreaſonable, becauſe the old one had coſt very near as much, and that I knew full well, for I had weigh'd it. She ſeem'd exceedingly ſatisfy'd with what I had done, and therefore out of an Impatience to have the Cup, ſhe ran to her Chamber, and immediately fetch'd me the Money, giving me half a *Real* for my Pains. I took it, but as I was otherwiſe employ'd by my Maſter all that Day, I could not go to the Goldſmith's till towards Night, when I found an Opportunity, and went; and having brought home the Cup, my Miſtreſs was perfectly charm'd with it, and I no leſs, in that it had been the Occaſion of my getting ſo much Money. I now had wherewithal to Game afreſh, but, alas! it did not laſt long; for having to do with

thoſe

thoſe that were cunninger than my ſelf, they ſoon ſtrip'd me of what I had. I began indeed to ſlip Cards, to make falſe Lifts, to Palm, and the like ſort of Villanies practis'd by Sharpers; but then I could put thoſe Tricks only on the young Pages, who had not much Money to loſe. As for thoſe that play'd higher, they were greater Rogues than my ſelf, and took Care I ſhould get nothing of them. If I got off Scot-free, 'twas all I muſt expect, but generally I came off Loſer.

I could not carry this Trade on long without being taken Notice of. My Fellow-Servants obſerv'd I often play'd, and ſeldom or never won, which made them think I muſt have ſome indirect Ways for recruiting my ſelf. They talk'd of it ſo frequently, that at laſt it came to my Maſter's Ears, who alſo had begun to ſuſpect me, not ſeeing me ſo diligent in the Kitchin as I was wont to be. He reſolv'd to watch me, and have an Eye upon my Actions. Thus Thieves are accuſtom'd to be jealous one of another, and cannot ſuffer one below them to pry into their Rogueries. No Mother can be ſo ſevere upon a Daughter's Practices as ſhe that has been guilty of the like Crimes, nor Maſter ſo unmerciful to his pilfering Servant as he that is the greateſt Pilferer himſelf. My Maſter was one that underſtood this Buſineſs beſt of any, and yet, forſooth, he took an Affection to me for the Fidelity he imagin'd in me. But who is it that was not a Thief in this Houſe? The Steward, Gentleman-Uſher, *Valet de Chambre*, Butler, Cook, Pages, Coachman and Footmen were, and who I wonder ſhould eſcape? Every one ſought to make his Neſt as well as he could, and no Body took Notice of what the other did, but all kept the Secret out of a common Intereſt religiouſly, and all conſented to cheat their Maſter whenever they had Opportunity. Tell-Tales and Squeakers were ſure to be kick'd out of Company,

pany, and could not ſtay long in that Houſe. They would all combine againſt them, and one way or other get them out, that they might be able to tell no more Tales. Either they were hooted and driven out, or ſo perſecuted, that they were not able to ſtay. All theſe petty ſorts of Theft were look'd upon by them as ſmall Duties and Perquiſites belonging to their Places, for which they did not think themſelves oblig'd to their Maſter, but took them as their Dues, and thought them as much ſo as their Wages. What they prey'd moſt upon, was the Proviſions that were brought into the Kitchin, of which the greateſt part was ſtill miſſing, without any Bodies caring to give an Account of it. Theſe were generally whole Loins of Veal, good handſome Slices of Bacon, entire Hams, Ox-Tongues, Boars-Heads, Veniſon-Paſty, Salt-bits, and a thouſand other ſuch-like Dainties, which diſappear'd in a Moment after they came once to be ſeen. As for the Poulterer and Paſtry-Cook's Provender, that was generally ſecur'd by my Maſter, who never fail'd to ſet by enough for himſelf and his Friends. Many other Thefts of greater Conſequence I ſaw every Day committed upon our poor Lord, but I durſt not ſpeak for fear of being us'd ſcurvily, and therefore contented my ſelf with obſerving them, without being concern'd in the Benefit of them.

By theſe Means, ſuch-like great Lords as ours ſoon reduce a potent and flouriſhing Houſe to an Hoſpital, and 'tis this makes them mortgage their Lands, and ſell their Vaſſals. Miſerable Heads of a Family! who not caring to give themſelves the Trouble to look into their Domeſtick Concerns, ſuffer themſelves to be devour'd alive by theſe Caterpillars, theſe Harpies. They muſt needs be all ſenſible, that the fewer there are of theſe Blood-ſuckers in a Houſe, the better it is for the Houſe; yet there's never a one of them but will have more of theſe Vermin than he has occaſion for,

for, meerly thro' Vanity to appear greater than he is. This is the Fault of almoſt all Conditions, even from the higheſt to the loweſt, for there's hardly ever a Porter but thinks himſelf as good as a Tradeſman; the Tradeſman will compare with the Merchant, the Merchant rivals the Gentleman; and the Gentleman thinks himſelf equal with Counts, Marquiſſes, Dukes and Princes, and theſe laſt, many times, hold up their Heads equal with Kings; and all this but to make the greater Noiſe, and pretend to a Degree that is not due to them. Nevertheleſs, if we conſider a little, this ſame exalted Condition of a King is not ſo deſirable as we may imagine; for what King is there, whoſe Sleep or Diverſions can be compar'd with thoſe of a Porter. The buſy Tradeſman enjoys more Quiet, and the Adventurous Merchant runs not half the Riſque. A King finds more Snares and Cares in a Crown, than a Merchant does in all his Voyages. A King ſure may be allow'd to have greater Trouble in giving out his Orders to an Army, than a Gentleman can in giving out his to his Equipage. A Man of Quality may be engag'd in Debts, but a King muſt be inevitably ſo, if his Subjects don't timely ſupply him. In a Word, there is no Prince, whether a Subject or not, but has more Cares upon him than he that makes Court to him. He muſt watch while others ſleep. For this Reaſon the *Egyptians*, when they had a mind to repreſent a King, painted a Scepter with an Eye at the Top of it. He muſt, like a good Pilot, work at the Helm while others reſt themſelves. He ſighs and mourns, while others laugh and are merry. He's never belov'd but out of a private Intereſt, whereas he ought to be belov'd, fear'd and honour'd on a publick Account. He rarely or never is told the Truth, for fear it ſhould diſpleaſe him. He's yet more rarely undeceiv'd, and he knows well for what Reaſon.

But not to proceed any further on ſo nice and delicate a Subject as this, which might occaſion me a great many more Reflections, I will return to ſpeak of the Vanity of moſt Men of Quality and Great Lords, who not caring to retrench the Number of their Domeſticks, or abridge the Expences of their Family, fall at laſt to decay, and are obliged to retire into the Country to ſave Charges. There they buſy themſelves at ſome Country Village or Houſe of theirs, in rearing of Poultry, fatting their Cattle, or ſowing their Grounds, for now, God knows, they would make but a pitiful Figure at Court, and therefore they do wiſely to avoid it. They now begin to know what it is to live, but, alaſs! too late. If Rich Men had but more Conduct, they would never be Poor; and if Poor knew better how to manage themſelves, they would ſoon be Rich. Both need only obſerve Times and Seaſons, and be acquainted with the Extent of their Capacities. It does not always become a Rich Man to ſpare, no more than it does a Poor Man to ſpend. There's Rules for all Things. One need only obſerve them. He that goes beyond them, ſurely repents of it. Money, 'tis true, is given a Man to make uſe of; but then he ought to know how to do ſo, and not to fool it away on all Occaſions. If a Lord thinks fit to live generouſly, his Vaſſal muſt not think to do ſo too: That does not belong to him. He'l ſoon come to the Ground if he does. One has 20000 *Francs* a Year, and the other, it may be, but 20. The Difference is great, and the Ambition ought to be ſuitably proportion'd. You are but a Crow, and can only croak, and yet you will put your ſelf in Competition with the fineſt Singing-Birds. What Folly, nay what Madneſs, is this! When you have a good Piece of Cheeſe in your Beak, will you ſet up a ſinging to pleaſe a Flatterer below that commends your fine Voice?

We ought to ſleep with one Foot in the Air as the Crane does, when our Wealth is concern'd. If we have wherewithal to ſpend, we care not to be robb'd of it. A Caterer, a Cook, and a Clerk of the Kitchin, are three Thieves that a great Man ought to rid his Houſe of as ſoon as he can, if he has not a mind to be eat up by them. It is a Folly next to Madneſs to endure them.

It is oftentimes the Maſter's Fault that the Servants are Rogues. They give them but ſmall Wages, and pay them often indifferently. They take miſerable Wretches into their Service, whoſe Neceſſity obliges them to accept what they can get. When they are once receiv'd, they ſoon find a Way to encreaſe their Stipends at their Maſter's Expence. So, Gentlemen, if you are cheated, you may ev'n thank your ſelves for't. You play off a hundred *Piſtoles* a Night, and ſometimes, it may be, a whole Years Income, yet take no Care to pay your Servants, nor afford them the leaſt Gratification. This, truly, is a fine Way to be ſerv'd well. Juſt Payments, and good Rewards from a Maſter, always make good and faithful Servants. What! ſays one to me, is it not enough if I give my Servant large Wages, and pay him well to boot. No, it is not enough; for if you give him but what you owe him, what Obligation has he to you? You ſhould, by your Civilities, oblige him to do for you even more than he ought, and to ſerve you more thro' Affection than Duty. You don't ſee Servants are over-haſty to ſerve him that keeps his Purſe too cloſe from them. A certain Gentleman tolerably rich, but not over-brave, had a Quarrel with a Neighbour of his about a Hunting-Match. This Neighbour did not underſtand Railery, but fought well. The Gentleman, not caring to ſtand the Tryal himſelf, got a luſty young Fellow, a Soldier, to go about with him, whom he promis'd ſo much a Month, and which he paid duly. The Neighbour meeting

meeting him, drew upon him, but he car'd not to diſpute the Matter himſelf, and ſo left it to his *Back*, who manag'd his Sword ſo well, that he diſarm'd his Adverſary. He had only the Misfortune to loſe his Hat and Scabar'd in the Scuffle, and that was all the Harm he receiv'd; but he hop'd his Maſter the Gentleman, who had retreated ſo nimbly that he was by this time got Home, would make him conſiderable Amends. By no means he thought he was ſufficiently recompenc'd by the Penſion he gave him. This ſneaking Proceeding ſurpris'd him, but he ſaid nothing, and continu'd to wait on him as before. The Neighbour, extreamly vex'd that he had been diſarm'd, and that his true Man, with whom only he had the Quarrel, had refus'd to fight him, putting another in his ſtead, ſought all Occaſions to meet him again, but it was only with a good Cudgel. The Gentleman's Misfortune would have it that this Deſign ſucceeded; but he might traverſe as much Ground as he pleaſed, and take a direct Flight if he thought fit, for his Adverſary had as good Heels as he, and a much better Heart. He laid him on ſo unmercifully that he left him for dead, and all this in the Sight of his *Back*, who mov'd not a Step to help him. Without his Protection he had not ventur'd abroad, and therefore he was much ſurpris'd to ſee him ſtand ſo inſenſibly. When he came home, and had had his Wounds and Bruiſes dreſs'd, he call'd for his Champion, whom he reproach'd with his Cowardice and Ill-will, telling him, he thought one that had eat his Bread, and drank his Drink, might have been more honourable to him. The Soldier having heard him out, replied, Sir, you hir'd me to wait upon you, and I have done it. I was oblig'd to no more. If I had drawn my Sword in your Defence, as I did the other Day, and had loſt another Hat and Scabard, it might have coſt me more than a Month's Wages. You know I cannot afford that, and as I am paid, ſo I ſhall always ſerve.

If You have a mind, Gentlemen and great Lords, to be well ſerv'd, and have your Domeſticks love you, ſhew likewiſe ſome Kindneſs to them. A ſmall Matter will ſuffice. Let but your *Major-Domo* diſtribute 10 *Piſtoles* among them, and they will be better ſatisfied than your Jilt of a Miſtreſs was with the fine Coach you preſented her lately, and which ſhe did but laugh at you for.

CHAP. VI.

Guzman *goes on, and tells what paſs'd further between him and his Maſter, till he was diſmiſs'd his Service. He takes an Occaſion to condemn Idleneſs and ill Company. He recounts the Spoils and Trophies of Cooks, and relates a pleaſant Paſſage between him and his Miſtreſs.*

IT was then the general Diſorder of this Houſe, and the bad Example of the Servants, that made me a Thief, and Gaming gave the firſt Occaſion. I was every Day with Wolves, and how could I eſcape learning to howl. I had natural Inclination enough to Roguery I muſt needs confeſs, but then 'twas Practice I wanted, and that I had enough of here. Idleneſs contributed much towards it. He that can employ himſelf well, need never fear being drawn into this Snare, whereas the ſlothful Perſon is ever in danger of it. I did not look into my own Breaſt, but conſulted the Actions of other People. I thought I might be allow'd to do as they did, without conſidering it became them better, and that they ſerv'd their Lords with no other End. But at length I found I was miſtaken, and had taken the Matter wrong, for that ſuch Permiſſions were granted only

to

to Favourites, and ſuch as had Credit with their Lords, to neceſſary Perſons, and ſleek well-look'd Fellows, to Flatterers and Pimps, true Crocodiles and Scorpions; and, laſtly, to thoſe ſly inſinuating Raſcals, who know how to tickle the Ear, and poiſon the Soul. Theſe People had a kind of Right to enrich themſelves at their Lord's Expence; but for ſuch poor Dogs as I, ſuch a contemptible Scullion-Boy, I was not admitted to ſo great Villany, but having been trap'd in my Rogueries once or twice, for as I told you I was continually watch'd, I had due Correction given me with a good Cudgel.

About this Time my Maſter was ſent for to dreſs a great Dinner for a Foreign Prince that was newly arriv'd at Court. He carried me along with him, and we were no ſooner come into the Kitchin but we employ'd our ſelves in rending, tearing, breaking, dividing, and ſetting aſide what we thought for our Purpoſe, and our Due, and this before any Body elſe came, for there were other Cooks to be employ'd under my Maſter, who might, perhaps, have pretended to ſome of the Profits, had they been preſent, but we thought good to prevent them by theſe Means. My Maſter had the Direction of all, and he believ'd nothing more reaſonable, than that *Cæſar* ſhould have what was *Cæſar*'s, and the Cook what was the Cook's. As for the Underlings, they might ſhift as well as they could, he did not think himſelf oblig'd to take Care of them. When Night came, he ſent me home for a large Sack, for the Dinner was not to be till next Day; and having brought it, we crowded into it all that we judg'd proper, and ſo he ſent me away privately with it, but the Burden was ſo great, I did not ſweat a little under it. I return'd, and he had prepar'd to fill my Sack again, but I could not carry it away till I had Opportunity, for now all the other Cooks were come, and we had but too many Eyes upon us to ſuffer us to do it pri-

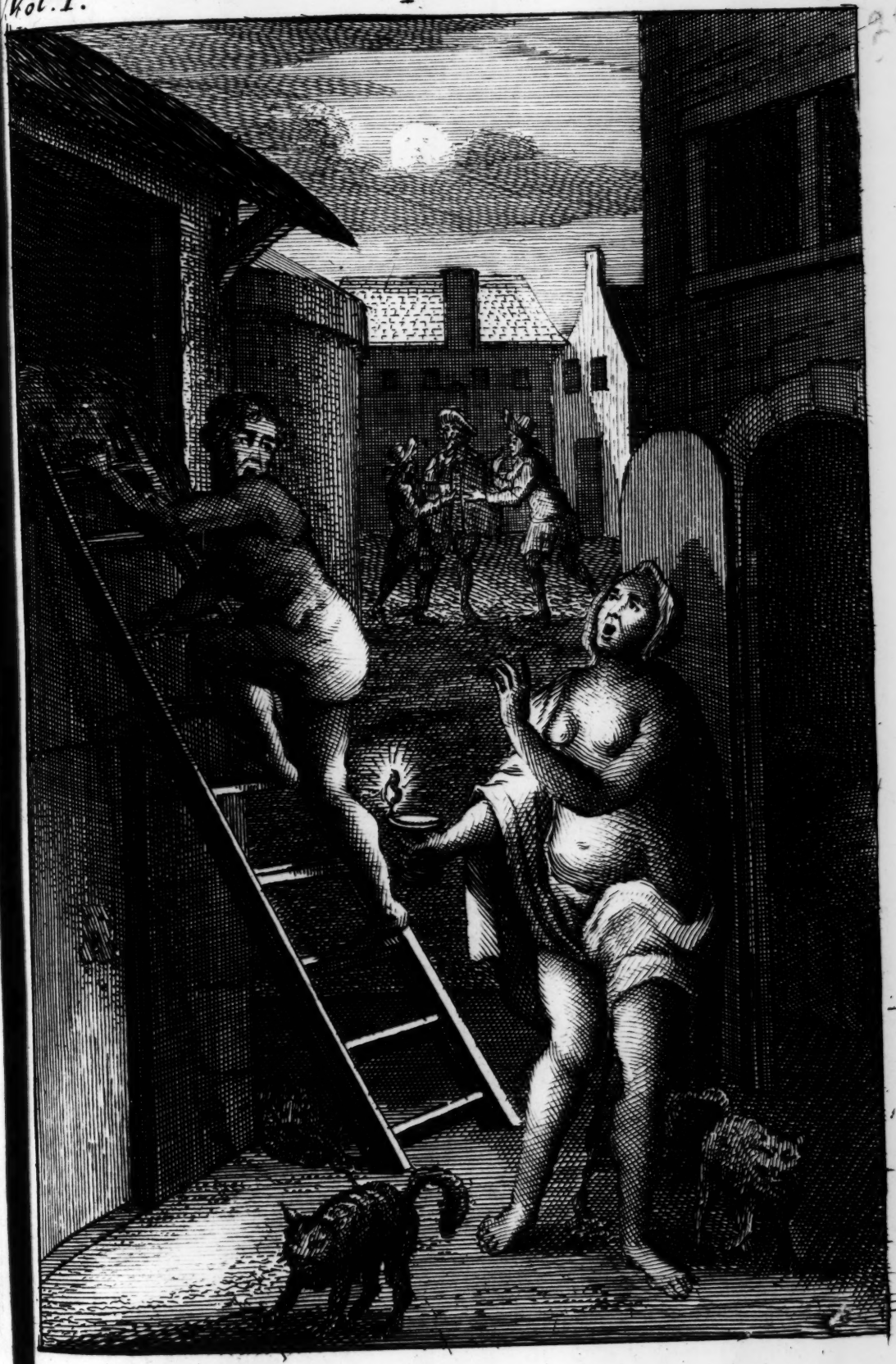
vately, which was nevertheleſs neceſſary to be done. We therefore referr'd it to a convenient Seaſon, and in the mean time he employ'd me in pulling of Fowls, gutting them, larding them, ſingeing them, and the like Exerciſes of the Kitchin. Having many Hands, we ſoon diſpatch'd that, and all the reſt of the preparatory Work, and ſo my Maſter thought he might now take an Occaſion to ſend me away. He diſmiſs'd me, telling me he was very ſorry he could not go along with me, and this, you muſt know, becauſe of his Wife, whom I have already told you he was jealous of. He appear'd very uneaſy, but bear it he muſt, and ſo he was fain. He bid me be ſure to take Care of the Houſe, and ſee that nothing was purloin'd, for being ſo great a Thief himſelf, he apprehended every Body elſe. He bid me likewiſe tell his Wife he knew not when he ſhould come home, but therein he lied, for he knew well enough he could not come till next Day after Dinner; but this he did to blind her, that ſhe might not know the certainty of his coming, and, conſequently, not dare to call in a Neighbour to make good her Husbands Inſufficiencies, as Cooks, as well as others, have ſometimes been ſerv'd. I promis'd to obey all his Commands, when following me to the Door, as if he had ſomething more to ſay to me, he took out of a Coach the Sack he had hid there for that purpoſe, and putting it on my Head, ſent me away. I no ſooner got home, but after having made my Maſter's Compliments to my Miſtreſs, which, however, were but like ſtale Fiſh to her, I began to ſhoot out what I had in my Sack, when appear'd Capons, Partridges, Pheaſants, Pullets, Pigeons, Pieces of Veniſon, Quarters of Lamb, Tongues, Hams, and, in a Word, as great Variety, almoſt, as was found in *Noah*'s Ark. This, with the other Sack I brought before, which had no leſs Variety, was, methought, the moſt charming Sight I ever ſaw in my Life, and the beſt diverſified.

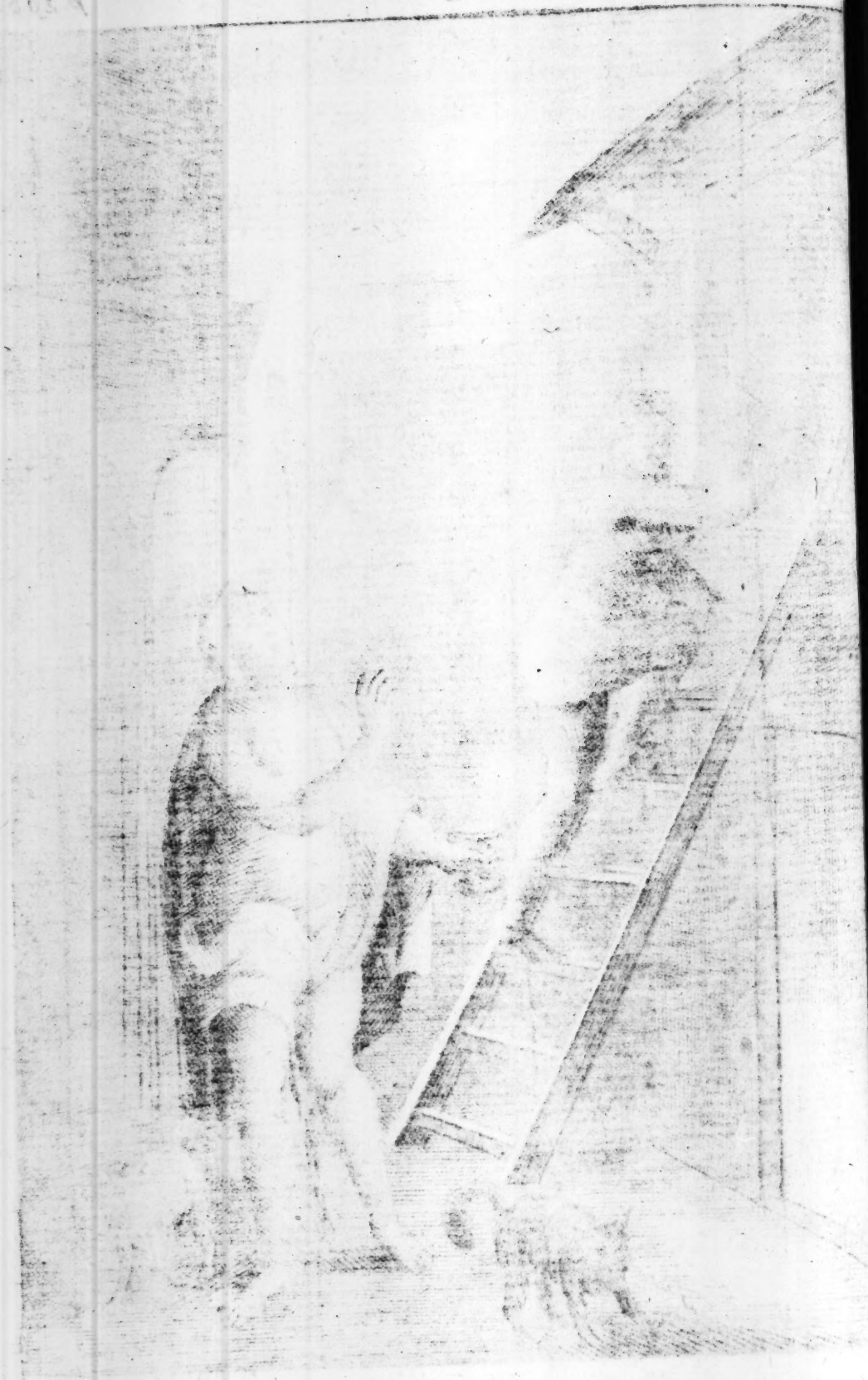
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Here were Colours of all Sorts, and Creatures and Things of all Forms and Sizes. When I had thus executed my Commiſſion, I went to Bed, and 'twas time you'd ſay I ſhould, ſince I had wrought hard all that Day, and ſwingingly tir'd my ſelf. My Miſtreſs was for going to Bed too, for tho' ſhe had not work'd ſo hard as I, ſhe had drank harder, and therefore 'twas but reaſonable ſhe ſhould have ſome Repoſe. My Lodging was in a Garret over the Gallery, againſt which the Sun darting fiercely, it became almoſt as hot by Night as by Day, ſo that making uſe of a Priviledge we have in *Spain*, of lying Naked when we pleaſe, I pull'd off my Shirt and fell a-ſleep heartily. About an Hour or two after, I was all of a ſudden wak'd by a Conſort of Cats, who made as terrible a Din in the Gallery below, as if there had been a thouſand Devils there. Theſe Cats you know are a ſort of Animals that have no Regard to their Maſter's Good, and who growl continually, eſpecially while they are eating, therefore a Man can't tell when they are ſatisfied. I ſaid therefore to my ſelf, it would be the Devil if theſe Gentlemen, who are naturally ſo malicious, ſhould fall upon our Provender; they would certainly make mad Work there, and I ſhould not care that my Bones ſhould pay for their Impudence; it were beſt then for me to ſee a clear riddance of them. What we have got, is unqueſtionably our own, becauſe we have brought it home. My Maſter prog'd for't, and I bore the Burden of it, which is certainly Title enough. There's no further Doubt to be made of it. Without any more Arguments, I ought to go and ſee what's the Matter. Hereupon jumping out of Bed, and not ſtaying to put on my Shirt that I might not loſe Time, being apprehenſive of meeting no Body at that time of Night, I ſtole ſoftly down the Ladder, thinking to ſurpriſe thoſe Rioters. When I was got to the bottom, I was ſtartled to find a broad ſtreak of Light before

me, not having heard the leaſt Noiſe, when looking about, I ſaw a Figure all naked like my ſelf with a Lamp in its Hand, and ſo black, that I took it to be the Devil. It was, in truth, my Miſtreſs, who having been wak'd by the Cats, as I had been, was coming to ſecure the Belly-Timber; and being more heated than I was with the Wine ſhe drank over-night, had thrown off her Smock, and not taken Care to hide her Nakedneſs thro' the ſame Conſideration as I had, believing me to be ſoundly a-ſleep. She perceiv'd me as ſoon as I did her; and whereas I took her for a Devil, ſhe took me for a Spright. We both began to ſquawl at the ſame time. She ran into her Chamber, and I towards the Gallery, being like to break my Neck by the way. She hearing me fall, gueſs'd it was I, and that I had riſen for the ſame Reaſon ſhe did, and ſhe was much in the Right of it. The curſed Cats diſappear'd at the Noiſe we made; and I being curious to know what had been the occaſion of our Diſaſter, went to ſee. I found a larded Hare with nothing but the Bones left, ſo greedy theſe Animals had been, who are never more out of Humour than when they are eating. I put Things in the beſt Order I could, and ſo return'd to Bed. But to ſleep it was impoſſible, for, over and above that my Bruiſes gave me a great deal of Pain, my naked Miſtreſs ran ſo much in my Mind, I could not cloſe my Eyes. The Sight of a naked Woman's the Devil. But this was not all, for having Orders from my Maſter to return to him as ſoon as it was Light, Five a Clock had no ſooner ſtruck, but I was fain to get up and dreſs me for that purpoſe. Before I went, I thought proper to take a Turn in the Gallery, to ſee if there were no more Miſchief done; but what a Stink did I meet with there! what did I ſee! I dare not deſcribe it. Fear had it ſeems a terrible Effect on my poor Miſtreſs, for all the way I went there was a ſtinking Train of Gun-Powder laid,

even





even to her Chamber Door. I would not take the Pains to clean it, and as ſhe had dropt it, I thought it was fitteſt for her to remove it. I left Matters as I found them, and ſo haſted away to my Maſter. He enquir'd immediately how his Wife and Family did, and I gave him a ſatisfactory Account, but did not ſay a Word of the Adventure of the Cats, or that of his Wife. That was too nice a Point to touch upon. He ſet me to Work, and I labour'd hard with the reſt, who had been up all Night. Every Body was in Action, and as this, like all other Noblemen's, was a very diſorder'd Houſe, every thing went to wreck, and there was great Spoil made of all Things. We need only ſpeak to have any Thing, and ſcarce a Third of what we got was made uſe of. What remain'd, was ſecur'd another way. We demanded Sugar for Tarts, and Tarts for Sugar, and every thing twice or thrice over, varying only in the manner of asking. We call'd theſe *Jubilee* Feaſts, becauſe then the Rivers over-flow'd, and Fiſh ſwam in the large Water. For my part, I waited to give a Stroke, which I believ'd I might do, after the great Dog's had their Bellies full, for I would not have it thought but my Talons were as ſharp as theirs. Nevertheleſs, for Paſtime, I, like a Fool as I was, div'd my Hand into a Pannier of Eggs, which I lov'd very well, and put half a Dozen of them into my Pocket. My Maſter ſaw me; and as there was then ſeveral of the Houſe-Servants in the Kitchin, he, to gain Reputation at my Expence, ran to me, and, like a Brute as he was, gave me ſuch a Kick, that he threw me on the Floor on that ſide where I had the Eggs. Judge you what an *Omelet* this muſt needs make. The Eggs ran down my Thighs and Legs in ſuch manner, as ſet all the Company a laughing. You may imagine what a Confuſion and Rage I was in againſt my Maſter. He added Reproaches to his Injuries, and told me, he would teach me to ſteal in ſuch a great Lord's

Houſe

Houſe as that was. No Body indeed could teach me better, and I was about to tell him, I thought thoſe Eggs belong'd to the Fowls he had order'd me to carry home to his Houſe; but I conſider'd of the Matter, and believ'd it better to hold my Peace, ſince I had drawn that Storm upon my ſelf by my Indiſcretion. I nevertheleſs, to make my ſelf Amends, thruſt into my Breeches unobſerv'd, a brace of Partridges, four Quails, half a roaſted Pheaſant, and ſome Veal Sweet-breads, not being willing to have it ſaid, I had been at Court and not ſeen the King.

All this Confuſion of a Feaſt being over, my Maſter and I return'd home, he pretending ſtill to be angry with me, and I being really ſo with him. We both however held our Peace, till at length he being afraid, leaſt I ſhould go in a Humour and diſcover all, ſaid to me, Fooliſh Boy that thou wert, where was thy Wit when thou went'ſt about to diſgrace me and thy ſelf for half a dozen Eggs, which thou took'ſt before ſo many People? Is it that thou wantedſt Eggs in our Houſe, or that, in a Kitchin ſo well provided as that Lord's was, there was nothing better to take? Haſt thou liv'd with me thus long to be ſo great an Oaf? I would have excus'd my ſelf, but he would not hear me; when going on with his Diſcourſe, he ſaid, I acknowledge I was in the wrong to kick thee, but as Matters ſtood I could not well avoid it; however, to make thee Amends, I will buy thee a pair of Shoes to morrow, and make thee a Preſent of them. I was glad to hear that, for I had more than ordinary occaſion for Shoes at that time, but I never ſaw them, and I ſuppoſe my Miſtreſs hindred my having them, either becauſe ſhe was angry that I had ſeen her naked, tho' Women are not commonly offended at ſuch Matters, or elſe that ſhe fear'd I might reveal our Adventure, which might turn to her Prejudice; for we were no ſooner come home, but my Maſter having

having had half an Hours Diſcourſe with her in private, from the beſt humour'd Man that could be before, he all of a ſudden became the moſt incens'd againſt me, which I could plainly perceive by his Countenance. He nevertheleſs ſaid nothing to me that Night, but went to Bed betimes, which he had more than ordinary occaſion for, having not ſlept the Night before. For my part, I ſought all Opportunities to ſpeak to my Miſtreſs, to know what had occaſion'd my Maſter's Diſpleaſure; but ſhe avoided me, and I could never bring my Ends about. As I underſtood from a Neighbour, to whom ſhe had open'd her Breaſt, her Ill-will to me was not on account of my ſeeing her Naked, but becauſe I had ſeen what fell from her in that Fright, and ſhe therefore was aſham'd to look me in the Face. Let it be what it would I went to Bed too, not over-ſolicitous what had been the occaſion either of her Diſpleaſure or his. Betimes next Morning, being deſirous to raiſe a little Money, I went into the Kitchin to prepare Matters for that purpoſe; and as there was ſome Paſte left that remain'd of the Paſties and Tarts that had been made the Day before, I ſet to work, and made an excellent Paſty of it with ſuch cold Meat and Scraps as I had hid. About Night, when I had nothing almoſt to do, I went to the Market to ſell that and the Partridges and Quails I had ſecur'd the Day before. As I thought my Maſter would be enquiring after me, becauſe I knew he would ſeek all occaſions to quarrel with me, I made what haſt I could to get a Chapman, and, as good Luck would have it, I ſoon found one. It was a hoary old Fellow with Spectacles. The Agreement was ſoon made, and if he had a mind to buy, I had no leſs to ſell. We agreed then for 4 *Francs*, which, tho' not above half what my Merchandize was worth, I ſhould have been happy if I could have got my Money ſo ſpeedily as was neceſſary, for I had to do with the greateſt

Dotard,

Dotard, the greateſt Trifler, the greateſt Punctilio-Man, the greateſt Impertinent, and the moſt Ridiculous Creature in the World, and it mads me whenever I think of him; for I had no ſooner deliver'd my Goods, but he muſt put his *Reportory* or Pocket-Book under his Arm, hang his greaſy Gloves and ſnotty Handkerchief at his Girdle, pull out his Spectacles, which he muſt clean to look on the Money, open and ſhut his Purſe twenty times to make it go eaſy, handle his Chaplet and his Buttons that he pretended incommoded him, and the like intolerable Delays, which were enough to make ſuch a young Fellow as I ſweat, who were apprehenſive of my Maſter's ſurpriſing me every Moment. At length, as I fear'd, he came before this old fumbling Cur would diſpatch me: Ha, Spark, cry's he! What are you receiving this Money for? What fine Bargain are you driving here? I turn'd as pale as Death. I had not the Courage to anſwer him. And if I had had any, what could I have ſaid when this old Dreamer was ſtill by. There was no Evaſion could ſerve my Turn, for the Partridges, Quails and Paſty, ſpoke ſufficiently to my Prejudice. I therefore ſaid not a Word, but let him take my Money, and I thought I ſhould be happy if I could eſcape ſo. He however told me, I muſt not pretend to ſet a Foot more within his Doors, and that, if I dar'd but to paſs by his Lodging for the future, he would give me ſuch a Welcome, as ſhould make me wiſh my ſelf further off; and ſo giving me a good Kick in the A——, he cried, Go and take notice that is the laſt Favour you ſhall receive from me; which ſaid, he left me. All this was done in the Preſence of that curſed old Dog, whom God confound, from whom, when he leaſt minded me, I ſnatch'd the Partridges, Quails and Paſty, telling him, as I ran away, he might go for his Money to him that had got it, for as for my Goods I would have them again. Seeing it to no Purpoſe to follow me,

me, he began to walk as faſt as he could (for run he could not) after the Cook, who did not go ſo faſt, but he overtook him as I perceiv'd; but how the Matter ended, or whether he got any Satisfaction from him or not, I cannot tell. I was not ſo mad as to ſtay to ſee, for fear my *Quondam* Maſter might come and demand his Goods again, and then I had been in a fine Caſe; for having no Money, and being juſt turn'd out of Doors, I had more than ordinary occaſion for them to procure me a Lodging, which I did not doubt they would do, and ſomething to boot; for I had been in ſuch haſte, that I had ſold them too great a Penniworth to this old Raſcal.

CHAP. VII.

Guzman *takes up the Basket again, and makes many uſeful moral Reflections on Mankind. At laſt, by means of a Theft, he got a great deal of Money, and left* Madrid.

IN whatſoever Condition a Man is, it is ſtill better to be Wiſe than Rich; for tho' Fortune ſhould turn Tail, Knowledge can never forſake him. Wealth may decreaſe every Day, but Underſtanding will rather be augmented than leſſen'd. That Little a wiſe Man knows, is worth more than all a rich Man enjoys. There's no body but is ſenſible what Advantage Wiſdom has of Fortune, altho' they both tend to the ſame End, that is, to make Men Illuſtrious and Honourable. The Philoſophers have given us different Portraits of Fortune, becauſe ſhe is ever variable in her ſelf, according as ſhe is look'd upon. Every one paints her as he finds her in reſpect to himſelf, or has conſider'd her in regard to other People. If ſhe be good,

good, ſhe is the Miſtreſs of all Virtues; if bad, the Mother of all Vice. He that ſhe favours moſt, is generally one that takes the leaſt Care to preſerve her. She is as frail as Glaſs, and both inconſtant and reſtleſs, like a Spherical Body on a plain Superficies. What ſhe gives to Day, ſhe takes away to Morrow. She is a Flux and Reflux, which at laſt Shipwrecks us on the Shore of Death, whence we have no poſſibility to return. As long as we live ſhe makes Comedians of us, who have every Day a new Part to ſtudy, and muſt appear in a different Form. The leaſt Event diſmounts, and makes her vaniſh. Philoſophy alone can deal with her, and bring that to rights which ſhe has put into diſorder. This ſame Philoſophy is a very rich Mine; happy is he that can make a Diſcovery of it. He may get thence a great deal of Treaſure without fear of exhauſting it. She Encourages one in good Fortune, and Comforts one in bad. She is Silver to a poor Man, Gold to a rich, and to a great Lord a precious and ineſtimable Jewel. In the moſt afflicting Accidents and moſt ſurpriſing Events, ſhe always ſupports and goes along with us; whereas a Man without her is apt to trip and ſtumble in the plaineſt Road. There's no Affliction upon Earth, Tempeſt on the Sea, or Storm in the Air, but what Philoſophy can ſurmount. A Man ought not to wiſh to live, but to grow wiſe; nor grow wiſe, but to live well. What a Philoſopher enjoys, is permanent, certain, and of continuance. But whither away, *Guzman*, cry you, what makes you ſo full of Philoſophy? What do you mean, by beſtowing ſo many fine Praiſes on what we know better than you? Where will this learned Diſcourſe end? It will end, Friend, reply I, in bringing me back to my Rags that I had quitted for the Office of a Scullion-Boy, and which I am now about to reſume with Content, which is all that the greateſt Philoſopher can do.

* * *

I was

I was well enough born, of noble and honeſt Parents as you know, and I could not eaſily forget that, therefore was reſolv'd not to degenerate. It was neceſſary I ſhould ſhew I reſembled them in every thing, and that I could, like them, reſiſt the Diſaſters of Fortune, and endure with Patience all the Affronts and Injuries ſhe was pleas'd to impoſe upon me. Herein I diſcover'd Marks of a great Soul. The Bad become worſe in Proſperity, and the Good better in Adverſity. When they can benefit themſelves by it, it is to them like a Crucible where Gold is refin'd. Who could have ever thought, that, after having ſo well ſerv'd this Cook as I did, I ſhould have been ſo ill rewarded on ſo trifling an Account. You'll tell me, perhaps, ſo the World goes; that this happens every Day to the honeſteſt People, who after having ſerv'd great Lords and Princes with the utmoſt Fidelity, are driven out of Doors, and all their Services forgot according to the Caprice or Humour of their Maſter. Mine was a little exaſperated againſt me, it may be, for ſtealing the Eggs ſo fooliſhly. He had heard of ſome other Rogueries perhaps, and that I play'd higher than I could well afford, but all that was nothing. 'Twas his Wife's Nakedneſs that ſtuck in his Stomach; he could not digeſt that, but look'd upon it as my Fault, and thought himſelf half diſhonour'd by my ſeeing her in that Condition. This made him to wait only for a proper Occaſion to get rid of me; his Wife having told him, that, after ſo ſhameful an Adventure, ſhe could not have the Impudence to look me in the Face. But all this ſhe did to ſhew her Modeſty at my Expence, and make her Husband have a better Opinion of her than perhaps ſhe deſerv'd.

But I am turn'd out into the Street, and kick'd into the Bargain. What ſhall I do, whither ſhall I go, or what will become of me? I left my Maſter with the fine Reputation of a Rogue, and who will take

me in with that Character. My only Hope was in my Basket, which to me was as great a Talent as Eloquence to *Demoſthenes*, or Stratagems to *Ulyſſes*. I was not ſorry I had try'd that ſort of Life, and Experience is a great Comfort to one. What a Man ſuffers with his good Will, aſſiſts him wonderfully when he comes to be oblig'd to undergo the ſame Trouble. There's no living in this World without Troubles. The Life of Man is interlarded with them. Nothing is more advantagious than to learn betimes how to digeſt them. There are none ſo Thorny, but they may be handled without Pricking. A Man muſt nevertheleſs be skilful to know where to fix upon them. I liv'd ſo well with this ſame Cook, that when I came to taſte a Reverſe of Fortune, I ſhould have been ſtark Mad if I had not before experienc'd it. I ſhould have been like a Freſh-water Seaman in a Storm. But well fare the Market-Basket I ſay, that was my Refuge. I came to that Employment again much in the ſame Condition I had left it, that is, not worth a Croſs, for you may imagine I had not laid out what I had got in Lands or Tenements. I was better cloath'd indeed, but that was not extraordinary neither. All went as it came, that is, Lightly, according to the Proverb. Whatever I became Maſter of, Gaming ſoon rid my Hands of; but this Advantage, however, I had by loſing my Money, that I at the ſame time loſt likewiſe the little Modeſty I had left. That Virtue does by no means ſuit with poor Folks; the leſs they have of it, the leſs ſenſible they are of their Misfortunes, and that's ſo much the better for them.

I was well known to moſt that frequented the Markets, and had Money ſufficient to buy a Basket, and that was enough. Nevertheleſs, to take away all Reproach, and prevent Peoples attributing my returning to my old Employment to any ill Deſign, I reſolv'd, before I engag'd in it, to go and offer my

* * * Service

Service to ſome Cooks of my Maſter's Acquaintance, who knew well what I were capable of, intending, if they receiv'd me, to render my ſelf thoroughly knowing in Kitchin-Affairs, for I had already made a tolerable Beginning. I was every where well receiv'd, tho' every Body knew my Hiſtory, but then it was only for 24 Hours, for all their pretended Kindneſs for me was meerly to get out of me what had paſs'd in our Family, and how many Rogueries I had ſeen my Maſter commit. This is what diſcontented Servants are commonly valued for for a while; but they ſeeing me unwilling to tell any thing but what was to my Maſter's Advantage, ſoon grew weary of me, and in few Days caſhier'd me. A thorough-pac'd Rogue now would have been able to have liv'd with them two or three Months upon ſuch Stories as I was able to tell, but, for my part, I could hardly hold out 3 Days.

Having thus done my Duty as I imagin'd, I thought of nothing further, but taking up the Basket again. I had ever been deſirous of doing ſomething, and hated Idleneſs from my Heart. I was ſatisfied, a Man was ſo much the more a Man, as he knew how to employ himſelf lawfully. If I had known better, I had done better. I can't imagine how, deſiring to be good as we all do, we ſhould find ſo much Difficulty in coming to it; and tho' we every Day propoſe to our ſelves to labour at it, we don't accompliſh it in many Years, nay ſometimes during our whole Lives. I fancy we don't wiſh our ſelves overwell, or elſe lull our ſelves to ſleep, becauſe the Thought of Futurity has not that Effect upon us as might reaſonably be expected from good Chriſtians, who have a mind not to be ſurpris'd by Death.

I reſum'd my former Calling, beginning to carry Burdens, and do Service to the Publick as I did before, by which I got a tolerable Livelihood. I did not, 'tis true, fare ſo well as I had done with the

Cook, but no matter for that, I was contented. As I did not depend on any Body, I had no Body to give an Account to of my Actions. I eat and drank when I pleas'd, and that was Pleaſure enough. I knew how to be Sober, and was hardly ever Drunk; ſo much ſome of my Friends Exceſſes appear'd beaſtly and ridiculous to me. The very Sight of them in that Condition would have made me Temperate, had I been naturally inclin'd to be otherwiſe. If Drunkenneſs be unſeemly, and of bad Example to Servants and ordinary Perſons, what muſt it be to thoſe of Worth and ſome Station in the World! What a fine thing 'tis to ſee People drink other Folks Healths till they burſt themſelves. If you have a mind to have this fine Sight, you need only go into ſome Tavern Kitchin, where you ſhall find 5 or 6 of theſe Fellows making the Debauch, as they call it, and who, tho' they aſſume the Character of Honeſt Fellows, ſhall utter a Million of Impertinencies and Slanders, and ſometimes downright Blaſphemies and Execrations, ſuch as the very Madmen in *Bedlam* would hardly be guilty of. Then you ſhall ſee them do ſuch Extravancies, as the leaſt Scrupulous among them would be aſham'd of, and condemn, were he but ſober. Now they come out of the Tavern, where they have been all Night, but what Figures do they make? What Phyz's have they? What fiery or ſodden Countenances, and how they reel or ſtagger? They tack about inceſſantly as Ships ſometimes do, and run all the Points of the *Compaſs* before they reach a Street's length. The Boys hoot at and run after them, as they do after *Beſs-a-Bedlams*. Now how can an honeſt Man ſhew his Face after ſuch Vagaries as theſe? And how dares he drink after he has ſo much expos'd himſelf? Let Rogues and Bullies follow this Trade; nothing can be too mean for them; it ſuits well with their Condition, they are the very Sinks and Common-Shores of Mankind; but for Men of Honour,

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Reputation and Quality to do ſo, I am aſham'd of it. They ſhould, methinks, be more careful of their Characters, and not thus debaſe themſelves to the very Mob. Should an Eccleſiaſtick or Religious Perſon thus ſtray from his Character, as there are but too many that do, I have nothing to ſay, let them be their own Judges, I don't doubt but they repent of it, and enjoin themſelves Penances when they come to be ſober. This is ſuch a Vice, that it is a Shame even to ſpeak of it, Baſe to diſguiſe it, Infamy to practiſe it, and very Unworthy of a Man not to have it in the greateſt Abhorence.

We Basket-Bearers had a Houſe in the Market, or rather a Hovel, which we bought and repair'd at our own Charges. We held there our greateſt Aſſemblies, and had Rejoicing-Bouts as often as there was occaſion. I always got up with the Sun, and went to thoſe Places where I thought there would be Employment for me. I was ever ready at Hand, and tender'd my Service with a good Grace. I was faithful and vigilant, and did not ſleep as I went along, as ſome are apt to do. By this means I came to have Reputation in my Buſineſs, and had always more upon my Hands than I were able to do. This made me take a Journey-Man, who aſſiſted me, and for whoſe Fidelity I anſwer'd. I knew him, and having done him former Kindneſſes, he look'd upon me as his Maſter, and waited upon me at Table.

About this time there were Commiſſions given out for new Levies. When any thing of that Nature happens, the Town immediately rings with it, and a Council of State is held in almoſt every Houſe. 'Twas but juſt, you'l ſay, ours ſhould have one too, and ſo we had. We Beggars have as good a Title to Speculations, Projects, and to diſcourſe of Affairs of State, as the beſt; and it ought not to be thought, becauſe our Employment is ſo low, our Sentiments ſhould be leſs juſt, or our Penetration more diſtant from the

Truth. I'll tell you by the way, I knew a certain Perſon who had as good Sence as any Body, and yet had no better Correſpondent for the moſt ſecret Affairs of State, than a certain Beggar with two Wooden Legs, who never ſtir'd off the Bridge where he begg'd, but which was extreamly frequented. Good Senſe is to be found in every Condition, and Prejudice only confines it to the Great. It muſt be thought, forſooth, becauſe they are Great in Title, they are ſo in every Thing elſe; but this does not always prove true. They have great Palaces, great Equipages, great Employments, but it does not follow from thence that they have great Senſe. Nature oftentimes makes us Amends, in reſpect to the Mind, for what Fortune has denied us in reſpect to the Body. I have heard ſome of my Comrades diſcourſe, and, above all, the *Galicia*-Spark, whom I have formerly ſpoken of, as neatly, and as much to the purpoſe, as any of the greateſt Miniſters of State of them all. We know all that paſſes moſt important, either at Court or in the City, becauſe we go every where: We hear all, and ſee all, without any Bodies taking the leaſt notice of us. Good Senſe, and good Underſtanding, does not depend upon a good Fortune. They are natural Gifts, which, when well cultivated, do not fail to ſhine, and even, where they are unpoliſh'd, have ſome Luſtre.

When we were met at Night in our Aſſemblies, each reported what he had ſeen or heard in the beſt Families that Day. Some, indeed, would talk fooliſhly of Affairs, but others would diſcourſe ſo gravely and notably, that Standers-by were ſurpris'd at their Solidity and good Senſe. The Taverns and Inns did not furniſh us the leaſt News, for as Wine was ſold there, which makes People talk, and for the moſt part, Truth, we learnt there moſt of our Affairs of State. 'Tis there that Armies are rais'd, the common Enemy's Power ballanc'd, the State reform'd,

form'd, the Conduct of the Miniſters canvaſs'd, and, in a Word, 'tis there where every thing is ſaid, and every thing done.

We judg'd then, from what we had learn'd, that theſe new Levies were for *Italy*, tho' it was made a Miſtery of, and we found it to be ſo; for they took their *Route* by *La Mancha*, extending themſelves towards *Almadovar* and *Argamaſilla*, along the Skirts of the Juriſdiction of *Toledo*, till they got to *Alcala de Henares* and *Guadalajara*, whence, advancing to the *Mediterranean* Sea, they were embarqu'd at *Barcelona*, as you'l find by what follows. I could not ſleep all Night, after I had heard my Comrades ſay there was all the likelihood in the World theſe Troops were for *Italy*, for that brought into my Mind my Kindred at *Genoa*, whom I had for a long time deſir'd to ſee. I thought I could not fail with them to make my Fortune, every Body telling me they were rich, and ſome of them without Children, ſo that I believ'd I muſt needs oblige them, when I offer'd them an Heir of ſo great Merit in my own Perſon. This was immediately concluded on, for I could not have a fairer Opportunity than to go with theſe Troops: But when I conſider'd what Quality my Kindred were of, *viz.* the Chief of the Nobility of *Genoa*, and how ill provided I was to appear before them, I was ready to forego my Reſolutions. I could then have heartily wiſh'd no Body had mention'd theſe Levies to me, for, ſaid I, when I ſhall come dirty and ragged as I am, and to be ſure I ſhall be more ſo before I get to that Country, to preſent my ſelf to their grave Excellencies of the Long Robe, my Kinſmen, and tell them I am their Relation, what likelihood is there they will either believe or receive me as I expect? If they ſhould be good enough to Credit me on my Word, yet would they not fail to treat me like a Rogue and a Raſcal, for preſuming to come before them in that pickle. My Father,

who knew the People of that Country thoroughly, was always wont to ſay, you muſt never truſt a *Genoeſe*, where his Intereſt or Reputation are concern'd. I was every Day revolving theſe Difficulties in my Mind, which all oppos'd my Deſign, yet could not make me deſiſt altogether from my Voyage. I had heard ſay, He that has a mind to be Pope, need only get it into his Head; therefore I ſaid to my ſelf, Is there any thing an Ingenious Man cannot bring about? You need only ſet well about it, and the Buſineſs is as good as done. Why ſhould I paſs ſuch raſh Cenſures on my Kindred, who are, perhaps, as honeſt People as my Father who ſpoke againſt them? They will, no doubt, be very glad to ſee me, and have that Reſpect for their deceas'd Brother or Unkle, as to give me whatever I ſhall ſtand in need of; nay, very far from treating me as an Impoſtor or Villain, their Prudence will ſuggeſt to them proper Queſtions to ask me of our Family, and I am prepar'd to anſwer them, being capable of telling them ſuch Secrets as they'l preſently conclude none but their Brother's Son could ever come to the Knowledge of, and which being not proper for every Body to know, they'l no doubt make much of me, that I may not divulge them. Thus I hung wavering betwixt Hope and Fear; ſometimes I thought I flatter'd my ſelf too much, and at other times believ'd I deſponded without any Reaſon. One Day, as I was ſitting in a Corner of the Market, where I uſually took my Poſt to be ready when I ſhould be wanted, I all of a ſudden heard my ſelf call'd two or three times. Turning about to ſee what was the matter, I ſaw an Apothecary of my old Acquaintance, who beckon'd to me to come to him. I ran immediately, but not ſo ſwift but two of my Companions, who were nearer to him, had got thither before me. They both offer'd their Services, but he refus'd them. Preſſing to be employ'd, he cried, Get ye gone, Birds

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of Prey, this is not a Morſel for your Chaps, it is for my faithful *Guzman*. Seeing me come up, he ſaid, Here, open thy Basket, and at the ſame time threw in three Bags of Money which he had in the Corner of his Cloak. To what Braſier, quoth I, muſt I carry all this Copper? Here's a Rogue, ſaid he, that takes Silver for Copper. Come, up and away, proceeded he, for I muſt go immediately and pay a Foreign Merchant with it, who has ſold me ſome Drugs for my Shop. This might be his Intention, but it was not mine, for I look'd upon theſe Bags as ſo much Money ſent me from Heaven, to deliver me from the Miſery I had ſo long undergone. I had done with Hopes, for I thought them mine for certain, being in my Poſſeſſion. I waited only for an Opportunity to make ſure of them. *Open thy Basket*, ſaid I, ſoftly to my ſelf: O the bleſs'd enchanting Sound, worthy not only of an Apothecary, but the greateſt Phyſician of the whole Faculty, in as much as they are able to cure me of all my Maladies together. I follow'd my Man cloſe, that I might not give him ſuſpicion of me, only now and then I would ſtay to reſt me a little, as if my Burden were too great; but I could have wiſh'd it had been much greater, ſince my Deſign was to ſteal it. My Maſter walk'd luſtily before ſince he knew my Reputation, which he had experienc'd more than once, and never ſo much as look'd behind him: But his Hour was not come, it was reſerv'd for this Blow. I was more than ordinary deſirous to meet with ſome Crowd or Turning, that I might give him the Go-by without Danger. As I wiſh'd, Fortune preſented me with an Occaſion. We happen'd to paſs by a Houſe which I knew had a Thorough-fare, and a Back-Door. I threw my ſelf nimbly through it without meeting any Body; and before you could have told Twenty, I was got through two or three By-Streets to an unknown Quarter, and far enough off from my Apothecary. I then began to

reſume my former Pace to avoid Suſpicion, and walk'd as gravely as if I had been going in a Proceſſion. I nevertheleſs verg'd as much as I could towards the Fields; and being arriv'd at the Gate *de la Llana*, thought my Prize ſure enough, yet believ'd it would be but Prudence to think of other Means to preſerve it. I ſlid then along the River, and from thence croſs'd over to *Caſa del Campo*. I after that travell'd above an Hour in By-ways, and being pretty well got out of Danger, and Night drawing on, I at length ſtop'd in the middle of a thick Wood not very far off the River, but very diſtant from any Road. The Moon ſhining bright, the firſt Thing I did was to look out a Place where I might depoſit my Money ſecurely. I could meet with none better nor more private than the bottom of the River; where having made a Hole near two Foot deep, I let down my Basket and Bags into it, covering them with a large Stone to keep them from floating. Then I ſet up a Stake pretty near to know where I had left them, and ſo went to ſleep at the foot of a Tree in Sight of my dear Treaſure, indifferently well ſatisfied, tho' not altogether void of Care. When Day-light appear'd, I went and hid my ſelf till it was dusk again, when Hunger, which obliges even the Wolf to leave his Haunts, made me to think of returning to *Madrid* to get Subſiſtence, for I knew I could not live long without it. I was aſſur'd, it was ſafer for one in my Circumſtances to go to a large City, where I could be beſt conceal'd, than expoſe my ſelf in a little Village, whither the Report of my Theft being come, I could not doubt but there would be Conſtables and Borſholders enough ready to apprehend me. I therefore reſolved to paſs 7 or 8 Days in the Place where I was, which was one of the obſcureſt and ſecureſt of all the Wood; but then I muſt have Proviſions, or ſtarve. I determin'd to venture once for all, and furniſh my ſelf with what I wanted.

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Having Money ſufficient, I bought a Hamper, and filling it to the Brim, return'd with ſafety to my Lodging, where I made good Chear, having not eat in Twenty four Hours before. I ſpent good part of the Night in that Divertiſement, and the reſt I allotted for Sleep. My Days I paſs'd agreeably enough in reflecting upon my Conduct, and how I ſhould be able to ſecure what I had got. It is not ſufficient to have begun well, or continued to do ſo, unleſs one ends the ſame. The two former are only Diſpoſitions, 'tis the laſt that Crowns the Work. What would all this fine Prize ſignifie, ſaid I to my ſelf, if I ſhould be oblig'd to reſtore it, and give my Ears, perhaps my Life to Boot? I lov'd my ſelf well, and Money was too uſeful to me to let it go without a Why-not. Hitherto all was well, and I manag'd my Proviſions ſo, that they might ſerve during the whole time of my Retreat, deſigning to go and get more for my Journey ſo ſoon as I ſhould judge it proper to peep abroad. I reſolv'd to beat it luſtily upon the Hoof, and not tarry long in any Place for fear of being diſcover'd. I had the fineſt Contrivances for Marketting that could be, and I ſpar'd for no Thoughts that might procure me any Pleaſure. I had it in my Imagination to employ a thouſand times more Money than I had, and fill'd my Fancy with Dainties of all Kinds continually. I did no longer fear to appear before my Kindred at *Genoa* like a Beggar, but had already purchas'd in my Mind the moſt ſplendid Cloaths, and ſurprizing Equipage. All my Trouble was, to know how much my Capital Stock conſiſted of, but I thought I ſhould be a Fool, if, to gratifie my Curioſity in that Point, I ſhould go and expoſe my ſelf to be ſeen; for, quoth I, the Devil is ever upon the Watch to break the Necks of honeſt People. Notwithſtanding all theſe Reaſons, which were but too good, I could not help yielding to

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the Temptation, for ſee I muſt what Caſh I had in Bank, and ſo I did. The next Day, as ſoon as it was light, I went to the Water-ſide and took up my Basket, well drench'd you may ſuppoſe, and having open'd it in my Place of Retreat, found much more Money than I expected. One of the Bags had 300 *Francs* in Gold in it, and the whole amounted to at leaſt 900. I ſpent all that Day in telling my Treaſure over and over, and in putting the great Pieces by themſelves, and the little by themſelves. I reſolv'd to carry the Gold about me, that in caſe of Purſuit I might not be hindred from running, for the Burden would not be ſo great. At Night I put my Basket in the ſame Place whence I had taken it; and on the Seventh Day, when I thought the Informers had loſt their Scent, and were weary with looking after me, I went by Night as formerly to furniſh my ſelf with more Proviſions at *Madrid*. Upon the Eighth Day, I fiſh'd up my Treaſure again, putting it in my Hamper under my Proviſions; but as for my Basket, I left that behind in the Water with the Stone upon it, having no further Occaſion for it. Then getting me two luſty Cudgels, one to carry my Burden on my Back, and the other to walk with, I ſet out by Night croſs the Fields, taking the Way as near as I could to *Toledo*. I travell'd at a pretty round rate, inſomuch that in Two Night's time I was got to the *Sagra*, a Territory belonging to *Toledo*, and near a cut Wood call'd *Açuqueyca*, where I deſign'd to ſpend the Day, that I might not enter the City till Night. Scarce was it Day-light, but, tir'd as I was, finding I had a Stomach, and that the Place invited me to it, I ſat me down upon the Graſs, and being near a Spring, began to pull out my Edibles to refreſh and comfort me. I fell to amain; but all of a ſudden was interrupted by a Noiſe behind me. I look'd back haſtily, and ſaw a young Man, much about my Age, coming

coming towards me. I ſtarted, and ſo did he: We both look'd on each other with Surpriſe, without ſaying a Word. He ſeem'd as if he deſerv'd Pity, tho' he was well Cloath'd, and had a Bundle under his Arm, through which I could diſcern both Linen and Woollen. I judg'd him at firſt to be a Knight-Errant like my ſelf, and that, ill Inſpir'd as I was, he had forſaken his Father and Mother's Houſe to wander about the World. He ſeem'd well enough Fed, and that he had not long been wean'd from his Mother's Breaſts. I ſaw he look'd wiſhfully on the Breakfaſt I had, and as if he would not be asked twice to bear a Bob with me. One need be only under Adverſity ones ſelf to pity thoſe that are ſo. I was generous to him, and invited him to come and partake with me; but he was ſtrangely embarraſs'd between Neceſſity and Shame, for he had not quite ſhook off the latter, as I had. Recovering himſelf, and being tempted by a good Piece of Mutton he ſaw in my Hand, a ſwinging Piece of Cheeſe that lay by me, and a good Loaf of Bread of the fineſt Meal, he laid aſide his Modeſty, and approaching me, with a thouſand Acknowledgments, confeſs'd he had not eat for Twenty four Hours together, and therefore might well be Hungry. I bid him fall to, and us'd him like a Friend, tho' of but ſo ſmall an Acquaintance. He eat heartily, as you may imagine; and when he had done, we began to enquire of each other concerning our Travels, which is a common thing to do. He told me, he came from *Toledo*, and was going to *Madrid*; and I acquainted him, I was come from *Burgos*, and going for *Cordoua*. He gave me an Account of the Occaſion of his Pilgrimage, and I him ſomething like it concerning mine. Then I ask'd him, How he came to ſet out on a Journey without Proviſions? adding, That Knight-Errant's Times were no more, who met with a

Table

Table ready-ſpread wherever they came; but I ſaid I had found by Experience, ſo much as a Man carries out with him, ſo much ſhall he meet with on the Road, and no more. He anſwer'd, He ſhould not have been wanting in that Particular if he had had wherewithal, and Time to procure it; for he was forc'd to ſet out with a little more Precipitation than ordinary, and was more laden with Cloaths than Money. Nevertheleſs, reply'd I, Money is what is more neceſſary to a Traveller; and if you were to go even on a Pilgrimage to St. *Jago*, and had nothing but your Staff to ſupport you by the Way, you would find you would be ready to be ſtarv'd before you got half thither, ſo much is Charity out of Doors now-a-days. What you ſay, quoth he, with a great deal of Smartneſs, (for thoſe of *Toledo* don't want Wit) is moſt true, and I have been often convinc'd of it; but when a Man can do no better, what would you have him to do? All your Arguments in ſuch Caſes will be to little or no purpoſe. Why then, my Advice would be, reply'd I, That you made away with part of your Cloaths, and turn'd them into ready Money, which would be of greater Uſe to you, and not burden you as they do now. That's what I intend to do, quoth he, as ſoon as I can meet with a Chapman, but which I can hardly hope for before I come to *Madrid*, and yet I muſt live by the way, or die before I come thither. You are in the right, reply'd I; but if, diſpos'd as I am to ſerve you to the utmoſt of my Power, you would let me ſee thoſe Cloaths of yours, it may be without going further I might eaſe you of part of them, and give you as much ready Money for them as any Body elſe would do. My Pilgrim hearing me talk ſo, began to ſuſpect me; he did not know, but I had treated him ſo generouſly on purpoſe to bring him within my Power, and deprive him of his Bundle, or at leaſt part of it,

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not being able to imagine, that one, who appear'd ſo mean as I did, and whoſe Cloaths were not worth many *Maravedi's*, could be able to purchaſe the leaſt part of his Equipage. For my part, I ſhould have been of the ſame Opinion had I been in his Caſe: This Diſadvantage, a bad Appearance begets us. 'Tis good and bad Cloaths that makes the common Diſtinction between Men. This makes them thought Well or Ill of; this occaſions them Honours or Affronts; this procures them Friends or Enemies; makes them of high or low Birth; and, in a word, renders them good for Every thing, or Nothing. *Qual te hallo, tal te juzgo: As I find you, ſo I take you to be.* Nothing but Outſide paſſes with the World. Believing then I had pretty well gueſs'd what my young Gentleman thought, as if I had ſeen into the very Soul of him; and obſerving he did not anſwer a Word, I ſlid my Hand ſlily into my Hamper, and drawing forth a handful of Silver, held it up, and cry'd, I fancy little Gentleman this will be enough to pay for all I ſhall buy of you, and if not, I can furniſh you with as much more. Seeing this, he immediately left off eating, and running to his Bundle brought it, and told me, all he had was at my Service. He would have open'd it forthwith, but I bid him eat on, telling him, If he were no more in haſte to be gone than I was, we ſhould have time enough to talk of thoſe Matters afterwards. He did as I deſir'd, and that with a better Appetite than at firſt, tho', as I have already told you, he began heartily enough. His Hopes, indeed, of eaſing himſelf of part of his Burden, and procuring Money to defray the Charges of his Journey, prov'd good Sauce to his Meat, and perhaps made it go down the more merrily. In the mean time, I had no mind he ſhould think the Money I had ſhew'd him was ill got; for it was not very natural for him to ſuppoſe, that one, ſo ill

Cloath'd

Cloath'd as I was, could have ſo much that was not ſo; and therefore, to prevent his ill Opinion of me, I ſaid to him, I have one Piece of Advice to give you further, if you are diſpos'd to take it, for this I believe is the firſt Journey you have made, tho' 'tis not mine by ſeveral. You will not be diſpleas'd, I imagine, to be inform'd, that 'tis always good, when you Travel, to have your Purſe as well lin'd as you can, and your Back as ill, that is, to wear the worſt Cloaths you have; for I believe, if I had done otherwiſe, I had been robb'd a thouſand times by this, and not had a Penny left to bleſs my ſelf with now. A young Man habited like me, occaſions Pity or Contempt in the Thieves, whilſt one dreſs'd like you tempts them. I had, perhaps, as good Cloaths as you, or any Man, when I left *Burgos*, but I ſold them at the firſt Town I came at to raiſe the Money you ſee me have here: That has been a great Comfort to me, whereas a Burden at one's Back is no ſmall Plague in a Journey. I contented my ſelf with this miſerable Habit, which I was neither afraid of ſpoiling or wearing, and was wont to ſay to my ſelf, A Man that has Money, has every Thing. The young Man approv'd highly of all I had ſaid; and making haſte to have done eating, as if he fear'd I ſhould change my Mind, he even with his Mouth full of Meat, and the Bread in his Hand, went to open his Bundle, whence he drew forth a compleat Suit of grey Cloth, a Cloak, Two Shirts, Two Pair of Silk Stockings, one *Golilla*, and one Pair of Ruffles. All theſe fitted me extreamly, and ſeem'd to have been made on purpoſe for me. I try'd on the Breeches and Doublet, and nothing could have fitted better. He could not help telling me ſo himſelf to make me have the better Opinion of them, and I ſaw it well enough, tho' I would not take any Notice of it. At length, as I had a great Occaſion for a Suit, and he had yet more for Money,

Money, the Bargain was ſtruck. He ask'd me 50 *Francs*, and I gave him them, providing I might have his Cloak-Bag, which he conſented to, and I, in return, made him a Preſent of my Hamper. This Cloak-Bag was what I wanted, as well to put my Money in, as the reſt of the Things which I bought of him, except the Cloaths which I wore. As for my old Rags, I would not trouble my ſelf with them, but left them hanging on a Tree, as Trophies of my Dexterity and good Fortune. My Chapman was well ſatisfy'd, and ſo was I. When Dinner-time came, we ſet down as before, and eat up what I had left, both Mutton and Cheeſe. We ſpent our Afternoon partly in Sleep, and partly in diſcourſing of various Matters. When the time for our Departure was come, we made each other many reciprocal Compliments. He was well pleas'd to think he had no more ſuch a troubleſome Burden to bear, and that his Purſe was full; and I was no leſs rejoic'd that I was Cloath'd like a Prince, and had Money in my Pocket to Boot. We often turn'd our Heads to ſalute each other after we parted; and at laſt, when we were quite out of ſight, we had no more to do than to purſue each his particular *Route*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Guzman *tells how he arriv'd at* Madrid, *and ſet up for a Gallant there; that having two Intrigues, they both ſucceeded unproſperouſly, and that at length quitting that City, he was ſerv'd a ſcurvy Trick at* Malagon.

I Got to *Toledo* about Ten at Night; I comb'd and put my ſelf in order, rubbing the Duſt off my Shoes, that it might be thought I came in a Coach. I went to the beſt Inn in the City, requiring both a Supper and Lodging, like one that was able to pay for them. I had no bad Mien, and conſequently was very well ſerv'd; for young People, who either have or ſeem to have Money, are always well treated in theſe ſort of Places, where the Hoſt will be ſure to make what he can of them. I ſupp'd well, and ſlept better. Next Morning, after I had had my Chocolat, as is cuſtomary for Perſons of Quality to have, I took care to provide my ſelf with new Shoes, a Hat, a Sword, and other Things that were neceſſary for me. Then I ſent for a Taylor to diſguiſe the Suit I had bought, to the end that, coming abroad, it might not be known to any of the young Fellow's Relations or Friends, who might think I had either ſtolen it or worſe, which might have brought me under bad Circumſtances. The Taylor came, and in leſs than five or ſix Hours he had ſo tranſmogrify'd the Suit, that no body could have known it. He had taken off the Coat-ſleeves which were of Cloth, and put on Taffata ones in their ſtead. He had alſo chang'd the Buttons of the Waſtcoat, and alter'd the Cape of the Cloak to Velvet, ſo that it was ſcarce poſſible

to

to know any of them again; and I my ſelf might have been deceiv'd that knew them before. Well ſatisfi'd with what had been done, I paid the Taylor generouſly, and ventur'd out about Night to go and walk in the *Zocodover*, or great Market-place, tho' I was not altogether free from Apprehenſion of meeting ſome-body might know me, yet I could not continue always within Doors. I nevertheleſs took what Precautions were neceſſary, never tarrying two Days in the ſame Inn, nor venturing forth before it was Duskiſh. I enquir'd if there were any new Levies to be made in that City, and whether there were any Soldiers to paſs that way, but could learn nothing certain. Whilſt I was ſauntering about, and walking ever now and then with the Ladies, I ſaw every body ſo gallant, that I began to be aſham'd of my new-vamp'd Cloaths. When I was near any of theſe ſpruce *Beaus*, me thought I look'd like their Servant; which I were confirm'd in the next Day, when I obſerv'd a very nice *Beau* croſs the Square ſo exceedingly well dreſs'd, that I could not but envy him. Tho' it was late, I went to my Lodging, and determin'd immediately to ſend for my Taylor, that he might make me juſt ſuch a Suit and Cloak; but upon ſecond Thoughts, I deferr'd my Reſolution till next Morning, and going to Bed, could hardly ſleep a Wink for thinking on what Garniture I ſhould have. A thouſand Fancies ran in my Head, but I could pitch upon none. When Morning came, I began to reflect upon my Purſe, and conſider'd what ſuch a Suit might coſt. At length I ſigh'd, and ſaid, very well, *Guzman*, I find thou art quickly weary of being wiſe. If the Fancy takes thee in the Head to be ſpruce and gallant, thou'lt quickly fool away that little Fortune thou haſt, and which thou haſt acquir'd with the hazard of thy Ears, if not thy Life. If thou haſt a mind thoſe *Ducats* of thine ſhould Dance, they'll quickly do ſo, and

be out of thy ſight before thou art well aware of them. We ſhall ſee what a fine Concluſion thou'lt bring Matters to, and what prudent Managers we ſhall be. Courage then; let a Suit be made as thou would'ſt have it, and let us Court the Ladies as thou haſt a Fancy to do, and ſee if we don't come to our Basket again? If we ſhould, where ſhall we find any more Apothecaries, that will ſuffer us to give them ſuch Gliſters, as we gave to him at *Madrid*? All theſe Reflections did but quicken my Inclinations, for Day was no ſooner come, but I ſent for my Taylor, and order'd him to make me juſt ſuch a Suit as I had ſeen, and which I gave him an exact Deſcription of. He promis'd to do Wonders. I went along with him to the Drapers, and bought what Cloth was neceſſary; as for the Trimming, I left that to him, and only requir'd of him to be as expeditious as he would be for one that was going to be marri'd, and purely ſtay'd for his Wedding-Cloaths. The Taylor having been before ſo well paid, did all he could to pleaſe me, and in two Days I had my Suit upon my Back very gallant, ſpruce and magnificent. Nothing was wanting that could ſet it off, and Gold glitter'd every where. I was now no longer a Gentleman that fear'd to look like anothers Servant. On the contrary, they rather look'd like mine. I had compleatly the Air of a Maſter, and thought I reſembled my Father very much when he was young, for I was very well made, and ſo was he. I had a delicate white and red Complexion, and fair Hair, tho' ſomewhat enclining to Yellow, as my Father's was. My Shape was good; and altho' I was Young, my Air, Mien and Gate, were what I could wiſh them. In a word, I might very well paſs for ſome body. God knows how often I look'd in a Glaſs; I could hardly be tir'd with it; nevertheleſs was more than ordinary deſirous to be abroad, that I might ſhew my ſelf. I had no ſooner ſatisfied my Taylor,

but

but I went out in great haſte, and ran thro' all the Streets of *Toledo* before I look'd behind me. I did not care whether any body knew me, or I them, as long as I was ſo well dreſs'd. My Hoſteſs ſeeing me ſo genteel, told me, I ought to have a Lackey; I bid her get me one, which ſhe doing, I took him, and found him to be one that look'd like a Page, wherefore I had him dreſs'd accordingly. *Sunday* coming, I fail'd not to go and ſhew my ſelf at the great Church, where I knew the fineſt Ladies were. I order'd my Page, or Lackey, which you pleaſe, to follow me cloſe; and as he was a little Raw, I was fain to inſtruct him how he ſhould behave himſelf to do me Honour. The Congregation was great, conſiſting as well of Men as Women of the greateſt Quality. I thruſt thro' them with a great deal of Aſſurance, and went and viſited all the Chapels one after another, like a Perſon that had ſome Devotion in his Head; but, alas! mine was only to ſhew my Rigging. After I had made this *Tour*, I ſtop'd between the two Choirs, where were the principal and fineſt Ladies. It was there I diſplay'd all the fine Airs I had learn'd at *Madrid*, and which I had practis'd over and over in the Morning at my Looking-Glaſs. I expos'd my Cloaths to view as much as I could, that they might draw the Eyes of the Spectators upon me; and then I lifted up my Legs from time to time, that they might ſee my Garters, which were of the trueſt *German* Mode. I had very fine Buckles in my Shoes, and conſequently took care to ſhew my Feet as much as was poſſible. I ſtretch'd forth my Neck, and roul'd my Eyes about with a languiſhing Air. Then I thruſt out my Breaſt, ſtood firm upon one Leg, and toſs'd the other into the Air; which being a Poſture not eaſy to be continu'd, I chang'd it from time to time, ſometimes ſtanding upon one Leg, and ſometimes on the other. I had new Grimaces according to the Ladies I look'd upon, or that look'd upon me. I grin'd upon one, ſmil'd

upon another, ogled a third, and look'd languiſhing upon a fourth. In a word, I behav'd my ſelf ſo ridiculouſly, that at length the Men, who ſaw my apiſh Geſtures, and believ'd me to be a Coxcomb, began to laugh out-right, and ſome of the Women did the like. But as long as they look'd upon me, I car'd not for that; I had ſo good an Opinion of my ſelf, and my Equipage, that I did not think there was any thing ridiculous in me, but rather took their Laughter for a Token of their Eſteem and Admiration. As for the Women, quoth I, who dote upon every thing that belongs to a Man, even his greateſt Follies, if they laugh at me, it muſt be ſuch as I have not look'd ſo kindly upon as I have upon others; for ſome I'm ſure have reaſon to believe me rank'd among the Number of their Adorers. So it fell out, and for which I ſuffer'd, as you will hear hereafter. There were two above the reſt that form'd Schemes againſt my Perſon, or rather againſt my Purſe. I knew of the Pretenſions of one, and encourag'd them; but as for the other, I knew nothing of the Matter, and could attribute them only to the Stars. The former had a Face good enough, look'd a little Roguiſh, yet had ſomething that pleas'd me exceedingly. I gave her ſome Tokens of my Affection, but like a Novice, which Women like better than the Proceedings of your thorough-pac'd Lovers. I was not of an Age to be very expert in that Art. She only made a Return to me once; but I underſtood her, and which charm'd me extreamly. She contented her ſelf, during the reſt of the Time of Devotion, to look upon me only now and then by Stealth, but that moſt tenderly and paſſionately, and I did the like to her as well as I could. *Maſs* being over, ſhe went away, and I follow'd her as I thought it became me to do. She walk'd gravely along to give me time to come up with her, which I ſoon did; and as I went behind her, I would ever now and then ſay ſome ſoft Thing to her as well as I was able. She made

no Reply, yet ever now and then turn'd back, and gave me a languiſhing Look with her great Eyes, which I took for an Indication that ſhe durſt not ſpeak for fear of the *Duenna* that follow'd her cloſe. This Conſtruction I put upon her Silence, but I was very well ſatisfi'd for all that. A little matter ſerves in theſe ſort of Affairs, and I ſuffer'd my ſelf to be entangl'd by her Lime-twig like a young Sparrow. I became every Minute more Amorous. At length, walking in this manner, we came to a Street near St. *Cyprian*'s Church, where ſhe liv'd. Entering her Houſe, ſhe only toſs'd back her Head as a ſign of thanking me for my Trouble, and ſo we parted. My Heart was top-full of Love and Joy, and ſo I particularly took notice of the Street and Houſe where ſhe liv'd. I was no ſooner got into another Street, but I was attack'd afreſh by a ſort of Waiting-Woman with a great Cap on her Head. She ſtay'd for me at the Corner of the Street, and made Signs to me to follow her; which I did, being deſirous to know what ſhe would have with me. She did not carry me far, for the firſt *Port-cocher* we came to, ſhe enter'd, and I after her. When we were there alone, and ſhe thought no body could hear, ſhe began with a long *Encomium* upon my Perſon, telling me, I muſt not be ſurpris'd, if being ſo Charming and Genteel as I was, I had won upon a Lady of Quality who had ſeen me in the Church I came from: She ſaid, ſhe came from that Lady to acquaint me with the advantagious Opinion ſhe had of me, and that ſhe muſt needs know where I lodg'd. She told me moreover, her Lady was a Perſon of great Quality and Merit, newly marri'd, fair to Perfection, and whom I muſt be more than ordinarily Happy to have mov'd at the firſt ſight; but ſhe ſaid, ſhe would tell me no more of her, and leave me to conceive the reſt when I ſaw her; which, if I thought fit, I might ſoon do. I ſwallow'd all this Bait with a great deal

of Greedineſs, and could hardly contain my ſelf for the Pleaſure I had in hearing it. I ſmil'd, I appear'd modeſt, making her from time to time ſeveral little Bows to ſhew my Gratitude, but that without interrupting her, for I had too great a Satisfaction in hearing her talk to do that. But at length, when I found ſhe had done delivering her Embaſſy, aſſuming an Air of Grandeur intermix'd with ſome ſoftneſs, I anſwer'd this intriguing Gipſy, that I was altogether confounded at ſo great an Honour done me by a Lady, whom I had not the leaſt deſerv'd it of; that I did not doubt but ſhe was a Perſon of great Quality and Merit, and ſhe had not addreſſed her ſelf to one of inferiour Rank, which I would convince her of by my Conduct, not being willing to let her Lady come to my Lodging, but that I would wait upon her whereſoever ſhe would pleaſe to appoint me, and be ready to do her all the Service ſhe could require of me. Here the *Confidente* interrupted me, telling me, her Lady could not expoſe me ſo much to the Fury of a Jealous Husband, as to let me come any where to her; but had given her Orders to know expreſly my Lodging, that ſhe might wait upon me with greater Security to us both. It being a Thing indifferent, I told her where I lodg'd, which was in one of the principal Inns of the City. Hearing this, ſhe departed, telling me, her Lady would be impatient to know the Succeſs of her Commiſſion.

I thought, when I came out of the Church, I ſhould have but one Intrigue to manage, but you ſee I did not go far before I had two. Nevertheleſs, as this laſt ſeem'd to me a little *Romantick*, not having ſeen the Perſon had been mention'd to me, I was enclin'd to lean towards the other, who was indeed a handſome Woman, and had altogether poſſeſs'd my Heart. This Augmentation of Happineſs, however, lifted me up exceedingly, and made me begin to grow Vain. See, ſaid I to my ſelf, what

an Advantage it is to be well-born, for I find I ſhall quickly reſemble my Father as nearly as one Drop of Water can another. I did but make my Appearance a little in this City, and two Ladies, perhaps the moſt beautiful in *Toledo*, are immediately fallen in love with me. What may I not hope for, if I continue here long, ſince my beginning has been ſo fortunate? I reſolv'd, nevertheleſs, not to be too laviſh of my ſelf, but to know who I had to deal with, that I might ſupport my ſelf the better. With theſe pleaſing Thoughts I went to my Lodging, which tho' they fill'd my whole Head, yet they did not hinder me from dining. I had a good Stomach, and was not a Lover languiſhing enough to baulk my Appetite. I love Solidity, and could not be well impos'd upon by a trifling Amour.

The Time of commodiouſly walking the Streets was no ſooner come, but I prepar'd to go and ſee my firſt Miſtreſs; for as for the other, I knew not where to find her, nor was I very ſolicitous about it, as looking upon it to be a Deſign upon me. I paſs'd and repaſs'd through the Street where my former Miſtreſs liv'd, and look'd very earneſtly at her Windows, but could not ſee ſo much as the Shadow of a Woman appear. At length, towards Night I ſaw a lower Window half open, which approaching cautiouſly, I found there was what I moſt deſir'd. She ſeem'd to be under great Supriſe on account of the Neighbourhood, who ſhe ſaid were all tattling People, and therefore ſhe deſir'd me to come again in two Hours; and if I pleas'd, I might ſup with her, for that there was no body in the Houſe but her ſelf and Servants, who were her *Confidents*. Heaven knows how I was over-joy'd at this Proffer, and I endeavour'd to make her ſenſible I was not a Perſon capable of refuſing ſo great an Honour. I beg'd her at the ſame time to let me bring my Diſh along with me: To which ſhe anſwer'd, That was altogether

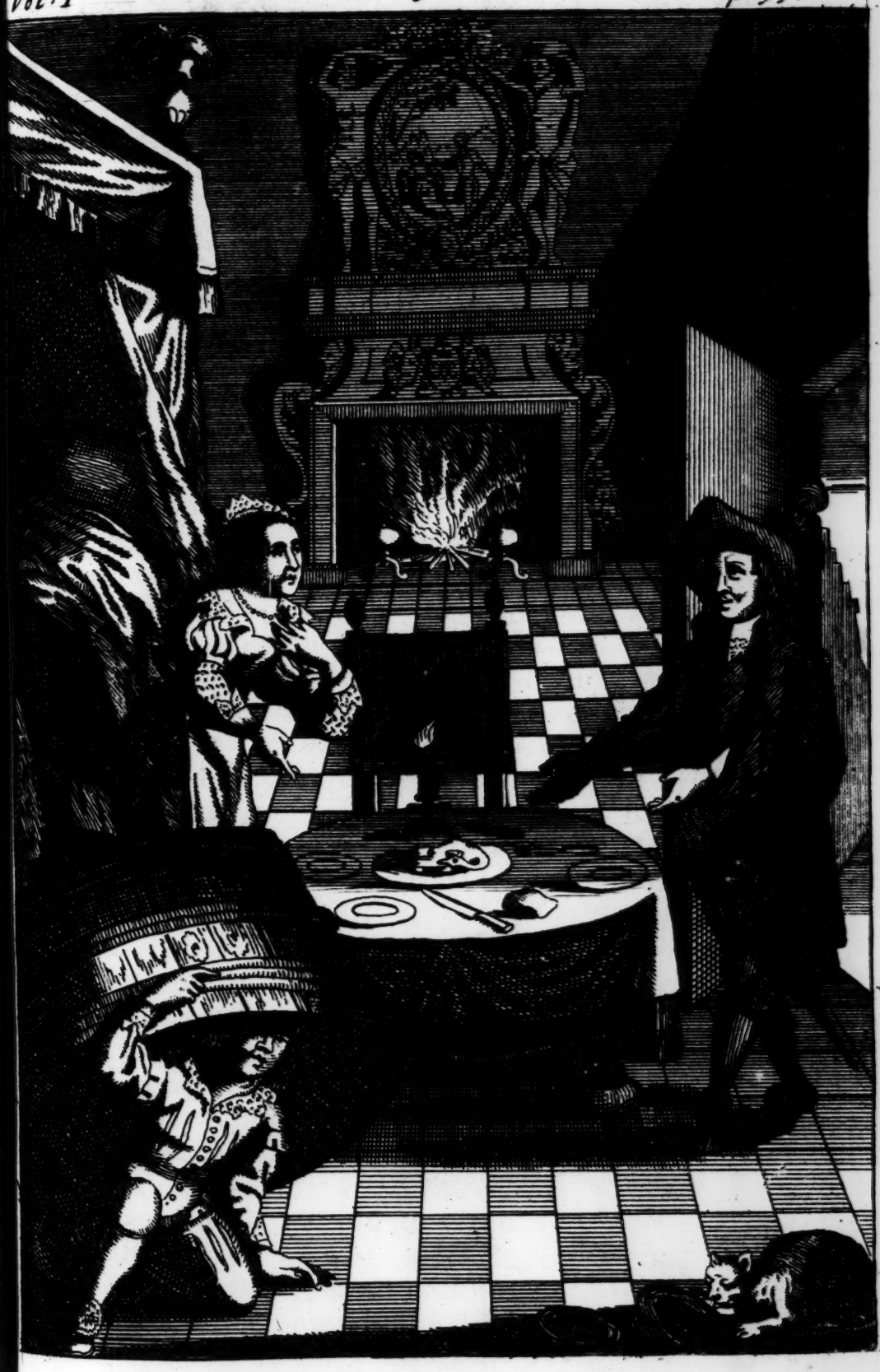
unneceſſary; but for fear I might not like what was prepar'd, I might do as I thought fit. Thus our Diſcourſe ended for the preſent, and having referr'd the reſt till Night, we parted with reciprocal Airs of Tenderneſs. I was ſo well pleas'd with this Adventure, that I hardly touch'd Ground all the way I went home, ſo brisk and gay I was. I immediately gave Orders to my Lackey or Page, to go and get me, as ſpeedily as the Time would permit, a roaſted Diſh, as exquiſite and nice as could be got. It conſiſted of Partridges, Quails, Leverets, and many other Things of the niceſt kind. I added to it ſeveral Bottles of excellent Wine, and a *Deſert* of the choiceſt Sweetmeats and Fruits. All this was ready, and ſent at the Hour appointed, and I ſoon followed, becauſe I would not have ſo good a Supper ſpoil'd. At my Arrival I was very kindly receiv'd by my Nymph, yet could not but obſerve a great deal of Concern in her Countenance. She conducted me immediately to her Chamber, which was neatly ſet out, and for Privacy's-ſake had order'd the Table to be ſpread there, which was well cover'd. I was well ſatisfied with theſe good Beginnings, which promis'd nothing but what would be agreeable for the future; yet, as I perceiv'd, the Sadneſs in her Looks ſtill continu'd, and ſhe appear'd uneaſy in whatever ſhe ſaid or did, I put on a bold Face, and ask'd her, Whether any thing had happen'd ſince my ſeeing her laſt, that had occaſion'd her any Diſturbance? She anſwer'd at firſt, there had not; but, at length ſeeming unwilling to conceal any thing from me, ſhe told me, That ſince her Appointment with me, her Brother was come from *Madrid*, where he had been to ſolicite a Court-Preferment; that ſhe knew not where to ſend to me, or ſhe would have given me notice of it; that ſhe was unwilling to break her Word with me, and conſequently would not turn me away when ſhe ſaw me at the Door, for fear that might have

have caus'd me to have had an ill Opinion of her. She acquainted me moreover, this Brother of hers was a Perſon of a very ſevere Temper, and over-nice in Points of Reputation. She ſaid, he was extreamly Impetuous and Violent; but that being gone to ſee ſome Friends of his in the City, whence he was not accuſtomed to return before Midnight, ſhe hop'd he would not come to diſturb their ſo happy Meeting. This Concluſion of hers ſeem'd lucky enough; but ſtill the coming of a Brother of ſo impetuous and furious a Temper, at ſo unſeaſonable a Time, could not but abate part of my Satisfaction; and, to ſpeak Truth, I would have given ſomething that I had had Notice of it before; for altho' I was naturally none of the greateſt Cowards, yet I was fitter to ſeem Brave, than appear really ſo. In caſe of fighting, I had much rather have a large Field to traverſe in, than be coop'd up in a Chamber, as I was like to be here, where I muſt fight, or be kill'd: But, as the Matter ſtood, there was no Remedy. I therefore ſeem'd altogether indifferent and reſolute, telling my Miſtreſs, we would ſup, come what would on't; and that if her Brother ſhould happen to interrupt us, he might chuſe what Proceeding he pleas'd, for as for my part I ſhould not trouble my Head about it. I was ready to defend my ſelf, and that was all an honeſt Man could do. She then order'd Supper to be brought up; but it was no ſooner ſet on the Table, but this curſed Devil of a Brother came, and knock'd ſo furiouſly at the Door, as if he would have broke it down. My Miſtreſs immediately fell a trembling, or at leaſt counterfeited doing ſo, and I in good earneſt began to grow pale and ſhiver. The Servants ſeem'd afraid likewiſe, and as if they knew not what to do. I look'd about for a Place to hide in, and was going to creep under the Bed; but Madam thought a Tub ſhe us'd to bath her ſelf in more proper, and

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ſo I was thruſt under that. It ſtood by her Bed-ſide, and, the better to conceal me, ſhe threw a Tapiſtry Carpet over me. I lik'd that well enough; but the Tub was confounded wet and naſty, having been us'd but a little before, and not waſh'd ſince. The curſed Brother enter'd; and ſeeing the Table ſo well cover'd, pretended to be ſurpris'd, ſaying not a Word for ſome time; but at length breaking Silence, furiouſly he cry'd to his Siſter, with a great deal of wonder, Hey day! What's the meaning of all theſe great Preparations, and who did you expect here to Night to help you off with all theſe fine Diſhes? No Body, Brother, but you, anſwer'd ſhe cunningly, who could I expect elſe? Me, reply'd he! You don't uſe to treat me after this rate; and how you ſhould come to do it now, I can't imagine: It was to welcome me from *Madrid*, I warrant! Come tell me, was it not? I told you, I ſhould not come home before Midnight, and you was reſolv'd to be beforehand with me, and get Things ready againſt I came. I did ſo indeed, Brother, quoth ſhe; for tho' you always tell me you won't come home till it be late, you often come and ſurpriſe me, as you have done now; and then you are angry that your Supper is not ready, which I were reſolv'd now to prevent. Well, Siſter, I can only tell you thus much, reply'd he, That what you do, does by no means pleaſe me, and I do not queſtion but you have given more than ſufficient Reaſon to the Neighbours to talk of you as they do. You know how much Reputation ought to be valu'd by a young Lady of your Quality, and how ſcrupulouſly Nice I am in that Point; and yet for you to give me theſe Occaſions to ſuſpect you, I proteſt, Siſter, I'm aſham'd of you. But let's go to Supper, ſince you ſay you've provided it for me, and afterwards we'l talk more. He then fell to eating as if the Devil had been in him, and his pretended Si-

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ſter ſat down with him, whilſt poor I, for whom thoſe Dainties had been prepar'd, lay under the Tub without taſting a Bit. As he eat, he did nothing but murmur and growl at his Siſter, and whenever ſhe ſpoke, he ould fly in a Paſſion with her, as if he would have eat her too, talking of nothing but Killing, Slaying, and Murdering. Ever now and then I ventur'd ſoftly to lift up the Tub, to ſee if he was ſuch a terrible Fellow as he ſpoke himſelf to be; but his continual turning about prevented my giving my ſelf that Satisfaction. I was plaguily afraid he would ſee me, and that made me tremble every Joint of me. At laſt, however, I got ſuch a ſight of him, as gave me ſufficient Reaſon to believe he was more a Bully than a Hero, yet I durſt not attempt my Liberty, ſo much my Heart was ſunk. My Confinement was more than ordinary afflicting to me whilſt he enjoy'd himſelf at Eaſe at Table, where he had been now above an Hour, and which I thought an Age, being not able to comprehend how ſo paſſionate a Fellow could ſo long continue Patient, tho' in eating. I was even mad to think on't, and wiſh'd a thouſand times he would leave me ſomething; for Fear had not ſo altogether taken away my Appetite but I was ready to die with Hunger, eſpecially when I heard how his Chaps went. He ſeem'd to eat on purpoſe that he might leave me only Bones to pick. Will not the Siſter, ſaid I to my ſelf, remember me, I wonder, and ſet a Bit by for Conſcience-ſake, ſince ſhe knows I have not ſupp'd, and would be glad of her curſed Brother's Leavings if he would be but gone. What was yet more tormenting, he not only eat heartily, but drank more heartily; for of the Four Bottles of Wine I had ſent in, he had emptied Three before Supper was over. I reckon'd at leaſt upon the Fourth, but I reckon'd without my Hoſt, as the Saying is; for the Cloth was no ſooner

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taken away than he call'd for Pipes and Tobacco, to make an end, as he ſaid, of the Laſt. A terrible Sentence this to me; but, to compleat my Misfortune, his Siſter having ſaid to him, he would do well to go and Smoak in his own Chamber, and leave her at liberty to undreſs her ſelf and go to Bed, he anſwer'd briskly, She might do as ſhe pleas'd; but, for his part, he was reſolv'd to ſpend the Night there, and that for good Reaſon. Truly I now gave my ſelf up for loſt, when I heard this laſt Reſolution of this mad Brother, and could not but think ſome of the Servants had betray'd us, and given him Intelligence of our Feaſt. But this would have been nothing if I could have been quits for paying for the Supper without eating any of it, I ſhould not have matter'd that; but to ſpend the whole Night under a naſty Tub, upon the bare Pavement, and during the Pleaſure of a drunken Sot, who I knew not when he would give over, that's hard you'l ſay. It did not pleaſe me by any means, and I own I was ſo reduc'd, that at laſt I was oblig'd to pray, which I had not done in a good while before, and promiſe Heaven I would never engage in the like Folly again if I might be but deliver'd from this, which nevertheleſs I had ſuffer'd with ſo much Juſtice. The cunning Gipſy of a Siſter ſeem'd diſpleas'd that her pretended Brother drove her out of her Chamber, and would needs argue the Caſe with him; but he told her, it was his Pleaſure, and ſhe muſt obey. Behold me then all alone, with this Fellow in the Chamber, daring ſcarce to breath or ſtir for fear of being diſcover'd, and dreading to let a F--t, more than I ſhould have done to Hoop or Hollow at another time. For his part, he had a thouſand different Geſtures, with his Pipe always in his Mouth; ſometimes he would ſit in one Poſture, and ſometimes in another; ſometimes he would walk, ſometimes dance, and ſometimes flouriſh his Sword,

Sword, and fence againſt the Hangings. He whiſtled, he ſung, he ſwore, he ſtorm'd, he ſtamp'd, he put himſelf into the moſt violent Paſſions as a Man that was either drunk or mad, or both. I waited till he ſhould fall a-ſleep; but, alas! Wine had not the ſame Effect upon him as it has upon others, for he only toſs'd himſelf upon his Siſter's Bed, without undreſſing; and having his naked Sword and Piſtols by him for greater Caution's-ſake, lay ſinging almoſt all the Night. Whenever I made the leaſt Noiſe with my Tub, which I lifted up ſometimes to hear whether he ſlept or not, he would leap up upon his Breech, and cry out as loud as he could baul, Who's there? I ſhrunk into my Shell again, and never thought Night ſo long as this. At laſt, Day beginning to appear, I heard him ſnore to ſome purpoſe, and then I reſolv'd to venture forth, and to deliver my ſelf from ſo great Miſery. I pull'd off my Shoes that I might make no Noiſe, and taking them in my Hand, ſlid ſoftly along to the Door, which by good Fortune I found only latch'd. I open'd it gently, and making haſte to the Street-Door, I ſaw the Key hang up by it, which piece of Good Luck I believ'd I ow'd to the honourable Siſter. Without loſing any more time, I open'd the Door and got out, trudging it away as faſt as I could towards my Lodgings, extreamly well pleas'd that I had got clear of ſo rough a Fellow at ſo cheap a Rate. When I came to our Inn I found no Body up, not ſo much as my little Raſcal of a Page; ſo that not being willing to diſturb the Houſe, I went and loiter'd at a Paſtry-Cook's, deſiring to taſte of his Paſties, for you muſt imagine I was plaguy Hungry. He gave me ſome, and I eat them heartily, which was no ſmall Comfort to me after my ſo unlucky Adventure; which taught me, that a Man could not be ſaid to be happy, till he ſaw the End of what he propos'd to himſelf.

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At laſt our Doors were open'd, and ſo I ſlid in to Bed as ſoon as I could, being confoundedly tir'd with my hard Lodging the Night before, and my Watching to Boot, for you muſt think I could not ſleep with ſo many Fears about me. When all came to all, I could not ſleep now neither, at leaſt for the preſent, ſo much the Cares and Fears of that Night had ruffled my Spirits: But at length, I did ſleep, and that ſoundly. I had not lain long before my Boy came and wak'd me, telling me, two Ladies below deſir'd to ſpeak with me. I ask'd him haſtily who they were; and he told me, One, by her magnificent Habit, ſeem'd to be Miſtreſs to the other, but that both were well dreſs'd. I preſently gueſs'd this was the unknown Lady that pretended to be in love with me, as in effect it was. I had not much ſooner bid my Lackey deſire them to walk in, than I ſaw a Lady enter perfectly well dreſs'd, who by her Air and Mien could not in my Judgment be leſs than a Marchioneſs or Counteſs. She had with her the ſame Woman that accoſted me in the Street, and who waited at the Door whilſt her Lady ventur'd within the *Ruelle*, and came and ſat down by my Bed-ſide. I made her Ten thouſand low Bows, begging a Million of Pardons for my Rudeneſs in receiving her Honour after that rate; but I told her, I had much rather offend in that Nature, than have made her Honour wait at the Door, tho' but for a Moment. I acquainted her moreover, if I could but have been inform'd of the Grace and Favour ſhe deſign'd me, I would have taken Care not to have been ſurpris'd in that indecent Poſture, but prepar'd my ſelf to have receiv'd her Honour with all the Reſpect and Deference due to her Quality. She took little notice of my Compliments, only now and then bow'd her Head; and in truth, I had no great Reaſon to make ſo many Apologies for the Condition ſhe found me in, being in a good Silk Bed, with

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the fineſt Linen, and every Thing anſwerable about me. She being deſirous to come to the Buſineſs of her Viſit, forthwith ask'd me, How long I had been in *Toledo*? If I were like to ſtay there any time? What I came about? Whence I came? Who I was? and a great many other ſuch-like Queſtions, which I found no difficulty to anſwer, being naturally of a ready Wit, and a fruitful Invention, eſpecially where a Story was to be told on the Spot. This was my Talent; ſo I quickly ſatisfied her as to my Quality, my Buſineſs, and my Continuance at Court. I fail'd only in one Thing, and that was, in telling her I came to *Toledo* only on account of Pleaſure, and that I ſhould not continue there long, by which ſhe judg'd I was not a proper Perſon for her; therefore immediately ruminated in her Mind how ſhe might pull a Quill from ſuch a young Gooſe as I was, and not altogether loſe her Labour. She had a large Veil on her Head, ſuch as the Ladies of our Country are accuſtom'd to wear, which having put a little aſide, ſhe diſcover'd a fine Face, afterwards a delicate white Neck, and at length curious white and well-ſhap'd Hands, with Rings on her Fingers that glitter'd and dazled my Eyes exceedingly. At length ſhe pull'd her Veil quite off, and then appear'd a curious Shape, and moſt magnificent Dreſs. She next drew a fine Coral *Roſary* out of her Pocket, but all with a negligent Air, and as if ſhe did not mind what ſhe did. This *Roſary* was exceeding rich, accompanied with Gold Croſſes, Relicks, precious Stones, and other ſuch-like Religious Gallantries of great Value. Whilſt ſhe was diſcourſing me, and playing with her *Roſary*, all of a ſudden ſhe ceas'd ſpeaking, feeling in her Pocket, and looking around her as if ſhe had loſt ſomewhat. All this while ſhe ſaid not a Word, but ſufficiently diſcover'd her Surpriſe by her Earneſtneſs and Inquietude. I immediately ask'd her what was the matter. She anſwer'd nothing,

nothing, but ſeem'd to afflict her ſelf inceſſantly. This augmented my Trouble and Curioſity, inſomuch that I requeſted her a ſecond time to tell me what ſhe had loſt, and that if it was any thing in my Chamber, I ſhould aſſuredly find it, and would reſtore it to her again, be it of what Value it would. She would not anſwer me yet, ſeeming more and more concern'd; but at length calling her Servant, ſhe told her, She muſt immediately go home, and ſee for her great Gold Croſs that hung to her Chaplet which her Husband had given her, for that ſhe fear'd ſhe had loſt it, and ſhe had rather loſe her Life; ſo riſing up to be gone, ſhe would have left me. I begg'd of her with all my Might not to go away for that, telling her, there were Croſſes enough of the ſame kind to be had at the Goldſmiths; and in caſe ſhe had loſt it, if ſhe pleas'd but to tell me what ſort of one it was, I would ſoon procure her another. She refus'd my Offer; and beginning to lament more than before, begg'd of me in the tendereſt manner to let her go, promiſing to come and viſit me again the ſame Day, providing ſhe found her Croſs; and tho' ſhe ſhould not, ſhe would be ſure to come the next Morning betimes. Upon this ſhe left me very ſad and melancholly that ſhe would needs be gone in that manner; for ſhe was in Truth, a handſome Woman, with a good Air, and ſeem'd to have been bred at Court. She had likewiſe a great deal of Wit. In the mean time, as I had not ſlept all the Night before, and but little that Morning, being wak'd, forſooth, for this Lady of Quality, I had a huge mind to take t'other Nap, notwithſtanding my Love and other Adventures; but which did not laſt long, for I could not ſleep heartily with ſo many Cares in my Head. Being broad awake, I dreſs'd my ſelf, and Dinner-time being come, plac'd my ſelf at Table; but where I was no ſooner ſet, than the Lady of Quality's Woman,

man, with a Horſe-Pox to her, came to diſturb me. After having made me the common Compliments on the part of her Lady, ſhe began, forſooth, to tell me, with a mournful Countenance, they could not find the Gold Croſs neither high nor low; and that her Lady had laid it upon her, becauſe ſhe had preſs'd her ſo that Morning to come and ſee me; that ſhe had been all over the Town with all the Goldſmiths to find a Croſs like it; and that at laſt ſhe had met with one to her Mind, but having no Money----- I preſently comprehended her; and being generous to Profuſeneſs, interrupted and told her, it was but a Trifle for her Lady to trouble her ſelf ſo much about. She reply'd, It was not for the Value of the Gold, but becauſe her Husband had given it her, that ſhe was ſo concern'd at the Loſs of it, he being naturally Jealous, and one that would be apt to believe ſhe had made a Preſent of it to ſome Gallant or other; for ſhe was naturally very Liberal, and gave away moſt ſhe had. This pleas'd me very well in a Woman, where Generoſity does not commonly abound. I gave the Servant to underſtand ſhe might depend upon the Croſs ſhe had ſeen at the Goldſmiths, and that if ſhe would but have Patience till I had din'd, we would go and Purchaſe it together. She, who came on no other Account, was very well ſatisfy'd; and while I were eating did not fail to ſet forth her Lady's Charms, and the great Kindneſs ſhe had for me; aſſuring me, ſhe would not for Ten thouſand Worlds break her Word with me, but come punctually according to her Promiſe next Morning. When Dinner was over, I went with her to the Goldſmiths and bought the Croſs, which coſt me 40 *Francs*. Having ſo done, I gave it her, bidding her tell her Lady, I did not look upon that as a Preſent worthy her Acceptance; but conſidering the Occaſion that offer'd, I made bold to repair the Loſs, tho' Innocent, ſince it had been in-

curr'd on my Account, and in my Chamber. The Woman, overjoy'd, gave me a Thouſand Thanks on her own part, promiſing to make her Lady acquainted with my gallant and generous way of Proceeding, which ſhe did not doubt would abundantly confirm me in her Favour, tho' I had already ſo great an Intereſt in her. This ſaid, we parted. I had Thoughts of following her to ſee where her Lady liv'd, but beſides that I imagin'd it would diſpleaſe her, and ſpoil all, I had an Inclination to go to my other Miſtreſs, who tho' ſhe had not ſo good an Air or Face, I lik'd better, becauſe her Beauty was more natural, and leſs broken. I was not a little deſirous to unriddle the Adventure of the Brother: I waited a proper Time for't, and at length ſaw my Miſtreſs at her Window, who no ſooner perceiv'd me, but ſhe made Signs to me to be gone, for ſhe had Company with her. I nevertheleſs ſtay'd thereabouts, and in leſs than a quarter of an Hour obſerv'd her to go out alone, taking her Way directly to the great Church. I follow'd her with a great deal of Joy, but at a diſtance; and ſeeing her enter the Church, redoubled my Pace, that I might overtake and not loſe ſight of her. She only went croſs one of the Iſles, and ſo out at another Door to ſhorten her way to the Street of *Pattens*, whence ſhe went into *Mercer*'s Street, where ſeeing me behind her, ſhe made Signs to me to come up, which I did. There ſhe told me with a Thouſand Sighs, and almoſt Tears in her Eyes, how concern'd ſhe had been on my Account, becauſe of that curſed Brother of hers, of whom ſhe related to me a World of Stories. This alarm'd my Heart anew, and I now found my ſelf infinitely more in love with her than before. She expreſs'd her ſelf with all the Kindneſs and Tenderneſs imaginable, and ſaid, She would at the hazard of her Life venture that Night, to make me Amends for the ill Reception

I had had before, if I were ſo pleas'd; but, continued ſhe, there will be now no more ſuch Riſque to run, ſince this mad Brother of mine will be going, in an Hour or two at fartheſt, into the Country without fail, where he is to ſtay Three or Four Days. I lik'd this well, and was glad to hear her talk at that Rate; for otherwiſe I would not have run the Hazard of paſſing another Night under that filthy Tub for never ſo much. As ſhe was come into this Shop, which ſhe would have me think ſhe did only to have an Opportunity to confer with me, ſhe thought her ſelf oblig'd to cheapen ſomething or other, and ſo fell to asking the Prices of ſeveral Trifles that belong to Women. After ſhe had pitch'd on ſome, and agreed with the Man for 35 *Francs* for them, ſhe bid him make them up and give them her, and ſhe would ſend her Waiting-woman with the Money. The Shopkeeper making ſome difficulty to let his Goods go ſo, ſince he did not know her, I was preſently at hand to offer my Service, but ſhe would not hear of it. At length, however, ſhe accepted my Proffer, on condition I would permit her to repay me at Night; or in caſe I would not, ſhe ſaid ſhe would leave the Goods. I told her ſoftly in her Ear, we ſhould eaſily agree about that when we came together. Then ſhe recommended to me not to provide any Supper, for that ſhe would treat me in recompence of that ſhe had receiv'd from me, and of which, by the by, I had ſo ſmall a Share. This Exceſs of good Humour charm'd me exceedingly, inſomuch, that I told her, ſhe ſhould be Miſtreſs of every thing I had, as ſhe was already of my Heart. Saying this, we parted, but not without uttering the moſt languiſhing and tender *Adieu's* that could poſſibly come from the ſincereſt Affection, and promiſing we would ſoon meet again to accompliſh ineffable Delights. I return'd home to wait for the lucky Hour, which I expected with ſuch Impa-

tience, that I hardly knew how to contain my ſelf. The Time ſeem'd long, and I believ'd Night would never come. It came, nevertheleſs, at length, and my Expectations were ſo extraordinary, that I went along as gayly as if I were going to my Wedding, and never thought I ſhould get to my Journey's end time enough. I came to the Door, and gave the Signal on which we had agreed, but no Anſwer was made. I fancied I was not heard, and therefore repeated the Signal once, twice and thrice. It was all one, no Anſwer came; I could not imagine what this could mean, unleſs the Whimſical and Ill-condition'd Devil of a Brother had chang'd his Mind, and come to ſmell out the Deſigns of his Siſter. A thouſand ſhocking Notions came into my Head; yet, at laſt, I thought I might be alarm'd too ſoon, and therefore proceeded to give the Signal again, but with greater Force than before, that I might be ſure to be heard. But all was to no purpoſe; I had deaf or worſe People to deal with, for none can be ſo deaf as they that won't hear. I went and came, turn'd and return'd through and through the Street, but ſtill ſaw no Light at the Window. I hearken'd at the Door, but the Houſe was in profound Silence. Quite tir'd at length with tormenting and plaguing my ſelf, I reſolv'd to knock, thinking the worſt that could happen would be, that the Brother ſhould be within and come to the Door, and ask who was there, and what I wanted; to which I could anſwer, that I was miſtaken in the Houſe, and therefore begg'd his Pardon. I knock'd then in good earneſt, but which I might do once, twice or thrice, to little or no purpoſe, for no Body heard me, or at leaſt would hear me. What can be the Meaning of all this, ſaid I then within my ſelf? Is it that I muſt be Bubble twice to this unkind Nymph? And that this gentle Creature, who ſeem'd to me Kindneſs and Courteſie it ſelf, ſhould be one of thoſe cunning

cunning Ladies, who make it their Buſineſs to enſnare ſuch young Coxcombs as I was? Alaſs! but that cannot be, quoth I, and therefore 'twere beſt for me to wait, that I may ſee the End of all theſe Delays, which are, nevertheleſs, oftentimes ſerviceable to Lovers, and raiſe their Enjoyments to a more exalted Pitch. With theſe little Reaſonings I paſs'd my Time ſadly enough, till ſuch time as it began to be Twelve a Clock at Night, renewing ever now and then my Signal, and ſometimes knocking as if I would beat the Door down. Whilſt I was thus ſtanding, like a Fool, in expectation of what would never happen, I heard a Noiſe, and ſoon after ſaw a Company of People coming along with Lanthorns, and a young Gentleman at the Head of them. They peep'd upon one Houſe and t'other, and at length came to this where they ſtop'd. I had through Precaution retir'd to a corner of the Street, where I ſtood, expecting what would happen. They all came up in a Body, and began to thunder at the Door with great Vehemence; but ſeeing no Body came, they redoubled their Strokes with great Vigour. I was curious to know what would be the End of this Comedy, and fancied they were miſtaken in the Houſe; but as they began to thump with their huge Staves with greater Fury than ever, all the Neighbourhood became at length awak'd by it. Then a Servant came to the Window, and ask'd what they would have, to Knock and Bounce after that rate. She was anſwer'd, It was the *Juſtice* wanted to come in, and ſhe muſt open to them immediately. I ſaw then it was the *Juſtice* indeed, and, to ſay Truth, was about to have ſcamper'd two or three times, not knowing but it was for me that they look'd. However, recovering my Courage, I reſolv'd to ſtand ſtill, ſince I were in a Place of Security; for I knew, if the worſt came to the worſt, I could take to my Heels and run for't. I was pleas'd the Night

was dark, and they could not eaſily overtake me; therefore I determin'd to ſee the end of this Farce, that I might take my Meaſures better another time. The Door was at length open'd, and it was indeed my Miſtreſſes Houſe that they aim'd at, for they enter'd all together. That comforted me a little, and gave me hopes 'twas not my Back the Laſh was deſign'd for. The Neighbours, who had for ſome time look'd out at their Windows upon hearing this Noiſe, were now come down into the Street, to ſee what they could learn concerning the Occaſion of it. I obſerv'd them talking together, and being at ſo great a Diſtance that I could not well underſtand what they ſaid, I came nearer. It was then I heard this choice Brother and Siſter were two honeſt People of *Cordoua*, who having been whipp'd out of *Madrid*, had for ſome time drove this Trade of Kidnapping at *Toledo*: That they had entrap'd ſeveral beſides me; and among the reſt, a young Scrivener, newly married, from whom they had had divers good Lumps, and who was the Perſon had play'd them this Trick, they having cheated him of at leaſt Ten thouſand *Francs*. The hearing of this Story, was like the taking off a Stone of a Thouſand weight from my Breaſt, for now my Blood began to circulate again, which had run but heavily before. Nothing could have happen'd worſe to me, than to have been taken by the *Juſtice* in this Houſe; and I could not but give unfeigned Thanks to Heaven for delivering me from ſo imminent a Danger. I now valu'd no longer the Charges I had been at for the other Night's Supper, nor the 35 *Francs* I paid down for that Bagage. I thought my ſelf ſufficiently reveng'd when I ſaw them both led out bound to Priſon, tho' my Heart began to relent at the ſight of the Woman, whom I had a ſort of Kindneſs for, tho' ſhe ſo little deſerv'd it. This Farce being at an end, I went home ſad and melancholy, tho' I had all the Reaſon in

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the World to rejoyce that I had eſcap'd ſo great a Hazard. I went to Bed, but could not ſleep for thinking of my paſt Adventure. I was up betimes next Morning, in hopes the Lady of Quality would come, as in truth ſhe ſeem'd in all Reſpects, and make me Amends for what I had ſuffer'd; but after I had waited a conſiderable while, I had reaſon to believe I was made a Bubble of, as well by this Woman as the other. I might expect her long enough, for neither ſhe nor her Servant intended to appear; and ſo I gave over the 40 *Francs* for loſt, as well as the 35. Thus you ſee what became of my Amours, which I had promis'd my ſelf ſo much Pleaſure from. To finiſh my Affliction, when I came to go to Supper at Night, I found a *Tip-Staff* at my Lodgings, who I heard came from *Madrid*, and was enquiring of my Hoſt after a certain Stranger who came lately to *Toledo*, and whom without doubt he was looking after for no Good. This I did by no means like, and, to ſay truth, it gave me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, but I ſeem'd to take no Notice of it; and having conſider'd a while on the Matter, perceiving the *Tip-Staff* to go forth, I went and ask'd my Hoſt what I had to pay; and having diſcharg'd his Reckoning, and caus'd my Boy to pack up my Goods in my Portmanteau, I went immediately to lodge at another Inn. Calling for Supper, like one that was newly arriv'd at that City, I was no ſooner ſet down, but this confounded *Tip-Staff* appear'd there likewiſe. I thought this muſt needs be for my Sins, yet I kept the beſt Countenance I could; but the Fear and Concern I was under hinder'd me from eating a Bit: I imagin'd, however, it could not be for me that he look'd, ſince he would have ſeis'd me when he ſaw me firſt, if it had been ſo. This Thought comforted me a little, yet not enough to make me ſleep much better than I had done the two foregoing Nights; for it was no ſooner Day than I got up, to go and ſee

what was to be done in this Exigency. I had not gone far, before I heard one cry, *Two return'd Mules for Almagro*; which preſently brought into my Mind what courſe I were beſt to take. I agreed with the Crier upon the Price; and being glad of this favourable Occaſion to quit *Toledo*, where every Thing ſeem'd to foretell Misfortunes to me, and nothing ſucceeded with me, I ſent my Boy for my Cloaths, and to pay off my laſt Landlord, intending to be gone forthwith. The Truth is, I were by no means eaſy till I had got upon my Mule, and were gone a good way out of the City. We lay that Night at *Orgar*, and the Night following at *Malagon*; but I were ſo overcome with Sleep on my firſt Day's Journey, that I were ready to drop off my Mule Twenty times before I got to my Inn. That Night, Love purſuing me whereſoever I went, I had a ſort of Adventure that did not ſucceed much better than thoſe I had already had. It was with a brisk, buxom, young Wench of a Servant, who nevertheleſs ſeem'd rather a Gentlewoman by her good Mien and Behaviour. She, ſoon after my Arrival, made me a Thouſand Advances of Love and Kindneſs, which gave me reaſon to hope greater Favours from her. This good Will of hers augmented every Moment; and as we grew better acquainted, ſhe at length told me, She could not be ſo hard-hearted as to let me lie alone. I took care on my Part to leave my Door half open, that ſhe might come in at what Hour ſhe judg'd moſt convenient; and which ſhe might eaſily do, for I lay in a Ground-Room, that was very remote from any of the reſt in the Houſe. As this new Intrigue did not take up ſo much of my Thoughts as my others had done, I was no ſooner laid on my Pillow but I fell heartily a ſleep, when all of a ſudden I was wak'd by a certain Noiſe I heard in my Chamber. I did not doubt but it was the young Wench, and, half a ſleep and half awake as I was, I fancied I heard

heard the ruſling of a ſilk Gown. I call'd ſoftly to know who was there, and ask'd, Is it you, *Marica*? No Body anſwering, I imagin'd it muſt be ſhe coming ſlily to ſurpriſe me, when clapping my ſelf upon my Breech, and uttering the ſofteſt Things I could invent, I grop'd to ſee if I could feel and pull her to me. As my Hands were wandering about, they happen'd to light on ſomething that was exceeding ſoft, which frighten'd me at firſt, tho' it was nothing but an Aſſes Ear, who, raiſing his Head at the ſame time, gave me ſuch a terrible Douſt under the Chaps, that he ſtruck out two of my Teeth, and fill'd my Mouth with Blood. This made me to baul out as loud as if I had been ſtuck, which immediately brought my Hoſt and Servant into my Chamber with a Light, who were not a little ſurpris'd to find an Aſs, that had been drawn thither by the Scent of ſome Sacks of Oats plac'd there the Day before: But they were yet more amaz'd, when they ſaw me in my Bed all pale and bloody, not being able to imagine how this Diſaſter happen'd. I ſatisfy'd them the beſt I could, yet took Care not to tell them the Truth, that they might not laugh at me, as they were already but too much enclin'd to do. They quickly thunder'd the great Beaſt of an Aſs out of the Room, and left me to my Repoſe; but, alaſs! I could not ſleep, lying curſing and ſwearing at that treacherous Deity *Love* almoſt all Night, reſolving never more to be caught by him, or truſt to him.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Guzman tells the meaning of a certain Proverb; and afterwards proceeds to ſhew how he was liſted for a Soldier, yet refus'd by the Commiſſary. He thence takes occaſion to reflect on the Abuſes of that and other Poſts; and at laſt comes to ſpeak of want of Money, and the Conſequences of it.

SOme time after I had made theſe fine Reſolutions, I fell aſleep, and ſlept ſo ſoundly, that I did not wake till much later than I deſign'd. My Eyes were no ſooner open than I ſaw the cunning Gipſy of a Servant enter the Room, who preſently began to make a Thouſand Excuſes, or rather, to tell me ſo many Lies. I would have reveng'd my ſelf upon her, and for that purpoſe was going to make Friends with her when the curſed Intruder of an Hoſt came in and ſpoil'd my Sport, telling me my Breakfaſt was ready, and the Mules likewiſe, and that if I had a mind to get to *Malagon* in any time, I muſt be up and gone quickly. This made me think I ſhould be unlucky in whatever I undertook, ſince hardly any thing I attempted ſucceeded. I breakfaſted well, and then mounted my Mule; but before I got up, the plaguy Beaſt had like to have ruined me by a Kick he made at me, yet which I avoided by being too near him, for he only touch'd me with the upper part of his Leg. I look'd upon this as occaſion'd by my unlucky Star, which never let me be ſucceſsful with any Females. I reveng'd my ſelf upon this skittiſh Beaſt, by gallopping him as long as I was able. As we rode along, I diverted the Company with my Adven-

Adventure of the Aſs, while I were waiting for *Marica*, tho' the *Muleteer* laugh'd at me, and ſo did the *Aſs-driver*, but the former with greater Reaſon, for 'twas he was with my Miſtreſs while I ſo ſuffer'd for the want of her. He told me, I was a Novice that did not know that ſuch Morſels as the Servant-Maids were for ſuch as he, that brought moſt profit to the Houſe, and not for ſuch Chance-Paſſengers as I. That it was they were always beſt treated at others Expence, and that the Hoſt would be ſure to content them, that they might continue to bring Gueſts to his Houſe, without which he could not live. We got to *Malagon* by Night, and no other Misfortune befel me for the preſent, except the Loſs of a Bottle of excellent Wine which ſomebody had ſtolen from me, and which made me think of the Proverb, *Malagon, en cada Caſa ay un Ladron, y en la del Alcalde, Hijo y Padre*; which in *Engliſh* is, *Malagon has a Thief in every Houſe, and in that of the Alcalde there are two, the Father and Son.* I took occaſion from hence, to ask the merry-conceited *Muleteer* what was the Meaning of this Proverb, believing he could ſatisfy me, becauſe he had ſo often paſs'd and repaſs'd that Way. He acquainted me, there were many Stories told concerning it, but what ſeem'd to him moſt juſt and reaſonable, was this. In the Year 1236, when Don *Ferdinand*, Surnam'd the *Holy*, was King of *Caſtile* and *Leon*, that Prince being one Day at *Beneventum* at Dinner, News was brought him that the *Chriſtians* had enter'd *Cordoua*, which was then in the Hands of the *Moors*, and had already poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Bulwarks and Towers of the Suburbs, call'd even to this Day *Axarquia*, but that they were in danger of being every Moment driven out again by the *Moors*, who were far more numerous, if they were not ſpeedily ſuccour'd. Don *Ferdinand*, animated by his Zeal for Religion, and the very Name of a Chriſtian, did not long conſider what Courſe he

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was beſt to take, but even with thoſe few Troops that were with him, took a Reſolution to ſet out in three Days towards the Relief of thoſe brave Chriſtians, leſt they might otherwiſe ſuffer for want of being aſſiſted, and loſe that great Advantage they had got. Don *Alvaro Perez de Caſtro*, and Don *Ordonio Alvarez*, who both were at *Marts*, having notice of what had paſs'd at *Cordoua*, went and offer'd their Services to the King, carrying with them many other Valiant and Noble Cavaliers. Theſe two Lords were at that time the greateſt at the *Caſtilian* Court. The King, greatly rejoic'd at their coming, ſet out as he had determin'd, tho' it was in the depth of Winter, being the 31ſt of *January*, for he had not heard this News till the 28th. His Majeſty's Army made together not above 200 Men that were fit to fight, but he ſent to his Vaſſals to join him every where, and order'd all ſuch of his Troops as were in any Towns, Cities or Villages, to defile towards *Cordoua*. All theſe Orders were diſpers'd with great Diligence, and they might have been accordingly executed; but there happen'd to fall ſo much Snow, and ſo great Rains, that the Rivers and Springs over-flowing every where, it was impoſſible for any Troops to paſs, ſo that not being able to move any farther, they were oblig'd to ſtay where they were. There were ſome of theſe Troops that quartered in *Malagon*, which was at that time a conſiderable Town, and had a good Country for Forage round it. Every Houſe had a Soldier in it, and ſome of the Principal Burghers had two. Among theſe was reckon'd the *Alcalde*, who, in conjunction with his Son, had the Command of theſe Troops. As it was a very hard Winter, Proviſions, conſidering the Numbers that were in that Town, became exceeding ſcarce, inſomuch that at length there was a kind of Famine. This laſting longer than the Soldiers expected, they wanting Money to buy Neceſſaries, which were at exceſſive Rates,

Rates, began to rob and ſteal, to prevent their dying with Hunger. A Peaſant happening to paſs thro' their Hands, and going afterwards to *Orgaz*, met a Friend of his upon the Road, who asking him what News at *Malagon*, from whence he knew he came, he made him the aforeſaid Anſwer, which afterwards became a Proverb. Now, proceeded the *Muleteer*, it is moſt unjuſt that this Proverb ſhould be applied to the Inhabitants of *Malagon*, ſince they were the Perſons robb'd, and not thoſe that robb'd others. On the contrary, to make them Amends, it may well be ſaid and maintain'd, that this is the Place, throughout all the Road from *Madrid* to *Sevil*, where Paſſengers are the beſt entertain'd, and at the moſt reaſonable Rates. Not that I will ſay there are no Villanies committed here, for every Country has its Rogues, and ſo no doubt has this.

Whilſt we were diſcourſing in this manner to divert our ſelves, an Acquaintance of our *Muleteer's*, who was juſt come from *Almagro*, came to us, and told us there was a Company of Soldiers, newly rais'd, who were juſt upon their March for the *Mediterranean* Sea, where he believ'd they would embark. This News pleas'd me exceedingly, inſomuch that I began to fancy, that Fortune, tho' ſhe had bandy'd me about from Place to Place, and from one Misfortune to another, would at length lead me, as it were by the Hand, to my deſired Port, for nothing could have happen'd more pat to my Purpoſe than the going of this Company, which was all I had for a long time ſought after. This comforted me in an Inſtant for all my paſt Follies and Misfortunes. I had no Reaſon to doubt of this News as ſoon as ever I came to *Almagro*, for I happen'd to paſs by the very Door where the Captain of this Company lodg'd, and whoſe Colours hung out at the Window. The *Muleteer* carried me to a Lodging hard by, and that Night I had nothing to do but to reſt my ſelf. Next Mor-

Morning, having dreſs'd my ſelf handſomly, I went to hear *Maſs*, and meeting the Captain there, ſaluted him, and told him, I was juſt come to *Almagro* to have the Honour to ſerve the King under his Command. He ſeeing me ſo well equipp'd, and with a Servant that look'd alſo well, took me for a young Perſon of Quality, and accordingly receiv'd me with all poſſible Honours and Reſpect, which he knew well how to pay, being a Cavalier of extraordinary Breeding. He teſtified to me at firſt, the Joy he had at my Arrival, and that I was diſpos'd to honour his Company with my Perſon, acquainting me, that tho' all his Commiſſion-Officers were fix'd, yet I might always ſhare with him in that of Captain. So great Civilities from a Perſon, to whom I was altogether unknown, charm'd me exceedingly, and made me conceive a Pleaſure in the Employment I was going to embark in, which I had never dreamt of. He oblig'd me from that Day forward to dine with him every Day, and having enquir'd of my Servant who I was, he found he was not miſtaken, for he had told him my Name was Don *Juan de Guzman*, of the Family of *Toral*, which was the Name and Quality I had aſſum'd at *Toledo*, and that was all my Servant knew of me. The Captain treated me extreamly well, and very heartily, and after Dinner liſted me of the Company in the uſual Form. The next Day I would needs treat my Captain at Dinner, and I acquitted my ſelf as I ought, but it did not a little lighten my Purſe. All this however was nothing, and I might have done well enough if I had ſtop'd here; but I muſt game, forſooth, as great People are wont to do, and that with Officers who knew better what belong'd to it than my ſelf. In a Word, I generally loſt, and how I wonder ſhould I do otherwiſe, when I knew little or nothing of the Matter. I were always very good at Reflections when there was no occaſion for them, but in Caſe of Neceſſity,

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the Impetuoſity of my Humour ever got the Victory over my weak Reaſoning. I thought as long as I was a Soldier, and the Captain's Favourite, I could want for nothing. I fancied, the Company did not look upon me as a Fellow-Soldier, but as their Captain-Lieutenant; I made my Captain Preſents from time to time to ſecure his Favour, and would often treat both him and his Officers at an exceſſive Expence. By theſe means, my Purſe, having no Flux and Reflux like the Sea, began to diminiſh exceedingly, and ſo continu'd to do, I being in no Way, but this laſt poor One, of getting a Penny. At length the Muſter came on, and the Soldiers being to go in at one Door of a Church, and out at another, in order to be examin'd, when it came to my Turn the Commiſſary would not paſs me, becauſe I was too young. I might be angry if I pleas'd, and ſtorm as much as I would, and the Captain might talk as big as he thought fit, for the Commiſſary was reſolv'd to perſiſt in his Reſolution. All the Reaſon he would give, was, that he had Orders and Inſtructions to that purpoſe: but I wiſh he would have always kept to thoſe Orders and Inſtructions. Sometimes I'm ſure he mov'd excentrically, and follow'd the Biaſs of a Self-intereſted Inclination. But I had no Remedy but Patience in this Caſe, tho' my Concern and Confuſion appear'd ſufficiently in my Face. I went home, and the Captain was ſo kind as to come and ſee me, and comfort me, telling me, I ſhould go along with him to *Italy* for all this; where we ſhould be no ſooner landed, but he would make uſe of his Friends to procure me a Colours. I thank'd him heartily as became me, and having experienc'd ſo many Civilities and good Offices from this generous Commander, I could not think my ſelf leſs happy, ſince I was ſo much in his good Graces, than if I had obtain'd this noble Employment of a Foot-Soldier. I have a good mind to diſcourſe here of the

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ill Uſage of brave Fellows that have engag'd themſelves betimes in the Army, and always fought valiantly for the good of their Country. When they have done all, I ſay, they muſt at laſt be ſubjected to the Caprices of theſe Commiſſaries, or ſome ſuch-like Upſtarts, whom they left Footmen, or at beſt *Valet de Chambres*, when they went to take leave of the Prime Miniſter, or other Great Man, to go into the Field. Yet ſhall it be at the Pleaſure of theſe Wretches, who know nothing of the Matter, tho' they pretend to know ſo much, to ſnub and controul theſe old Officers and Soldiers, becauſe they have not Hearts baſe enough to make court to ſuch vile Earth-Worms, whoſe Knowledge extends no farther than to filling their Purſes, and wronging the moſt deſerving Men. When I conſider'd all this, I thought, the Perſon that prefer'd them to theſe Poſts of Authority could never have rightly inform'd himſelf, either of their Abilities or Integrity, but muſt have ſuffer'd himſelf to be entirely guided by Intereſt and Favour when he exalted ſuch worthleſs Creatures. Thus I was tempted to think all was corrupted, even from the Prime Miniſter to the meaneſt Commiſſary. And what ſhould be the meaning of all this, but that every Body minds his own particular Intereſt whilſt he neglects that of the Publick, and which is the common Source of moſt Miſcarriages and Male-Adminiſtrations. It often happens, that as there are more Miniſters than one that have their different Provinces aſſign'd them, he that acts in one in ſome particular Caſe, ſhall have for Enemies all the reſt, who, perhaps, have nothing to do; and this becauſe they can't endure that he alone ſhould be talk'd of, and engroſs the Favour of the Prince. What will they do then to right themſelves? Why, they will endeavour to ruin him that has acquitted himſelf ſo well of his Duty, and been the Cauſe of all their Diſcontent. They will ſpread falſe Reports concern-

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ing him amongſt the People, and do their beſt to render him odious both to them and his Prince, of whom, nevertheleſs, he has ſo well deſerv'd. They will ſpeak no Ill of him themſelves, but rather all the Good they can, and diſown any Malice againſt him whenever they are charg'd with it; yet which they do with ſo dubious an Air, as ſerves ſooner to make them diſcredited than believ'd. At the ſame time, tho' they will not ſhew themſelves openly, they ſhall employ their little Emiſſaries and Creatures to do him all the ill Offices they can, both with Prince and People. They will, in a Word, lay a thouſand Snares for him, and do all that in them lies to make his Deſigns miſcarry, altho' they be nothing but what tend purely to the Service of their Prince and Country, but which they ſeldom or never trouble their Heads about. If there be any of theſe Miniſters that lords it over the reſt, either thro' the Intereſt he has got in his Maſter, or the Authority he has acquir'd inſenſibly in all manner of Affairs, what Inconveniencies do not ariſe from thence, what Abuſes, what Diſorders! What ſhall not this Favourite-Miniſter do to ſubject his Brethren to his Power, and make them acknowledge, that both their good or ill Fortune abſolutely depends on his Pleaſure! What ſhall there paſs in the World that he will not have a Share in? It is he that declares War, and that oftentimes purely to gratify his private Intereſt, that he may have an Opportunity to advance his Creatures, crowd his Coffers, or deſtroy ſome Perſons he bears Ill-will to, by expoſing them to ſome dangerous Poſt. It is thus, for the moſt part, a Prince is ſerv'd, and his poor Subjects abus'd. It is thus, I ſay, the Publick Treaſure is miſemploy'd, and the State ruin'd, by unneceſſary Expences. You ſhall have whole Armies rais'd to do nothing but devour the publick Proviſions, which, perhaps, the People have more occaſion for, thro' the great Scarcity introduc'd

among them by immoderate Taxes. A thouſand other Misfortunes there are that accrue to a Country by bad Miniſters. Thus the Affairs of the World for the moſt part go, and he muſt be more than ordinary skilful that knows how to remedy them. This is alſo what makes a great many brave Spirits loſe their Courage, who not being willing to owe their Fortune to any thing but their Virtue or their Merit, find themſelves oftentimes ſlighted and contemn'd, becauſe they have not taken the ready way to Preferment, by flattering and bribing theſe Prime Miniſters. The *Spaniards*, who above all People are the unfitteſt for theſe ſort of ſervile Complaiſances, think they purchaſe this Favour very dear when they die of their Wounds, inſomuch that, being diſguſted againſt the Trade of War, they are no longer what they have been formerly. In former Times their Name alone fought and conquer'd; they made the whole Earth tremble, of which they were almoſt the Maſters. Now it is no more the ſame Thing; they are ſo fallen from their former Condition, that now they are more ready to tremble themſelves, than make others do ſo, as ſeeing their Empire like to fall to Pieces every Moment. Nevertheleſs, in the main, they are ſtill what they ever have been, that is, bold, couragious and reſolute, as any People in the World. May Heaven pleaſe to reform thoſe Perſons that have the cogniſance of theſe Matters, and all will go well. I have but too many Examples of the Miſchiefs that ariſe to a State from the too great Favour of certain People, who are nevertheleſs generally hated. Hatred produces Envy, Envy Diſſention, and Diſſention a general Diſorder in all Things. But I'l ſay no more on this Head for the preſent, deſigning to reſume it again hereafter as I ſhall find occaſion.

I return now to my Captain, who after having loaded me with Civilities and Profeſſions of Friendſhip,

ſhip, left me, in order to go home to his Houſe. I would fain have waited on him, but he would by no means ſuffer me. The Company march'd two or three Days after, and I along with them, in quality of a Volunteer. We made no ſtop till we got to the Sea-ſide, where we had Orders to embark; but we muſt nevertheleſs ſtay for the Gallies that were to tranſport us, which were not yet arriv'd, and which did not come in leſs than three Months after, ſo well the Orders had been obſerv'd. In the mean time the Captain ſtill preſerv'd his firſt Kindneſs for me, but the Honour he did me, tho' it puft up my Heart, made my Purſe to grow lank, inſomuch, that continuing to lead the Life I had formerly led, I ſoon found my ſelf not able to ſupport it any longer. My Condition grew worſe and worſe every Day, and at length I became ſo reduc'd, that I durſt not appear any more. Having no Money to game, to what purpoſe, thought I, ſhould I come abroad; therefore I confin'd my ſelf to my Cell, and liv'd as ſparingly as I could upon that Little I had left. I had already parted with my Servant, who began to be an Encumbrance to me. This indeed gave but an ill Opinion of my Circumſtances, and Time to come altogether confirm'd it. Reflections now came thick upon me when there was no Remedy. As long as my Money laſted I never gave way to them, but as ſoon as it was gone I entertain'd them very freely. I was conſcious of the Follies I had committed, and blam'd only my ſelf. Then came Reproaches upon Reproaches, but to little purpoſe ſince the Time was paſt. I reſolv'd to manage my Money better when I got any more, but, alaſs! it was uncertain when I ſhould have any more to manage. I had abus'd my good Fortune, and might wait long enough before I had any ſuch again. I was now ſenſible, I had run into Extravagancies I might very well have eſcap'd. Fine Cloaths, a Foot-Boy, and

the like, were not only imprudent, but unprofitable Expences to me; and ſince I had known this Captain, I had conſum'd a good deal in Treats and Preſents; but to what purpoſe? Now my Money was gone, perhaps he would regard me no longer, and ſo in effect I found it, for he did not invite me to Dinner, as uſual, now, when I had moſt occaſion for it. 'Tis thus young Fellows, ſuch as I, pay dear for their Pleaſures. I was almoſt ready to run mad when I reflected upon my Extravagancies. I found, that as good a Reputation as I had got in the Company while my Money laſted, I ſhould not fail to loſe it now it was gone. My Friends I had procur'd by this means, began now to forſake and ſlight me. Their Friendſhip grew cold as my Stock leſſen'd, and now I was ready to borrow of thoſe whom I had formerly lent generouſly. They would lend me indeed for once, but when I came again, I met with nothing but pitiful Excuſes. Not a Man would look on me twice; nay, even ſome that had been more than ordinarily oblig'd to me. Theſe frighted the reſt, and, in a Word, every Body avoided me. One would have thought I had had the Plague, for ſcarce any Body would come near me. Neceſſity, indeed, is Plague enough, and ſufficient to make every Body fly one. Even Bailiffs would not keep me Company now, tho' they formerly came Cap in Hand to be employ'd by me. The Black-guard only ſtuck by me, who would willingly have had me of their Fraternity, if I could have taken up with ſo vile a Profeſſion. Thus, by a juſt Judgment, I was puniſh'd as I deſerv'd, and reduc'd to my former Condition.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Guzman *ſets forth the Diſadvantages of one that is decay'd in his Fortune, and how difficult it is for an honeſt Man to get into any Employment. He acquaints you, how he ſupplied his Captains Neceſſities by his Rogueries; and afterwards, how he came with him to* Genoa, *where he diſcharg'd him, notwithſtanding his former Services, meerly becauſe of the Dangers he expos'd him to.*

ONE Thing, however, comforted me in this deplorable and comfortleſs Condition, and that was, that during all my good Days I had liv'd ſo, that no Body could have an ill Opinion of me, nor believe me capable of an ill Action, for I had never been ſeen to do any thing but what was honourable and honeſt. This ſerv'd me in great ſtead, eſpecially with my Captain, who ſtill retain'd ſome Kindneſs for me, tho' he did not invite me ſo often as he us'd to do to Dinner. His Fortune was not much better than mine, for being likewiſe reduc'd by unwary Living, he was for'd to live by his Wits; therefore I could not but be a little burdenſome to him. If he had known my Talent for aſſiſting him, he, perhaps, would have lik'd me better. I went often to ſee him out of Civility, and he always receiv'd me very kindly, never making the leaſt Reflection upon my Condition. I appear'd nothing near ſo pleaſant as I us'd to be, nor carried my ſelf ſo haughtily as I had formerly done, but which was rather Affectation than my Natural Temper. I had, for a long time,

known what it was to have Nothing, therefore that was not capable of making any Alteration in me. But I believ'd it was becoming ſuch a Man as I would be thought to be, to ſeem ſenſibly touch'd with his Condition, and would have People imagine I conceal'd my Affliction with greater Artifice than I really did, which I fancied would make me more eſteem'd. It becomes no Body to be too proud or foppiſh, but leſs ſure a Perſon under Circumſtances, than another, who is in no fear of Want. The former is like a Camelion, that never ſwallows any thing but Air; and the latter ſhews himſelf no leſs a Sot by his fooliſh Behaviour, tho' he has wherewithall to fill his Belly ſubſtantially. Modeſty at this time had taken up its Quarters with me, and, in truth, it ſate eaſily upon me. My Captain, who believ'd I ſuffer'd exceedingly, admir'd me greatly, and could not forbear at length giving me to underſtand, how much he was concern'd that it was not in his Power to ſupply my Wants, at that Juncture eſpecially. He own'd he had receiv'd a great many Civilities from me, and would have been glad of that Occaſion of making me ſome Returns; but in regard he was utterly incapacitated, he hop'd I would not take it amiſs if he offer'd me to come that eat and lodge with his Servants, for, as to himſelf, he was oblig'd to retrench his own Table, and get a Dinner where he could. He proffer'd this with ſome ſort of Confuſion, not being able to do more for me; but as he tender'd it in ſuch an obliging manner, and with all the ſeeming ſincerity and modeſty in the World, I could not refuſe to accept of it, and ſo from his Companion I became little leſs than his Menial Servant; yet was there ſome Deference paid me by his Order, tho', in reality, I far'd no better than the reſt. I did him what Service I was able, becauſe I would not eat his Bread for nothing, and that I might the better preſerve his Friendſhip. I thought, how-

however, this would laſt no longer than till I got to *Genoa*, for there I hop'd for Recruits, yet ſtill it was an Advantage that I could get thither in ſpite of my ill Fortune, or rather my ill Conduct.

As I was every Day for doing every thing that might gain his Affection more and more, he put ſo great Confidence in me, that believing me to be diſcreet, tho' I was really not ſo, in regard to my ſelf eſpecially, he reſolv'd to acquaint me with his Affairs, which indeed were ſuch, that he knew not where to lay his Head. He own'd to me, that he had not a Penny of Money, and that all his Hopes lay in a few Stones and Jewels that he had ſtill remaining, which, nevertheleſs, were not ſufficient to pay off half he ow'd. He told me, what had reduc'd him to this Extremity was, the long Delays he had met with in getting his Employment, and the great Preſents he had made to Perſons in Power, tho', one would have thought, his Merit of Twenty Years Service might have been ſufficient to have obtain'd it. He ſaid, it was impoſſible to gueſs what Charges he had been at in his ſeveral Solicitations, and how many mean Things he was oblig'd to do, nay, cringe to the vileſt Servants, before he could have the leaſt Hopes. He acquainted me, how he was forc'd to run about from this Perſon of Quality to that from Morning till Night, make Reverences to this *Valet de Chambre*, and that *Groom*, and pay the profoundeſt Reſpect to the Maſter of them. He ſaid, he was oblig'd to follow him, wait upon him forwards and backwards, always with his Hat in his Hand, and his Legs ready to run wherever he ſhould command him. Whenever he but ſaw him thro' a Window, he muſt be ready with a profound Bow; and if he but ſpy'd him croſs a Court, or had but the Happineſs to be ask'd by him what 'twas a Clock, he muſt believe there could be nothing more fortunate to him. In a Word, this Captain gave me ſo lively, but ſo lamentable, a Cha-

racter of these Ministers, that nothing could be more touching. He added to it, a small Accident that had like to have been his Ruin. He said, the Night before he was to have had his Commission, after he had danc'd Attendance 8 or 9 Months, going to wait on this Minister to his Coach as he came out of the Court, and happening to clap his Hat on but a Moment before the Coach went away, this haughty *Grandee* was so offended at it, that he made him stay for his Dispatch above 4 Months longer, and he was like to have gone without it at last, had he not made good Friends.

God deliver me from such an Union as that of Power and bad Conditions! 'Tis a miserable Part these Idols of the Court act, demanding a sort of Adoration while they are Men as well as we, and, perhaps, worse Men than we are. Deprive them but of their Employs, and you'l find, that, like Comedians, they are nothing less than what they appear to be. Remember Mr. Prime Minister, tho' you hold your Head so high now, a Grave waits for you as well as it does for me, and, perhaps, you may sooner come to Dust than my Worship. The Comedy of the World is already regulated, a new one will not be made for you. Nothing here is eternal, every Thing must pass away, and your Honour as well as the rest. What a pity 'tis that these great Lords should know themselves so little; that they should think their Bellies are large enough to contain all the Water in the Sea! Let them feed upon their Greatness as if it were always to last; and let them carry themselves proudly, as if Death had forgot them. God be prais'd that there is a God, and be his Mercy for ever blessed, in that he has been pleas'd to appoint himself a Day wherein he will judge all the World according to their Works.

I was, in truth, more touch'd with this lamentable Relation of my Captains, than I could poſſibly be with my own Misfortunes; but ſtill his great Kindneſs for me, upon this extraordinary Occaſion, mov'd me yet more. There was nothing but what I would have done for him, to have deliver'd him from his Troubles. I gave him to underſtand as much, in the moſt forcible manner I could expreſs it, and told him, if my Life only were to be expos'd in ſerving him, I ſhould not think I ventur'd too much, after the many Obligations I had receiv'd at his Hands. I acquainted him I was young, and had not ſeen much of the World, yet Neceſſity and ſome Wit had ſupply'd my Want of Experience. I told him moreover, I would ſee what I could do for him, but however he might always depend on my Fidelity and good Intentions. He expreſs'd himſelf extreamly oblig'd to me for the Zeal I ſhew'd to ſerve him; and having embrac'd me heartily, told me, ſmiling, he did not doubt of my Sincerity, but could not imagine what Service I could do him in the Condition I was in. I replied, Good Wiſhes were not enough for me, and that if he would ſuffer me to act, we would live well, at leaſt, till better Times came. He ſmil'd again, and ſaid no more; but, as he knew me not, he quickly found I was able to do him more Service than he thought for. 'Tis true, I did Wonders to oblige him. The Gallies that were to tranſport us with other Troops being a long while a coming, we were quartered in the circumjacent Villages, and we chang'd our Quarters frequently. That gave me occaſion to make my firſt Advantage. I gave out a dozen of Billets upon every Houſe, of which, the leaſt was worth to me Five *Francs*, and ſome of the better ſort Fifteen. For my own part, I lodg'd no where but at Free-coſt, and where I had my Hands at liberty. I would have been contented with Water out of the Well, rather than gone away empty. My Captain needed not to

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go out of Doors for good Cheer, nor be at any Expence for't. I furniſh'd him with every Thing, as well Capons, Pullets, Geeſe, Pigeons, and the like, as with good Gammons of Bacon, and other exquiſite Diſhes. I never kept ought for my ſelf, but ſacrific'd all to him, ſo true I was to him. If by chance I were caught in the Fact, and could not deny it, in caſe it were a ſmall Thing I made a Jeſt of it and, if a greater, the worſt could happen to me was to be carried before my Captain, who would reprimand me ſeverely, and ſometimes confine me in a Chamber for two or three Days. If the Theft was of any great Conſequence, he was for'd to give me the Laſh, or, at leaſt, pretend to do ſo, to ſatisfy the Complainants, when I would cry and roar out as if I had been flea'd, tho', in truth, he never touch'd me. Other Puniſhments of the like Nature he pretended to give me, to content the wrong'd Parties, and ſave the Honour of the Officer. I had ſometimes Friends that came to intercede for me, but my Captain always appear'd inexorable, ſo ſtrict a Diſcipline he ſeem'd to obſerve. When we were alone, we did nothing but laugh at theſe Fools, who ſuffer'd themſelves to be made ſuch Bubbles of. From theſe ſmall Things, we at laſt ventur'd upon greater, which was, to go on the Highway, and ſeiſe whatever Booty we could meet with. I had always five or ſix luſty Fellows of our Company along with me, who would not be baffled for a ſmall Matter. We were diſguis'd, and therefore could not be eaſily known. But at length, our Captain thought this a dangerous Game, and therefore forbid us to play any more at it. As for Falſe-Muſters, I had a Trick for that, for by means of a different Peruke, or by placing a black Patch, I would make the ſame Soldier paſs for ſeveral, and ſo brought ſo many Men's Pay into my Captain's Pocket. He quickly found what a Conveniency he had in me, and that I alone was worth more

more than his whole Company to him, for in all his March from *Almagro*, he had not got ſo much as by my ſingle Induſtry. But he was one who ſpent a great deal; and let me get what I would, at never ſo great Hazard and Care, he laviſh'd it away upon the firſt Woman or Man he met that he lik'd.

The Gallies being at length arriv'd at *Barcelona*, we had Orders to embark upon the firſt fair Wind. As this was not a Country that could always find us with good Cheer, my Captain found himſelf ſoon a-ground. He had no Pay remitted him, as was the good and ancient Cuſtom of *Spain*, but muſt wait till he came to *Italy* for that. Bills of Exchange and He had no good Underſtanding together, yet he muſt live in the mean time, but how, he did not know. I obſerv'd him to be melancholy, vex'd, and out of humour, and I was very ſorry to ſee it; but as I was a Phyſician that knew his Diſtemper at firſt Sight, I told him for his Comfort, tho' I had never been in this City before, and knew not the Plan of it, yet he ſhould ſee I would do ſomething in it, thro' Induſtry, that ſhould redound to his Profit. He told me, we had no more to do with Peaſants, and I muſt take Care what I did. Now you muſt know, among thoſe Stones and Jewels which I have acquainted you he had, there was a Gold *Reliquary*, or Caſe for Reliques, all ſet round with ſmall Diamonds. It was very fine, and well made, and he deſign'd to diſpoſe of it for Subſiſtence till ſuch time as he embark'd. I deſir'd him to ſhew it me, and ask'd him, if he could have ſo much Confidence in me, as to let me have it for two or three Days, and I would reſtore it to him again with Intereſt. He anſwer'd, after he had entruſted me with his Reputation, he could not refuſe me ſuch a Thing, tho' it was worth Ten times more than it was; but he ſaid, he fear'd I would engage in ſome Piece of Roguery or other, that neither his Reputation nor mine would be able

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to free me from. I beg'd him only to truſt that to me, and I would bear all the Blame, without doing the leaſt Injury to his Honour. Hereupon he left me to do as I would, not being able to forbear laughing; yet told me, if I had any Knavery in my Head, he would adviſe me to take my Meaſures right, that I might bring him his *Reliquary* again, in caſe I did not ſucceed. I deſir'd him not to doubt of that, for I would be ſure to take Care; ſo having the Jewel deliver'd to me, which was in a Purſe, I put it in my Boſom, and ty'd the Strings to the Buttons of my Doublet. This done, I went to the firſt Goldſmith I could meet, who was an old Uſurer, and known for ſuch throughout the whole City. Asking him if he would buy a very fine *Reliquary*; he deſir'd to ſee it. I open'd the Purſe and ſhew'd it him, and he lik'd it very well. He then began to enquire of me who I was, and what I did at *Barcelona*. I acquainted him, I was come thither with a Company of Soldiers that were going for *Italy*, and that I came from *Almagro*. I told him, that having ſpent all my Money, and only this Jewel left, I had kept it for a Reſerve to furniſh me with Neceſſaries before I went on board; that if he pleas'd, he might enquire after me of the Captain, or any of the Officers belonging to the Company; that my Name was Don *Juan de Guzman*, and that if he heard ſuch a Character of me as he could venture to buy my Jewel, he might come and find me upon the Key, whither I was going to ſpeak with a Perſon of my Acquaintance about ſome earneſt Buſineſs. My Man accepted my Propoſal, and haſtening immediately to the Place where we lodg'd, did not fail to inform himſelf concerning me, both of the Officers and Soldiers. He had a good Account of me you may be ſure, for he preſently came to look for me upon the Key, and had no great Difficulty to find me, for I had no other Buſineſs there, but to wait for, and

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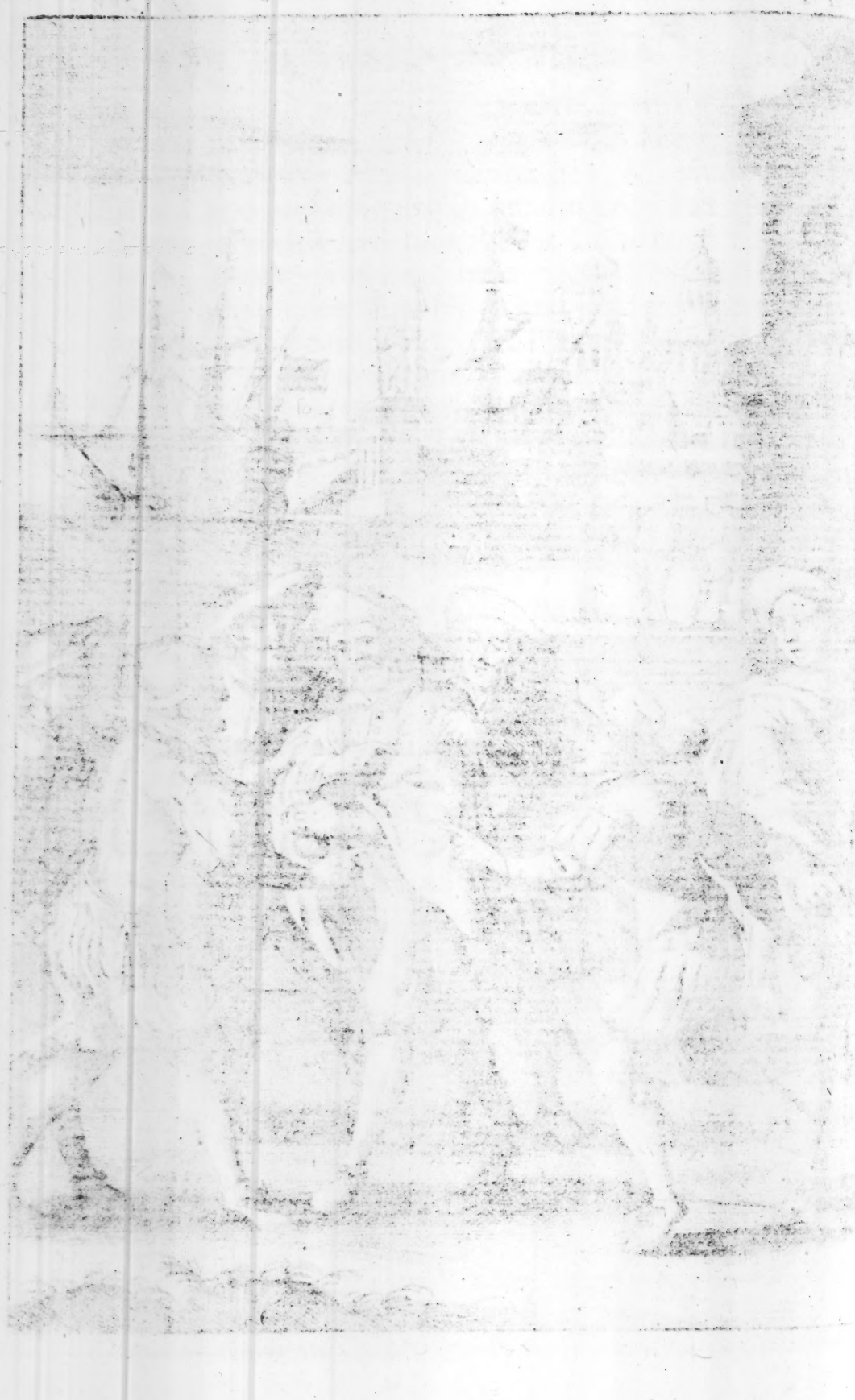
trapan him. He told me as ſoon as he came up, he was come to treat with me about my *Reliquary*, and deſir'd to ſee it again. I gave it into his Hand, but beg'd of him to retire a little, that People might not ſee what we were doing, and get about us. He conſented, and having conſider'd it, by turning it up and down and every way, he ask'd me what I would have for it. I told him, 200 Crowns, which was not, nevertheleſs, near what it was worth, as I had been inform'd by thoſe that knew as well as he. He ſeem'd however ſurpris'd at my Demand, and told me, it was not made of good Gold, and endeavour'd to ſhew me ſeveral Defects, as well in the Workmanſhip, as in the Stones: In a Word, he offer'd me half what I ask'd. I told him, I had occaſion for Money, and therefore, if he lik'd it at 150 Crowns, he might have it, and not under. He made a great many more Cavils and Diſputes, but at laſt he agreed to give me 400 *Francs* for it. He would have had me gone along with him to his Shop to receive the Money, but I told him that could not be, becauſe I waited there for a Friend, as I had acquainted him; and that, if he pleas'd, he might fetch the Money, and he ſhould find me there, or thereabouts. This troubled him a little, for he would have been very glad to have paid me at home, and beſides, he fear'd this Friend of mine might be a Goldſmith, who might, in his Abſence, buy his Bargain out of his Hands, by giving me a Trifle more, for he knew the Jewel was worth twice as much as he was to give me for it. This made him run away immediately to fetch the Money, and in the mean time I got a Comrade of mine, as great a Rogue as my ſelf, to be near me, that I might employ him as ſoon as I had occaſion for him. My Merchant returns quite out of Breath, and all in a Sweat. He had the Money in Gold in a Bag, which having told me out, I gave him the *Reliquary*. I deſir'd the Bag of him, and proffer'd the

the Purſe in lieu of it, which was worth a great deal more. He conſented with great Willingneſs. Having put up my Money in the Bag, I ſeem'd to find a great deal of Difficulty in undoing the Strings of my Purſe, which I had tied to the Buttons of my Doublet. Seeing a Knife in a Sheath by his Side, I thro' impatience ſnatch'd it out, and cut the Strings, by which means I got the Purſe looſe. I gave it him, and he having no more to do, pull'd off his Hat and departed. He was no ſooner gone, but I made a Sign to my Comrade to come up and take the Money, bidding him give it to the Captain, and tell him I would be ſpeedily with him with the Jewel. This done, I march'd as faſt as I could after my Goldſmith, for I had not loſt Sight of him, and ſoon came up with him; for having made a Bargain as he could wiſh, he walk'd leiſurely along without thinking any thing. It happen'd to be in a Place where there was a Company of Soldiers juſt drawn up, when making uſe of the Occaſion, I began to cry out as loud as I could baul, Stop Thief, ſtop Thief! Fellow-Soldiers and Comrades, ſtop that old Thief there, who has robb'd me of my Captains *Reliquary*, which he took from me by force. The Soldiers knowing me to be of that Company that was going for *Italy*, and hearing me cry after that manner, and ſeeing me ſhed ſome Tears beſides, thought there muſt be ſomething in the Matter, and therefore quickly ſtop'd the Man, asking him why he would wrong ſuch a young Lad as I was. I wrong him, ſaid the Goldſmith! ſo ſurpris'd, that he could hardly ſpeak, I have done him no Wrong. Then I began to tell them, quite out of Breath as I was, Ah, Gentlemen, he's a Thief, an old Rogue, have pity upon me, and ſo falling down on my Knees, I ſo wrought upon them, that they continually ask'd me what was the Matter, and would then turn to the Merchant, and ask him angrily the ſame Queſtion. He would have ſpoke, but I

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interrupted him; and well knowing what Advantage he has that ſpeaks firſt, I open'd and told them, My Captain, whom they all knew, having left by chance his *Reliquary* at his Beds-head, ſent me home, and bid me take Care of it. I going to look after him to give it him, this Thief, whom I took for an honeſt Man, ſeeing ſomething in my Hand, came up to me to look at it, and when he ſaw what it was, he pretended to be a Goldſmith, whereupon I ask'd him what it might be worth. He looking ſlightly on it, told me it was only Copper gilt, and that the Stones were falſe, but becauſe of the Work, if I would ſell it him, he would give me what it was worth. I told him I could not ſell it, by reaſon it was my Captain's, when he deſiring to ſee it again, and obſerving it was in a Purſe that was tied to my Button, he all of a ſudden, while he amus'd me with Words, ſnatch'd forth a Knife he had at his Girdle, and inſtantly cut the Strings, as is yet to be ſeen; by which means, having got my Purſe, he immediately ran away with my *Reliquary*. Now, continu'd I in the ſame paſſionate manner, I beg of you, Fellow-Soldiers and Comrades, to dive into his Pockets, and you'l find what I ſay to be true. The Soldiers ſeeing a great deal of Likelihood in what I ſaid, and being exceedingly ſet againſt the Goldſmith, loaded him with innumerable Invectives and Reproaches, of Old griping Uſurer, old Thief, old Rogue, and the like; which Names alſo the Standers-by, who knew him, ſaluted him with; and being mov'd by my Tears and Entreaties, they fell to groping the old Dog, and found the Purſe juſt as I had ſaid, with the Strings cut, and the *Reliquary* in it. The Goldſmith trembled every Joint of him upon this plain Conviction, and became as pale as Death. Begging leave to ſpeak, he proteſted and vow'd he had bought this Purſe and Jewel of me for 400 *Francs*, which he had paid me in good Gold. But the Soldiers would not

not believe him, there being no probability, as they ſaid, that ſuch an old Fox as he, who knew his Trade, would buy ſo rich a Jewel as that of ſuch a young Fellow as I, and give ſo much Money for it without knowing me, for he would preſently be apt to imagine I had ſtolen it, or done worſe, at my firſt Offer of it. Here the Merchant demanded that I ſhould be ſearch'd too, and he did not doubt but they would find the Money about me, which he had given for the *Reliquary*. I was accordingly ſearch'd, but not a Souſe was found, whereupon they began to treat my Uſurer after an unmerciful rate, both with Words and Deeds; and when they found he would needs go before a Judge, they carried us both to one. As ſoon as I came there, I began to tell the ſame Story I had told the Soldiers, who ſtood by me, and were Witneſſes for me. The Judge conſidering the Matter, and finding the Goldſmith had little or nothing to ſay for himſelf, reprimanded him ſeverely; but as he was an old Citizen, tho' he knew him to be as old a Rogue, he did not ſend him to Priſon, but ſpar'd him for that time, telling him, if ever he heard of the like Crime again, he muſt not expect to be ſo favourably us'd. As for the *Reliquary*, he order'd the Soldiers to carry it to the Captain, who gave them largely to drink at the Expence of the poor Goldſmith, who was ready to hang himſelf for the loſs of his Money.

Roguery always pleaſes thoſe beſt who have the benefit of it, and not thoſe who commit it; the ſame it is with Traytors and Treaſon. He that does ill, may well pleaſe them for whom he does it, but he ſhall never be the better eſteem'd or belov'd. 'Tis Puniſhment that makes a bad Action diſapprov'd, even by him that has the Advantage of it, becauſe he does not know but one time or other it may come to be his own Turn, if he encourages ſuch unwarrantable Doings. He that will do an ill Thing to one, may

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do it to another, and conſequently impeach him that let him to Work. When we want Virtue, we muſt of neceſſity entertain Vice. The ſame is to be met with every where; and he that has betray'd you once, will not fail to do it again whenever he has an Opportunity. My Captain, to whom this Aſſiſtance came very ſeaſonably, was not diſpleas'd, you may be ſure, at its coming; but ſtill he found the Action very bold, and that diſturb'd him a little. He lik'd well enough my *Legerdemain* Tricks, ſince he reap'd Benefit by them, but he was afraid of the Conſequences of them, as well in regard to me as himſelf, for he did not know but at laſt he might be hook'd into ſome damn'd *Præmunire* by them. He therefore reſolv'd, as ſoon as he ſhould get to *Genoa*, where he believ'd he ſhould have no farther occaſion for me, to get rid of me as ſoon as he could. This is generally the Fate of us poor Fellows that are good for nothing. We are made uſe of like Vipers and Scorpions as long as there can be any good got out of us, and afterwards we are thrown out of Doors. A-while after we were landed, my Captain took me aſide, and ſaid to me, Friend *Guzman*, ſee now we are in *Italy*, whither you ſo much deſir'd to come; I have no further occaſion for you, as you well know; and beſides, your little Tricks may one time or other bring me into an Inconvenience, therefore it is high time we ſhould part. You know the Capacity of my Pocket, and I could wiſh I were in a better Condition to acknowledge your good Offices as they deſerve; I may, perhaps, one Day: In the mean time take this *Piſtole*, and make the beſt uſe of it you can, and be perſwaded 'tis with great Regret that I can make you no better Recompence. This ſaid, he turn'd ſhort upon me and left me, but I could ſee by his mournful Air, that 'twas not with a little Reluctance that he forſook me. I ſtood as if I were Thunder-ſtruck, having not a Word to offer,

and if I could have ſpoke, he would not ſtay to hear me; ſo getting me out of the Houſe, I march'd along the Streets with my Hat over my Eyes, conſidering that if Virtue never lets a Man go without a Reward one time or other, Vice ſeldom fails of procuring him Puniſhment, and Infamy to boot. I would have fain ſpoke with my Captain, to have repreſented to him the bad Condition I had brought my ſelf into, principally on his Account, and the Services I had done him in his Neceſſity, and that at the hazard of my Life, with no Advantage to my ſelf; but I thought he would not hearken to any Reaſons I could give him, after he had thus ſhaken me off, as a rotten Member that would be apt to infect the whole Body. I therefore comforted my ſelf in that I was got to *Genoa*, where, having enquir'd after my Relations, I learn'd they were ſome of the moſt Powerful Perſons of the Republick. This reſtored my Courage a little, not doubting but I ſhould be reliev'd by them as ſoon as they came to know me.

THE LIFE and ACTIONS Of the Famous *SPANISH ROGUE* Guzman d'Alfarache.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Guzman *discourses of Riches and Poverty, and the Effects of both. Then he proceeds to tell how he was rejected by his Relations, and what Trick he had plaid him while he was in quest of them; and how at last he took the Road directly towards* Rome.

THERE is nothing so difficult, as the World goes, as to give the true Definition of a rich Man. I am, for Example, come into a City where I have some Friends, or some Persons, to whom I have been recommended. They endeavour to treat me after the best Manner, and

propoſe to me to go and paſs an Evening at a *Ridotto* or *Aſſemblée*, where there is both Gaming and Muſick, and ſometimes a Repaſt. A Stranger that travels, deſires no better; I am carry'd thither, and I find a very noble Aſſembly of Perſons of the beſt Quality of either Sex. They pay me ſome Civilities, becauſe I am a Foreigner; then they leave me, by reaſon they are pre-engag'd to give Attention, and make Court to a Perſon, who, by the Reſpect is ſhewn him, ſeems to be the moſt conſiderable of the whole Company. 'Tis true, he is all Gold from Head to Foot, has a Diamond-Belt about his Middle, large and fine Stones upon his Fingers, and his Garters and Shoe-Buckles glitter immoderately. He makes a great Noiſe; every body talks to him, both Men and Women; every body ſtares at him, hearkens to, and applauds him. But to me, that do not know him, he ſeems but a Coxcomb, and talks very idlely. I ſee nothing at all in him but what is Ridiculous, and I could find in my Heart to laugh at him but for good Manners. What antick Poſtures he has! What an affected Voice! and what Grimaces does he make! I ſpeak ſeriouſly, were it not for the Company he was in, I ſhould be tempted to believe he was half a Fool. I am ſtark Mad to know who he is; I muſt know, and I can't help it. Here's a Gentleman, one of thoſe that brought me hither, will inform me, I ſuppoſe. Pray, Sir, let me beg of you to tell me, who that ſame honeſt Man is, whom there's ſo much Buſtle about? You have gueſs'd your ſelf, anſwer'd he laughing, he's an honeſt Man, a Man of Wit, and one who knows how to make the beſt of his Affairs at any time. At that very Moment, my Friend was call'd away to play a Party at *Picket* with this fine Gentleman, and ſo I could have no more Diſcourſe with him. He ran away immediately, for he took it for a great Honour that was done him, and ſo left me as wiſe as I was before. My Curioſity nevertheleſs augments,

ments, I ſee nothing extraordinary in this Man's Phyz, nor any thing that ſhews him to be a Man of Quality; he muſt needs have his Employment, if any, in the Country, for I'm ſure he would not be employ'd here. All the Ladies are mad to play with him; and thoſe that can't have that Honour, content themſelves to ſit by, and ſhew him all the Civilities they can. I fancy he treats them nobly; they love to be treated, and to get a Man's Money at Play, for I believe he's Bubble enough to them. But here comes one, I fancy, will ſatisfy my Curioſity about this *Beau*. I beſeech you, Sir, if you love me, tell me who that Man is, about whom every body ſo ſwarms, to whom every body makes ſo many Cringes, and upon whom all the Ladies ſo gaze, as if they had not Eyes enough to ſatisfy their Curioſity. What, ſays he, is it poſſible you ſhould not know him! Why, it is Signior the Count of *N*—? A Count, ſaid I! How could I know him, when I have not been in this City above theſe two Days? Would you have me divine? No, reply'd he, that's not to be expected; but you muſt know he has 100000 *Francs* a Year, a fine gilt Coach, a numerous Equipage, keeps a good Table, is in great Reputation at Court, goes every where, and is very well receiv'd where-ever he goes. All this is well for him, anſwer I; but what is all this to you or me, who have no occaſion for him? Why muſt we pay our Devoirs to him, and look upon him as the Cock of the Game, like others that ſtand in need of him? Has he any Employment in the Country where he lives, or does he expect Adoration merely on account of his Eſtate? No, he has no Employment, but when a Man has three or four Millions of Money, he can't want for either Quality, Wit, Merit, or Virtue. But once more, pray tell me, what ſort of Man is he, for hitherto I have obſerv'd nothing but ridiculous Honours paid to him, and fooliſh affected Cringing and Crowding about

him? He has, I tell you, near Four Millions in his Pocket, and owes no body a Croſs. He is, in a word, a very honeſt Gentleman, and treats the Company to Night, and I am to be invited, and I believe you will too. As for my Invitation, quoth I, I thank him, but I am engag'd elſewhere: I can neither wait upon him nor his Four Millions. But my Queſtion is yet undecided, therefore I muſt needs ask you once more, Whether he be a Gentleman, a Merchant, or a Trader? I beg your Pardon, Sir, replied he, I can't ſatisfy you at preſent, for I go halves with this Lady, and I am afraid we ſhall loſe our Money. I am mad with all my Heart, cry I, that I can't get an Anſwer to what I ask ſo plainly, and which may be anſwer'd in two Words. But I gueſs, by the little I have heard, what the reſt may be, and pity the Perſon with all my Soul. In the midſt of theſe Reflections of mine upon moſt Peoples Behaviour towards a rich Man, an Accident happen'd in regard to my ſelf, for either in that I was a Stranger, or becauſe he had heard of my Name, this ſame Count turns about, and deſires me to give Judgment upon a Point at Play. I came up to him with a great deal of Reſpect as I ſaw others do before me, and lending my Ear attentively to all he ſaid, began to conſider of his Caſe, but found he was in the wrong; nevertheleſs, for fear of diſobliging him, I did but half give it againſt him. Now were not I the greateſt Fool of all the Company, for ſuffering my ſelf to be byaſs'd by Riches, after I had condemn'd the like Folly in other People.

'Tis not poſſible to give a more natural Deſcription of a rich Man, than I have done by this Relation. Now let us turn the Medal, and ſee what we have upon the Reverſe; why 'tis Poverty which has always been my Portion, and whereof a right Definition may be given, ſince Flattery has nothing to do with it. Flattery is its irreconcileable Enemy, tho' ſhe

be commonly to be found among the Poor, being an Effect of Indigence, and conſequently the only Refuge of Poverty.

Poverty is either Daughter of the Spirit and Wiſdom, and then ſhe is a Treaſure; or elſe ſhe is Mother to Infamy and Reproach, than which nothing can happen worſe to Man. She is his greateſt Enemy; ſhe is a contagious Leper; ſhe is a Sea where Patience often Shipwrecks; a Rock where Honour generally ſplits; a Fire that conſumes our Lives; and an oblivious Draught, that makes us forget what we are. Poverty is a ſort of Coin that paſſes no where. It is the Curſe of the whole Earth, the Sink of a City, the Refuſe of the Market, and the Aſs to a rich Man. The poor Man will ever be one that eats laſt, and always what is left, though he pays dearly for't. His Money is falſe, his Wiſdom Folly, his Wit Nonſenſe, and his Sentiments Trifles. He has no Revenue but what comes from the Publick. No body makes a Scruple of affronting him, every body flies him. If he happens to come into Company, it muſt be his Part to give Attention; and if he will argue, he's always thought too bold, and will ever be interrupted. Tho' he be never ſo Ingenious, he muſt be ſuppos'd to want Wit; and if he ſucceed in any Undertaking, he will be thought a Conjurer. The leaſt offenſive Word he utters, is judg'd next akin to Blaſphemy; and the leaſt Fault he commits, unworthy of any Pardon. There's no Appeal for him in this World, and he muſt wait for his Remedy in the next. Every body is againſt him, and no body takes his Part. He can have no Aſſiſtance in his Neceſſity, no Comfort in his Adverſity, nor no Company in his Solitude. All the World thwarts him, all the World pillages him. He owes no body any thing, and yet every body exacts ſome thing from him. How unfortunate and miſerable is the poor Man, who is oblig'd to purchaſe even his Leave to

beg, which I knew ſold once by an *Alcalde* of a certain City. A poor Man may have as much Wit as he will, he muſt ſtill be contented to be devour'd by Sots, like ſtale Meat that is thrown out to Dogs.

Let us return once more to the rich Man, who has ever the Wind in his Poop, and ſails with a full Gale. The Sea is always calm and quiet for him, and he meets with nothing that gives him the leaſt Diſturbance. He has neither Care nor Trouble, his Granaries are full of Corn, his Cellars of Wine, and his Cabinets and Coffers of Money. He makes a Winter of Summer, and of Summer a Winter. He inverts the Seaſons, or rather is ſenſible of none. Let him do what he will, every Thing ſucceeds with him, and he is well receiv'd where-ever he comes. Let him talk what he pleaſes, he's always in the right, and no body dares to contradict him. He may make Abſurd Things paſs for Gallantries, Fooliſh for Sentences, and Lies for Railleries. Though he be a Rogue, he's ſtil'd an honeſt Man, and one that underſtands himſelf. If he be Prodigal, he paſſes for Liberal; if Covetous, for a Perſon of Oeconomy; and if Inſolent, for one only that takes an innocent Freedom. If he affronts you, 'tis all good Manners in him; if he banters you, 'tis a ſign of good Humour; and if he talks you to Death, an Argument of his good Converſation. If he be over-much given to Women, he paſſes only for a gallant Perſon; if an Extortioner, for a Man of Authority; if an opiniative Fellow, for one that is ſteady and conſtant; if a common Swearer, for a brave and reſolute Hero; and if a ſlow and ſtupid Blockhead, for one that is grave and ſolid, and who does nothing without mature Deliberation. All this nevertheleſs is nothing, and we ſhould never have done, ſhould we examine all the Extravagancies that are in the World. We need only obſerve how afraid every body is of a rich Man; how no body dares to diſpleaſe him,

him, and how eaſily he brings his Cauſe to a good Hearing, becauſe he himſelf is both Judge, Party and Witneſs. One need only obſerve, I ſay, how a rich Perſon is waited upon, flatter'd and careſs'd, where-ever he comes. Let us conclude then, That Poverty, according to the common Maxim of the World, for 'tis of that I ſpeak, is what renders one the loweſt of Men, and Riches what elevates one above all others. Where-ever Blood boils, or the Pulſe of Honour beats, Want is look'd upon a greater Misfortune than the loſs of Life, becauſe Money alone ſets the Blood a-float, and gives us a Being. He that has none, is like a dead Corps that walks up and down like a Ghoſt among the Living. Without Money a Man can do nothing to the purpoſe, nor hardly pleaſe himſelf with what he does. This is the ordinary Courſe of the World, and there's no Remedy for it. As we found it, ſo we ſhall leave it. 'Tis a folly to pretend to find a better way than that we are in; and yet a greater, to think that our Fore-fathers were wiſer than we in this Particular. What is now, has been, and will ever be the ſame. Our firſt Father was an Infidel, our firſt Mother a Liar, and their Firſt-born, both a Robber and Parricide. What is there that has not been already, and what can we hope from what ſhall come hereafter? If what is paſt ſeems better to us, 'tis becauſe we feel the preſent Ills, but neither remember the paſt Benefits nor Troubles any otherwiſe, than to rejoice at our being got rid of them. There's nothing more pleaſant than to behold a Meadow at a diſtance, it Charms us with its Beauty and Verdure; but when we come near it, we find nothing but Marſhes and Bogs; we know not where to ſet a Foot, every thing diſpleaſes us, and we muſt go elſewhere for that Pleaſure we thought to have found there. It is as common as ancient in the World for Men to love Proſperity, court Riches, ſeek Conveniencies, labour after particular Intereſts,

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and to desire Abundance with Passion. Where that is wanting, the Father is wanting to the Son, the Son to the Father, the Brother to the Brother, the Friend to the Friend, and I am wanting to my self. More than one Experience has render'd me wise upon this Head. My Life has been a perpetual School, for me to learn these Lessons in at my own Expence. If I had known better when I came to *Genoa*, I had not been expos'd in the Condition I was in to appear before my Relations, in order to make my self known to them. I should have waited a more favourable Opportunity till I had been better cloath'd. I should not have lost my self with them as I did, as you'l find by what follows:

I had no sooner parted with my Captain, or, to speak more properly, he had no sooner parted with me, than I set my self about looking after another Inn, where I might live thriftily, till such time as I could find and speak with my Relations. I was indeed in a very bad Equipage, yet a Shirt and Shoes were what I wanted most. These forc'd me to tap my *Pistole*, of which above one half went at once. My Cloaths seem'd to have been something formerly, but now they were like the Ruins of *Troy*. My Hat and Stockings were not much better. The Symetry was exact. When I had my new Shoes and Shirt on, I thought no body would look on any other Parts of me. At length, in as ill a Pickle as I was, I resolv'd to go and look after my Relations, and to tell every body I had the Honour to be of their Family, that is, of good *Old Gothick* Extraction. This being quickly spread abroad, my Relations came to the hearing of it, and were very much offended. They look'd upon my Misery as a downright Scandal to them, and I believe, if they could but have rid me out of the way handsomely, they would not have stuck to have done it, such Practises being but too common in

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that Country; but as I began to be talk'd of in a City where my Father had been ſo well known, if I had diſappear'd all of a ſudden, the Cauſe would have been ſoon gueſs'd at. You muſt not think it much, Reader, that I were expos'd to ſuch Hazards; for had you been in my Relation's Caſe, and ſeen ſuch a miſerable Fellow as I come and ſalute you openly in the great Market-Place, and call you Uncle or Coſen, could you have forborn entertaining ſome ſuch-like Thoughts? Imprudence was always on my Side, and Shame and Deteſtation on theirs: They therefore receiv'd me juſt as you or any other would have done. I never ſaluted one of them that did not treat me with the Titles of Raſcal and Impoſtor, and threaten to ſend me far enough off. You a *Genoeſe*? cry they to me, with Rage and Confuſion in their Faces: You the Son of ſuch a one? You are rather the Son of a Whore, that thought fit to do him that Honour. Go, get you gone, if you han't a mind to have Spurs in your A--e, to ſend you away faſter. You would have been apt to believe now, my Father died 100 Years ago, and had no Parentage left, ſo loth were theſe Relations of his to own him. At length, however, I met a certain old Rogue, who no doubt had heard of me, who receiving me with all the Civility imaginable, ſaid to me with an inſinuating Air, You. g Man, I remember ſomething of the Perſon you ſpeak of, and who you ſay was your Father. There are certainly in this City ſeveral of the principal Nobles that are his Relations; and I can bring you to a Man who will make you known to them. It is now ſomewhat late, and you have to be ſure ſupp'd; come therefore and lodge with me, and to morrow I will carry you to this ſame Perſon, who will give you Satisfaction, and unriddle all this Miſtery. O, Thanks be to God! ſaid I, to my ſelf, altogether tranſported with Joy that I have at laſt met with an honeſt Man in this City,

City, who will take Pity on my Misfortunes. I fancied now, Fortune would be reconcil'd to me, and that I had gain'd the Point I desir'd. I saw I had to do with a Person of a venerable Aspect, with a grave and serious Air, a bald Head, and a white Beard that reach'd down to his Girdle. He had a Staff in his Hand, and a long Robe after the manner of the noble *Genoeses*. I fancied him another St. *Paul*, and I hearken'd to him as an Oracle; all that he said, appearing to me not only Truths, but Sentences. I had no Thoughts of distrusting him; I follow'd him to his House so pleas'd, that I hardly knew whether I touch'd the Ground with my Feet or not. 'Tis true, that Compliment of, *You have to be sure supp'd*, did by no means please me; it was such as they make at *Cordoua*; but I thought at *Genoa*, like many other Places, when People have eat well themselves, they don't fancy any Body else can be hungry. For my part, my Misfortune was such, that I had eat less that Day than any of the foregoing, my *Pistole* being just at an end, so that I made worse and worse Cheer every Hour. But there was no Remedy, I must endure it in spite of my Teeth, rather than lose so fair an Opportunity of getting acquainted with my Relations, as this old Fellow offer'd me. As soon as we were come to his House, a Servant came to meet him to take off his long Gown, but he would not part with it. Then sitting down, he began to jobber with him in *Italian*, which I did not understand, but which did not last long, for he soon sent him away, and conducted me into a great Hall, to entertain himself with me. He began by asking me several Questions concerning the Affairs of *Spain*, and from them proceeded insensibly to those of our Family. He inform'd himself very curiously concerning my Mother; ask'd if my Father had left her much; as likewise, how many Brothers and Sisters I had; what part of *Sevil* we liv'd in; with many

many other Particulars; in all which I ſatisfied him to a Tittle. This laſted above an Hour, when the ſame Servant came, I ſuppoſe, to acquaint him his Orders had been obey'd, and that all was ready. I, however, underſtood nothing of the Matter; but at laſt, the old Gentleman, turning about to me, ſaid, I believe you are weary, and would gladly be a-bed: I'll leave you to your Repoſe, and return to you again to morrow Morning. Then he cry'd, Ho there, *Antonio Maria*, come and wait upon the Gentleman to his Chamber. It was deſign'd I ſhould ſee the fineſt part of the Houſe, which was indeed a Palace, and therefore I was carried through Seven or Eight Rooms ſucceſſively, all magnificently furniſhed, and where the moſt common Ornament was Marble. From thence I was conducted into a long Gallery, at the end of which was a large and fine Bed-Chamber, with a noble Bed in it, and very rich Tapiſtry-Hangings, wrought with Silk and Gold after the manner of *Turky*. The other Ornaments and Furniture were proportionably rich and noble. This Room was fit to lodge a Prince in, but now muſt have only a poor Beggar; who, nevertheleſs, might have been more happy if he had not had this Honour. I was altogether confounded at it, but that was becauſe I knew not what was preparing for me. We were no ſooner come into this Chamber, but *Antonio Maria* having ſignified to me, it was his Maſter's Pleaſure I ſhould lodge there, where only Princes had lodg'd before, he began to offer me his Aſſiſtance to undreſs me. I thank'd him, but would not ſuffer it, not having a mind to let him altogether know my Poverty; and beſides, my Rags were ſo crazy, they were to be handled with more than ordinary Diſcretion. The *Valet*, either through Malice, or that he thought it his Duty, and that I oppos'd it meerly out of Ceremony, inſiſted upon doing me the Service he offer'd. Catching

ing me twice or thrice by the Sleeve, he would have pull'd off my Coat and Doublet in ſpite of my Teeth, but that I prevented him, by holding faſt at the other end, and 'twas a Wonder of Wonders he had not torn both to Pieces. At length, quite tir'd with Compliments, I beg'd of him, for the Love of God, to let me alone, for that I never made uſe of a Servant to help me off with my Cloaths: Upon this, he deſiſted for fear of angring me, which he ſaw he had almoſt done. I then retir'd behind the Bed, and letting fall the Curtains, dropt my Rags gently upon the Floor, which were held together only by a few Laces. This done, I got into Bed, and quickly found the Sheets were Perfum'd. I told the Servant, he might take away the Candle if he pleas'd; but he anſwer'd, It was not convenient, for that in this Country, in ſuch high-pitch'd Rooms as that was, it was a common thing for large Bats to hide themſelves, who were very dangerous a-Nights, but would fly from any Light. He alſo added, 'twas cuſtomary in this City to leave a Candle burning, to drive away certain Spirits that haunted great Houſes, and would do a great deal of Miſchief, but by no means lov'd the Light. He told me all theſe Stories with a ſort of Air, that a wiſer Man than I might have been deceiv'd by. Nevertheleſs, as much a Fool as I was, I was more afraid of Bats, which I hated exceedingly, than Spirits. The Servant was no ſooner gone out of my Chamber, but I got up to go and look whether the Windows and Door were well faſten'd, and I found all ſafe; nevertheleſs, for better Security, I bolted the Door. Now thinking neither Spirit nor Bat could get in, I went very quietly to Bed again, and in due time fell aſleep, notwithſtanding any Impreſſion I might receive from theſe Stories. Before I ſlept, I amus'd my ſelf with reflecting on the good Will of this venerable old Gentleman, not knowing but he might prove my

Relation





Relation at laſt, and treat me thus like a Stranger meerly to ſurpriſe me the next Morning. This was a good Beginning I thought, and I fancied I ſhould have a Taylor at my *Levée* before I was well awake to make me a Suit of Cloaths. I was, however, perſuaded, I ſhould never want for any thing, for that ſuch rich and noble Relations as I had, would never ſuffer that Diſhonour. What other Intereſt could this good Man have, quoth I, to treat me after this rate? The Condition I am in, could never engage him to throw away ſo many Civilities upon me. He would not carry me home with him, to drive me out of Doors afterwards. He muſt infallibly be my Relation, and that very near; and I may now well ſay, I have met with good Fortune, and an honeſt Man, tho' ſo unuſual a Happineſs for me to light upon. I have not loſt my Pains in coming to *Italy*; and 'tis well ſaid, that a Man's Blood cannot lie. Thus young and unexperienc'd as I was, I reaſon'd with my ſelf, not being able to comprehend that too great Kindneſſes were never without ſome Pry-Deſigns. However, being invited to reſt by ſo delicious and delicate a Bed, I fell ſo profoundly aſleep, as I've already told you, that I did not hear the Noiſe of Four Hobgoblins, or rather Four Devils, that enter'd my Chamber ſoon after, who coming to my Bed-ſide, and ſeizing me by all Four, put me into ſuch a terrible Fright, that I was rather dead than living. They were all habited like Devils, with huge long Tails, frightful Vizards, and two Horns on each of their Heads. I could not ſpeak I was ſo ſurpris'd, and had hardly any Life left in me. All that I could get out, was the Name of *Jeſus*, and ſome few Prayers I had learn'd by Heart, which nevertheleſs ſignified nothing to theſe Chriſtian Devils, which afterwards I came to underſtand they were. They had ſpirited away my Bed-Cloaths in a moment, when taking me into their Hands, they began

began to toſs me after that rate, that tho' the Chamber was exceeding high, I fear'd I ſhould have my Brains beat out againſt the Ceiling. But they contented themſelves with only bruiſing me, and tir'd as they were, for they did not leave off till they could hold out no longer, plac'd me at length in my Bed again all batter'd, and bruis'd almoſt to a *Mummy*. There was no ſign of Life left in me, but the Sighs I fetch'd, which in any but Chriſtian Devils would have wrought ſome Pity. They cover'd me over as they found me, put out the Candle, and ſo left me as if there had been no Harm done. My whole Body was ſo disjointed and maul'd, I could not ſleep a Wink, and it was already broad Day before I came to my ſelf, and knew where I was, for I had all along fancied I came piping hot from Hell. God, who ſav'd me that bout from Death, knew well why he did ſo. As I were about to riſe, for I believ'd by this time the evil Spirits were gone, I ſmelt an ill-favour'd ſmell not far off from me; which made me immediately gueſs, Fear had had the ſame effect upon me as it had upon the Cook's Wife. I was not miſtaken, and getting up, ſaw what I ſo very much ſuſpected. I knew no better Remedy, than to clean it the beſt I could with the Sheets, which I did, and then reſolv'd to get me away as faſt as I could out of that curſed Houſe. Reflecting upon the cruel Adventure I had had that Night, I was like to have thought it a Dream, had not my poor Bones told me to the contrary. I was hardly able to ſtir, yet would needs get up, and ſee how thoſe Devils Incarnate could come at me. I found the Door and Windows, as I had left them, faſt ſhut. This frighted me, for then I thought it muſt needs be the Devil I had had to do with. Well but, thought I, why ſhould his Infernal Majeſty take more pleaſure in Blanketting me than another. This was not likely, I fancy'd, tho' perhaps I better deſerv'd it; I there-

fore

fore lifted up the Hangings to see if there were not some false Door behind them, and I found two great Windows that look'd into the long Gallery, whereof one was open, at which I suppos'd these curs'd Spirits came in, and went out again after they had executed their ill-natur'd Commission. I said not a Word, I only dress'd me as fast as I could, and having put the Bed-Cloaths in order, which I had left otherwise perfum'd than I had found them, I softly stole towards the Door, with design to get away; but as I was going out, whom should I meet but that Villain *Antonio Maria*, who seem'd to me, by his hang-dog Countenance, to have been one of the Four Diabolical Emissaries. He told me in his whining Tone, his Master waited for me at the next Church, and I answer'd, I would go and wait upon him, but I intended nothing less. I was no sooner got out of Doors, but I made all the haste away I could, for fear the smelling Adventure should be found out, for which I might very well expect some new Chastisement. I was so batter'd and bruis'd all over my poor Body, that at another time I believe I could not have stir'd if you would have given me the whole World; but now making a Virtue of Necessity, I trotted away in such Post-haste, that one would have thought I had had Wings at my Heels, so eager I was to get out of this abominable City. Fear makes a Man do strange Things; and I was fain to lay Legs to Ground pretty handsomely, after the great Charity I had experienc'd from these worthy Relations. All this Fright, nevertheless, had not taken away my Stomach, I was as Hungry as ever; wherefore happening to pass through a Market, and seeing some boil'd Meat that look'd well, I bought a little of it, with a large Loaf, and fell to eating as I walk'd along the Street, not knowing whither I was going, or entertaining any Thought about it. I did not stop till I got out of the City, and then seeing a *Cabaret* before me, I went in and drank a Glass of Wine, which you may imagine by this time I had Occasion for. Here I began to feel my Pangs afresh; but the Wine, which was very good, comforted me under that Affliction; so that resuming Courage, after an Hour's Bait, I demanded whither that Road led? I was told to *Rome*; which taking for a good Omen, I without further delay prepar'd my self to travel forward. As I went along, I could not but reflect on the Treatment of my treacherous Relations, who, I

ſuppos'd, us'd me ill, on Account of my mean Figure, which they fear'd would diſhonour them. But I comforted my ſelf with having one Day an Opportunity to Revenge my ill Uſage on that old Hunks, and make him know whether I was really the Son of my Father, or not.

CHAP. II.

Guzman, *in his Journey towards* Rome, *diſcourſes of his Parſimony and good Husbandry; and at length tells you how, upon his Arrival at his Journeys end, he turn'd Beggar again; and what Inſtructions he had from an old Proficient, who communicated to him the Laws and Ordinances of that Fraternity, which he acquaints you with.*

I Jogg'd on leiſurely, becauſe my Bones had been ſo ſhaken I durſt not, for the preſent eſpecially, put them into a more violent Motion. I arriv'd at length at a Town 10 Miles from *Genoa*, without ſo much as turning my Head once towards that City. If *Lot*'s Wife had done the ſame, ſhe had not been chang'd to a Pillar of Salt. I look'd upon my ſelf now, as one eſcap'd from the Battle of *Roncesvalles*; but then I was fallen into as great a Misfortune, which, was not to have a Penny wherewithal to help my ſelf, and that in a Country where I underſtood not a Word of the Language, and yet was travelling ſo long a Journey as that to *Rome*. This you muſt own was no ſmall Matter to undergo; yet I, who had been accuſtom'd to Misfortunes, and taught not to deſpair, made ſlight of them. After I had reſted for two Hours, and ſpent the little Money I had left, I reſign'd my ſelf entirely into the Hands of Providence, taking the direct Road to *Rome* as a Pilgrim in queſt of Pardons, for which I had more than ordinary Occaſion.

Poverty, as I've already told you, is a ſad Thing: If it ſometimes ſharpens the Wit, it more frequently blunts it. It was well for me I had already been made acquainted with it, and that I was not altogether ignorant in the Art

of

of Begging, otherwiſe I ſhould not have known what to have done. This Juſtice muſt be done to *Italy*, That no Country in the World has more Charity in it. I met with ſo much on the Road, that in all my long Journey I did not ſpend a Farthing of what I got, but had always more than ſufficient for my Belly without it. In a Word, this Trade charm'd me ſo exceedingly, that when I came to the famous City, I could not leave it. I had ſome Temptation towards it I muſt confeſs; for ſeeing my ſelf have Money enough to buy a new Suit of Cloaths, I had a mind at firſt to employ it that way, with deſign to get into ſome Nobleman's Service; but at length I began to cry to my ſelf; Ah, *Guzman!* can'ſt thou not have Five or Six *Souſe* in thy Pocket, but thou muſt preſently reſume thy former Vanity? Thou haſt had old Follies enough, do not ſeek after new Ones. Thou art well in Health and Circumſtance by the Buſineſs thou haſt, What makes thee to deſire more? Every one becomes Wiſe one time or other by his Experience; do not thou reſiſt thine. This ſaid, the Temptation vaniſh'd, and I heard no more of it. I ty'd up my Purſe-ſtrings with a double Knot; and ſaying to my Money, You ſhall ſtay there, if you pleaſe, till I have greater Occaſion for you; it tarried very quietly. The Cloaths I already have are very proper for my Employment; were they better, they would not be ſo well. Since Fortune has chalk'd out this Way for me to Felicity, why ſhould I oppoſe her? I had better be contented, ſince a worſe Fate may ſoon happen to me.

I began then to traverſe the Streets of *Rome*, like a Beggar of a new Edition, holding open my Hand, and ſtretching forth my Arm, in ſuch manner as I ſaw the moſt Skilful do before me. I form'd my ſelf upon their Model; and, in regard I knew not the Streets ſo well as they, I was oblig'd to follow them, and take what they refus'd, or at leaſt what they left. I at length got acquainted with a young Fellow of that City, who was well vers'd in this Trade, and gave me good Inſtructions concerning it. He taught me in a trice, after what manner I ſhould beg of all ſorts of People; and told me, the ſame Tone would not do always, nor the ſame Speech. He ſaid, Men did not love a whining Note, but one that begg'd an Alms boldly: Whereas Women, who ſome of them paid their

Devotions to the Holy Virgin, others to our Lady of the *Roſary*, and each in particular as God had inſpir'd them for his Glory, requir'd Prayers for their Deliverance from Mortal Sin, Falſe Witneſſes, the Power of Traytors, and Bad Tongues. Theſe ſort of Wiſhes or Prayers, pronounc'd with a great deal of Vehemency and Whining, makes their Purſes immediately fly open, and happy is ſhe that can ſupply thee firſt. He taught me moreover, how to move the Compaſſion of the Rich, who are ever moſt inexorable; and to excite the Charity of *Devoto's*, who are not leſs difficult to work upon, for they'l freely give you what's anothers, but part with nothing of their own. In a Word, he gave me ſo good Inſtructions, that in a ſhort time I got a great deal more than I could ſpend, and was acquainted with the whole City of *Rome*. I knew right well where there was any thing to be got; but not to trouble my Cuſtomers too often, I reſolv'd to obſerve a *Decorum*. I divided the City into ſeveral Quarters, allotting one for each Day in the Week, which I viſited conſtantly. As for the Churches, they went according to their Holidays, and ſet Times of Devotion. It often happen'd I got only a Piece of Bread; but then whatever I had more than I could eat, I would be ſure to ſell, and make Money of. There were ſome ſhame-fac'd Beggars that could not ask openly, but whoſe half-ſtarv'd Countenances ſufficiently betraying their Wants, they were certain to be reliev'd in private; which was no ſooner done, but they would not fail to come and lay out their Pence with us, ſince we could afford them better Pennyworths than the Baker. We ſold Scraps of Bread alſo to the Country People and others, whoſe Buſineſs it was to fat Poultry and Hogs; but thoſe that always paid us beſt for this Commodity, were your Makers of Spice-Cakes. I likewiſe got a good deal by old Rags; for People ſeeing me almoſt naked, eſpecially in Winter, would take pity of me, and give what they could ſpare. Coming at laſt to be acquainted with the moſt antient *Dons* of the Faculty, I every Day learn'd how to manage Matters better, for I obſerv'd them narrowly. However being one Day at the Ambaſſador of *France*'s Door, where there was always a publick Dole diſpens'd, I heard ſome of my Comrades behind me cry, See that Oaf of a *Spaniard* there, he knows nothing of the Matter; he'l certainly

certainly ſpoil our Trade. When once his Guts are full, if any Body offers him any Thing, he refuſes it. We ſhall have a fine Fellow-Labourer of him. By theſe means, People will be apt to think we Beggars have too much given us, and ſo withhold their Charity. One of the old Standers hearing him talk thus, and knowing me, began to reprimand them after the following manner. This Brother of ours is a Stranger; we ought to conſider him as ſuch, for he can't half know his Trade yet; but let me alone with him, and I'll talk to him; perhaps I may give him ſuch Inſtructions as he may be the better for. Now you muſt know, this was a Doctor in the Art of Begging, a very great Proficient; who calling me aſide, began to enquire into my Life, and ask me, Whence I came? How long I had been in *Rome*? If I had beg'd elſewhere? Or whether I had ſerv'd my Apprentiſhip in that City? In all which, having ſatisfied him as well as I could, he inſtructed me very mildly in the Duties that Beggars ow'd to each other, and what *Decorums* they ought to obſerve. He ſaid, they were to aſſiſt one another with their Advice, and live like Brothers: And from thence he enter'd into a long *Detail*, and taught me ſo many Tricks and Secrets, as ſoon gave me to underſtand what a Maſter I had to deal with, and that I my ſelf were yet but a Novice. He taught me to widen my Stomach, that I might eat four times as much as at another time, without incommoding my ſelf. He ſhew'd me with what Greedineſs I ſhould eat before People, and what deep Bites I were to make in the Bread. He told me what Grimaces I ſhould uſe, and what different Tones of Voice, according to the different Perſons I ask'd Alms of. He made me, moreover, acquainted with the Hours I were to be at each Place; what Houſes I might enter freely, and what ſuperficially, and the like. But all this was nothing in reſpect of the Begging-Laws and Ordinances, which he communicated to me as ſoon as we came to his Houſe, whither he inſenſibly drew me. He gave me leave to take a Copy of them, that I might ſtudy them at leiſure. They are as follow.

Laws and Ordinances to be inviolably obſerv'd by all Beggars.

" FOraſmuch as all Nations and Kingdoms have their " different Methods of Begging, which they are diſtin- " guiſh'd and known by; as the *Germans*, by their Sing- " ing, and going in Companies; the *French*, by their Pray- " ing; the *Flemmings*, by their making of Legs, and their " low and frequent Cringes; the *Bohemians*, or Gipſies, by " their Importuning; the *Portugueſes*, by their Slabbering " and Crying; the *Italians*, by their long Circumlocutions; " and the *Spaniards*, by their big Looks, and lofty Lan- " guage: We ſtrictly Enjoyn and Command all Perſons, " to whom it ſhall in any wiſe appertain, to conduct and " reform themſelves for the future, purſuant to the follow- " ing Ordinances and Statutes.

" I. We Will and Command, That none of our Bro- " ther-Rogues or Beggars, whether Wounded or Lame, of " any Nation or Country ſoever, ſhall join or unite with " thoſe of any Kingdom or Sovereignty that are Well and " in Health, to prevent Inconveniencies that may ariſe " thereby, and the Advantages they may have over one " another.

" II. We Will and Command, That thoſe who are Well " and in Health, and without any Indiſpoſition upon " them, do not conſort or keep Company with, in any " manner whatſoever, any Blind Beggars, Thoſe that ſay " Prayers from Door to Door, any Mountebanks, Fidlers, " Poets, Slaves ſet at Liberty, old Soldiers that have eſcap'd " out of a Battle or Siege, Shipwreck'd Seamen, or the " like; for altho' it is allow'd in general, that all theſe " muſt ſubſiſt by Alms, yet the Ways of Begging being " different, each muſt ſtick to their particular Rules and " Orders.

" III. We Will and Command, That the Poor of every " Nation, eſpecially in their own Countries, have certain " Inns and Victualling-Houſes aſſign'd them, where ſhall " preſide Four or more of their Antients, with Staves in " their Hands as Enſigns of their Authority, to deter- " mine all ſuch Differences and Diſputes as ſhall happen a- " mong them; and after they have ſo done, they may ſit

" over

" over their Cups, and tell old Stories, boaſting of Battels " they were never in, and Dangers they have never run.

" IV. We Will and Command, That every Beggar carry " a good Batt or Cudgel in his Hand; and that ſuch as " are able put a good Spike at the end of it, that they may " be arm'd and provided againſt all Caſualties that may " befall either their Purſes or their Perſons.

" V. We Will and Command, That no Beggar wear any " new or tolerable Cloaths whatſoever, but ſuch only as " ſhall be well worn, Patch'd and Threadbare, for fear of " bringing Scandal upon the Profeſſion: Provided always, " in caſe any new Cloak or Coat has been given by way of " Alms, then ſuch Perſon, to whom it was given, ſhall " have liberty to wear it for that Day, and no longer, un- " der pain of our high Diſpleaſure, and his own parti- " cular Hindrance.

" VI. We Will and Command, That in caſe of Prece- " dency, each ſhall take Place *Secundum Antiquitatem Poſſeſ-* " *ſionis*, and not *Perſonæ*, according to his Standing, and " not his Years.

" VII. We Will and Command, That two Sick or Lame " Perſons do keep together, and call each other Brothers; " but with this Condition, That they beg by Turns, and " ſtrain their Voices in different Manners, the one ſtill be- " ginning where the other leaves off, and both obſerving " equal Time and Meaſure. They are to keep each to a " different ſide of the Street, and not to uſe any artificial " Phraſes, or affected Forms, to ſet off their Ailments, but " to diſplay them as naturally and ſignificantly as they " can, ſo as they may be plainly underſtood: When this is " done, they may divide the Booty at pleaſure, and no " Account ſhall be requir'd of them.

" VIII. We Will and Command, That no Beggar carry " about him any Arms, either Offenſive or Defenſive, other " than ſuch as we have permitted, unleſs it be a ſmall " Knife to cut his Victuals with. He is likewiſe to wear " no Gloves, Pantofles, nor Spectacles, nor to have his " Stockings roll'd or garter'd, or to have any thing elſe " that may look neat about him, under pain of our high " Diſpleaſure.

" IX. We Will and Command, That all pretended ſick " Beggars wear a Clout about their Heads, inſtead of a

" Bonnet; and that they, as well as all others, be per-
" mitted to carry with them a pair of old Sizzars, an Awl,
" a Needle and Thread, a Thimble, a wooden Diſh, a
" *Gourd*, a little Hand-basket, and a Scrip or Wallet.
" They ſhall likewiſe have liberty to walk with two
" Crutches, and have a Well-Leg ty'd up upon a
" Stump.

" X. We Will and Command, That all Beggars carry
" two Purſes about with them, one little, and another
" great; but that they receive their Alms in their Hats.
" We forbid them to make a Pouch or Budget, either in
" their Cloak, Coat, Frock, *Gabardine*, Caſlock, or *Man-*
" *dillion*, upon pain and Forfeiture of all that ſhall be found
" about them, and upon being moreover look'd upon as
" Coxcombs.

" XI. We Will and Command, That no Beggar what-
" ſoever diſcover, reveal, or divulge the Myſteries, Subtle-
" ties, and Secrets of his Trade, unleſs it be to one of the
" ſame Society or Profeſſion.

" XII. We Will and Command, That any one who has
" invented or found out any new Trick or Device in the
" Art of Begging, ſhall be oblig'd to communicate the
" ſame to his Fraternity within the ſpace of one Month,
" that the Publick may benefit by it; and in caſe he does
" ſo Communicate, he ſhall have the ſole Privilege of
" practiſing it for Three Months, as a Reward for his In-
" vention; and no Body ſhall preſume to interfere with
" him in it without his Leave, unleſs he has a mind to for-
" feit all he ſhall get by it to the Perſon he has ſo wrong'd.

" XIII. We Will and Command, That all Beggars ſhall
" diſcover, and make known to each other, all Houſes
" where there are any Alms to be had, eſpecially ſuch
" where there is either Gaming or Courting; for thoſe
" Places ſeldom fail of bringing in good Rents.

" XIV. We Will and Command, That no Beggar, un-
" der pain of our heavy Diſpleaſure, keep any Hunting,
" Setting, or Gun-Dogs, and but only one Mungrel-Cur;
" which nevertheleſs is permitted to none but Blind-Men,
" to conduct them along with a Halter and Bell about his
" Neck.

" XV. We Will and Command, That none that carry a
" Dog about with them, to make him dance or jump

" through

" through a Hoop, ſhall have any Station at a Church-
" Door, or other Place, where Beggars are us'd to be aſ-
" ſembled, for fear of interrupting others in their Calling.

" XVI. We Will and Command, That no Beggar pre-
" ſume to come to the Shambles or Fiſh-Market to buy
" either Fleſh or Fiſh, except in Caſes of extream Neceſſity,
" by reaſon of the ill Conſequences may ariſe from ſo doing.

" XVII. We Will and Command, That none that Dance,
" Sing, or Play on any Inſtrument, to get Alms, ſhall
" conſort or keep company with any other Beggars, but
" have their Stations apart, under pain of our high Diſ-
" pleaſure.

" XVIII. We Licence and Permit all ſuch Beggars, as are
" ſo diſpos'd to have borrow'd Children, to the number
" of Four, but not above, their Ages being firſt examin'd;
" and in caſe they take Twins, the Elder muſt be above
" Five Years old. The Woman that goes about with theſe
" Children, muſt have one ſucking at her Breaſt, and lead
" the others in her Hands; and as for a Man, he muſt
" carry one in his Arms, and lead the other, and not other-
" wiſe.

" XIX. We Will and Command, That thoſe Beggars,
" who have any Children, teach them to lie at Church-
" Doors, or any ſuch-like Places of publick Reſort, there
" to take notice of who comes in, and who goes out; of
" whom it ſhall be lawful for them to beg an Alms for
" their poor Fathers or Mothers that lie ſick and weak, or
" keep their Beds and have nothing to help themſelves
" withal; or elſe, that have Four or Five ſmall Children
" that are ready to ſtarve for want of Bread: Provided al-
" ways, That this Liberty extend not to Children that are
" above Six Years of Age; for when once they exceed that,
" they are to ſhift for themſelves like fledg'd Birds, and,
" like Whelps that are fit to be enter'd, noſe out their
" Living, and bring home their Prey at convenient Hours,
" that their Parents may ſee what they are able to do.

" XX. We Will and Command, That no Beggar ſuffer
" his or her Children to be bound Apprentice to any Trade
" but their own Profeſſion; for therein they will greatly
" offend, by not following the Footſteps of their Forefathers,
" and running a Courſe quite contrary to that laudable
" Way wherein they have been bred.

" XXI. We

"XXI. We Will and Command, That no Beggar be "within his Bed, or in his Lodging, at Seven a Clock in "a *Winter*'s Morning, or at Five in the *Summer*, but be "out by Sun-riſing, or ſooner if poſſible, to ſee what "Purchaſe he can make; and then to be in again by Sun-"ſet, or before, unleſs in extraordinary Caſes, and accord-"ing to the Directions of his Superiors.

"XXII. We Will and Command, That no Beggar, ex-"cept ſuch as are Sick and Weak, breakfaſt upon any "thing but what he gets that Day; for otherwiſe the "Stock would be diminiſh'd, and the Principal be im-"pair'd. They are likewiſe oblig'd to waſh their Mouths "before they eat, and not to carry Onions or Garlick a-"bout in their Hands, as is but too cuſtomary to do.

"XXIII. We Will and Command, That no Beggar "preſume to play the Impoſtor, commit any groſs Vil-"lany, ſteal Houſhold-Stuff, help to convey it away, "untile Houſes, ſtrip Children, or do any the like baſe "Action, upon pain of being excluded from our Brother-"hood, and deliver'd over to the Secular Power.

"Laſtly, Our Will and Pleaſure is, That every Beggar, "when he ſhall be of full Age, that is, Fifteen Years "old, ſhall be no longer deem'd a Novice, but be held, "allow'd and eſteem'd, as a Perſon that has fulfill'd the "Law, and comply'd with this Inſtitution; and although "Two Years more be requir'd to render him compleat, "yet he ſhall be now receiv'd for a Graduate: And having "thus given Proof of his Ability and Parts, we ſtrictly "Enjoyn and Order, That he hold and enjoy all the "Liberties, Exemptions and Privileges, by us or our An-"ceſtors at any Time granted; but with this Condition, "That he neither ſhall now, nor at any time, forſake our Ser-"vice, without our eſpecial Leave firſt had and obtain'd; "and that, in the mean time, he ſhew ſuch Submiſſion and "Obedience to our Laws and Ordinances, as they require "of him under the Penalties before ſpecify'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Guzman *tells you of ſome new Laws he learn'd; and how he was ſerv'd for begging at an unſeaſonable Hour, and afterwards laugh'd at by an old Proficient, who inſtructed him better: Then he acquaints you with the daily Practiſes and Exerciſe both of himſelf and his Companions, whereby they got wherewithal to live, not only plentifully, but luxuriouſly.*

I Thank'd this good Man for all his Kindneſſes, but more eſpecially for communicating to me theſe Laws and Ordinances, which I promis'd to obſerve inviolably. Over and above theſe, there were ſeveral others handed down to Poſterity by Tradition, and which the *Italian* Beggars had eſtabliſh'd from time to time, according as Exigences requir'd. The chief of theſe, and moſt eſteem'd, were thoſe compil'd by one *Alberti*, call'd in Raillery, *Meſſer Morçon*, who was look'd upon as *Generaliſſimo* of the Beggars in *Rome*. In truth, he deſerv'd to govern their Empire, inaſmuch as he was better made, better bred, and more truly qualify'd for his Poſt, than any of his Predeceſſors. He might well be ſtil'd, The Prince of Idleneſs and Cowardice, and Arch-Beggar of all *Chriſtendom*. He would devour you at one Meal all the Tripes and Entrails of two good Sheep, together with the Puddings made out of them, and the Trotters and Heads. With theſe, he eat Ten Pounds of Bread, and drank in proportion. He would alone ſcrape up as much Orts as Ten others; but which he had Occaſion for, being able, as I've already told you, to eat as much as Ten; and then for the Money he got, that was reſerv'd wholly for drinking. He made ſo ſhort work with every Thing, that his Subjects or Vaſſals were fain to ſupply his Occaſions when he wanted, and which they always did with a great deal of Pleaſure and Satisfaction. You never ſaw him ſatisfy'd either with Wine or Victuals. He always went both Summer and Winter open-breaſted, nor ever had ſo much as a Shirt or Stocking on. His Head was likewiſe always bare; and to ſee how his white Skin ſhin'd,

you

you would have Sworn he had rubb'd it with Hogs-Lard.

This famous *Meſſer Morgon* ordain'd, during his Reign,

"I. That every Beggar ſhould carry about him a wooden "Diſh, or dry'd Pumpkin, but ſo that they might not be "ſeen.

"II. That no Beggar ſhould draw Water in a Pitcher, "or drink out of any Pot; but for that end ſhould make "uſe of a broad Tub, an Earthen Jar, or the like, where-"in he ſhould thruſt his Head, and drink after the manner "of a Beaſt.

"III. That he that ſhould not drink a ſound Draught "after his Sallet, ſhould be render'd incapable of drinking "afterwards during his whole Repaſt.

"IV. That no Beggar ſhould buy or eat any Comfits, "Conſerves, or the like ſweet Things.

"V. That every one ſhould eat Salt or Pepper with his "Meat, providing it had not been well ſeaſon'd before.

"VI. That your poor Rogues ſhould be bound to ſleep "upon the Ground, without either Pillow or Bolſter, and "lying upon their Backs with their Faces upwards.

"VII. That having got ſufficient wherewithal to ſpend, "he ſhould go no more a Begging that Day, but leave "others to Glean where he left off.

"VIII. That no Body ſhould take Care for to Morrow, "it being a Beggars particular Happineſs to depend entirely "upon Providence.

There were many more Articles of the ſame kind, which I have not room to inſert. This Prince of Beggars always eat lying, lazying along, and would ever, both *Winter* and *Summer*, ſleep without any Covering. I had almoſt got all his Laws by Heart; but I nevertheleſs took notice only of ſuch as were moſt conſiderable, and related to good Government, which I were as fond of, as if my Fortune or Salvation had depended on them. Notwithſtanding, as I had not had any long Experience of this Trade, and new Difficulties daily offer'd, I did not fail to be oftentimes much embarraſs'd, eſpecially when my Ambition drove me upon making new Experiments, which I were but too apt to do. Upon a Holiday, about the beginning of *September*, towards

wards One of the Clock in the Afternoon, I happen'd to go forth during the great Heats, imagining that whoſoever ſhould ſee me beg at that time of Day, would immediately relieve me, as thinking I had more than ordinary Want, or I would never go abroad while my Comrades were faſt in their Hutches. But I did not find Matters ſucceed as I expected; for after having rang'd over the two moſt famous Quarters of the City, without gaining any thing but Injuries and Repulſes, I came at length to a Place, where an unlucky Wench ſeeing me begging at that unſeaſonable Hour, made no more ado, but without any other warning than *Agua và, guardate debaxo*; *Ware Water, Look to your ſelves below there*; pour'd down a Cauldron of boiling Water on my Head, which ſhe took care I ſhould not be able to avoid. Never was Man ſo ſcalded and frighted as I was: I began to cry out as loud as I could baul. Every Body gather'd about me; ſome blam'd me, and ſome the Maid. Every one however pitied me; and ſome there were that gave me their Charity, but to little purpoſe ſince I were under ſo great Pain. I muſt nevertheleſs have Patience, and bear all as well as I could. I went homewards, and by the way ſaid to my ſelf, D'ye ſee now what your fine Experiments come to? You have always ſome notable Fancy or other in your Head. You have richly deſerv'd what you have ſuffer'd, and I don't at all pity you: You'l learn to be wiſer I hope another time. Thy *Malus Genius* tempted thee, poor *Guzman*, and thou hadſt a mind to be knowing more than was convenient for thee to know, and thou haſt paid for it with a Vengeance. If thou wouldſt know yet more, thou muſt return to the ſame Place, and thou wilt no doubt be further inſtructed. Whilſt I was thus reaſonning with my ſelf, I were got almoſt to my Lodging. As I came near, the good old Comrade with whom I once lodg'd, call'd to me, and ſeeing me in that Pickle, and a little melancholy, ask'd from whence I came, and whether I had been bathing in a Hog-Tub, becauſe I ſmelt ſo of Greaſe? Entring his Cellar, and ſitting down upon an old broken Form, I began to relate to him my whole Adventure. He laugh'd heartily at it, and ſaid, I am very much afraid, *Guzman*, thou art but indifferently qualify'd for this new Employment. Thou wilt needs pretend to be Old-Dog at it, and yet thou ſeem'ſt to me to be but a meer Novice.

Now

Now you muſt know this was an old *Cordouan*, a great Proficient in Begging. He was both born and bred to it, and reſolved to die in it, and for Countries ſake had a great Friendſhip for me, therefore would needs upon this Occaſion give me all the neceſſary Advice he could. He told me then, it was a Cuſtom in *Rome* to give no Alms after Dinner, particularly among Perſons of Quality, who took that Time to ſleep, and did not care to be wak'd, eſpecially by a poor Beggar; That after one had howl'd once or twice at a Door, and ſeen no Body come, it was a ſign either no Body was in the Houſe, or that no Body had a mind to be there, and therefore the beſt way were to be gone, and not to loſe ones Time; That whenever one found a Door ſhut, one ought not to open it for fear of Dogs, who are natural Enemies to Beggars, or of diſpleaſing the People of the Houſe, who might not care to have their Privacies pry'd into by ſuch Perſons as us. But that which he taught me, which was moſt curious, was a Secret to raiſe a Leproſie and Ulcers. He inform'd me likewiſe how to make my Foot or Leg ſwell, to become pale and wan in a Moment, to disfigure my whole Body, and, in a word, to do many other neceſſary and important Tricks which he had learn'd from his Father, who had in like manner been a Maſter in his Profeſſion. He told me, he would conceal nothing from me that related to this Art, becauſe he ſaw a kind of towardly Diſpoſition in me to come to ſomething in time; but perceiving I had a mind to go and change my Cloaths, which were exceeding wet and naſty, he diſmiſs'd me; yet invited me to come and ſee him ſometimes, and aſſur'd me I would not find my Labour loſt. I thank'd him very kindly for his Favour, highly perſuaded that what he ſaid was true, and ſo return'd to my Lodging.

We oftentimes met together ſeveral of us to practiſe our Parts, and try what Exclamations would ſuit us beſt, and be likely to turn moſt to Account. This was our chiefeſt Exerciſe a-nights; and there were ſome among us that would invent new Forms and Methods of Benediction, which they ſold to us, and got good Livelihoods by. And all you'l ſay was little enough, and no more than needed, to move Men's Minds, and ſtir them up to Compaſſion.

On Feſtival-Days we would be up betimes, and run to all Places where Pardons and Indulgences were ſtirring,

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that

that we might provide our ſelves with good Poſts, and get as near as we could to the *Holy-Water*, or the Chapel where the Heavenly Ware was given out. Towards Night we would make an Excurſion into the neighbouring Villages, and not leave one unviſited, whence we would always return laden with Booty. When we ſaw any Perſon of Diſtinction coming towards us, we would immediately baul out for Charity before he came near, that he might have time to put his Hand in his Pocket; for many times People would not ſtop if we accoſted them only juſt as they came to us. At other times, when we were to accoſt a Company of People together, if we had but Time to prepare for it, we would every one act a different Part. One would Halt as if he were Lame, another carry his Arm in a Sling, a third twiſt and quiver with his Lips as if he had the Palſie, a fourth turn up his Eyes as if he were under the greateſt Affliction, a fifth would be carried upon his Comrades Shoulders as if he had loſt the uſe of his Limbs, a ſixth would diſtort his Legs as if he were Ricketty, a ſeventh counterfeit Dumbneſs, an eighth Blindneſs, a ninth would tie his Legs upon two Stilts; and, in a word, every one, tho' we were never ſo many, would appear in a different Poſture, each chuſing that which he underſtood beſt. We always let thoſe go firſt that were the moſt skilful in their Profeſſion, that they might prepare the Way for the reſt, and move the People to Charity. If you had but heard the various Benedictions we gave, and the Prayers we made for their Proſperity, you would have wonder'd. Some we would wiſh good Fortune, pray that God would deliver others from their Enemies, accompliſh the Deſires of a third ſort, give a fourth Children, bleſs a fifth with good Trade, preſerve the Health, and eſpecially the Sight of a ſixth, and ſhower down on a ſeventh all manner of Felicity. Theſe, and a thouſand ſuch-like Expreſſions we had, which were always worth us ready Money. We call'd this a ſort of going to War, becauſe we practis'd it in the Country, and went in Troops. We were never better pleas'd than when we heard of a Treat or Feaſt, whither we would be ſure to come, but that in ſmall Numbers, for fear of out-numbring the Gueſts, which in *Spain* is look'd upon of unlucky Conſequence. God knows how we made up our Mouths here, for we never fail'd to go laden

laden away. We had admirable Noſes to ſmell out proper Places, and your Houſes with *Porte-Cocheres* were ſure to have enough of our Company. Whether the *Hotel* belong'd to a Cardinal, Ambaſſador, or other great Man, it matter'd not; if we could but expect the leaſt welcome, we would be certain to viſit it. By theſe Means, tho' we had nothing of our own, we were Maſters of every Thing, and poſſeſs'd even ſome Superfluities that we had no manner of Occaſion for, which made us live, not only plentifully, but luxuriouſly.

CHAP. IV.

Guzman *Diſcourſes of Charity, and the many Benefits of it. Then he tells, how he came to be reliev'd by a certain Nobleman, who thought his Act meritorious. Afterwards he proceeds to ſhew what a free Life and Liberty a Beggar enjoys.*

ONE ſure and certain ſign of our Predeſtination, is the Pity and Compaſſion we have for our Neighbour's Wants; for he that can have a fellow-feeling of another's Miſery, muſt needs be deſign'd for Good himſelf. Charity covers a multitude of Sins, and where there is Love, there is God. The Almighty ever dwells in thoſe Hearts where Charity and Mercy abound. Neither the Gift of Prophecy, the Underſtanding of Myſteries, the Knowledge of God, nor Faith it ſelf, can ſubſiſt without Charity. To love my Neighbour as my ſelf, is the greateſt and moſt perfect of Sacrifices, becauſe it is offer'd up in the Temple of the Living God. He that ſhall be charitable to others, ſhall be ſure to find the Lord merciful to him at the laſt Day. As we merit nothing of our ſelves at the Hands of God, and as Charity is the Gift of Heaven, we ought to beg it on our Knees to moiſten the Drought of our Souls, and mollifie the Hardneſs of our Hearts.

Riches being ſo nearly ally'd as they are to Pride, they are oftentimes the Occaſion of all ſorts of Vices, and weaken and enervate our Virtue. They are a Precipice to their Owners, a Tyrannizing Lord, and a Traiterous Slave. They

are

are alſo of the Nature of Sugar, which being ſweet and pleaſant, heats when eaten with hot Things, and cools when eaten with cold. They are to them that have them a means to Purchaſe eternal Happineſs with, and that by Charity. One that is really Rich, may become Poor by comforting and relieving the Afflicted; but he ſhall by no means loſe his Reward.

I ſtood one Day at the Gate of a Cardinal's Palace, muffled up in a Cloak of ſo many Colours, that you could not well tell which it was originally of; but, as bad as it was, it defended me from the Wet, and that was all I requir'd of it. As I was thus ſtanding, a certain Nobleman, who was coming to make a Viſit to his *Eminence*, chanc'd to ſpy me, who ſeeing me in that Condition, verily thought I was either Sick, or had an Ague. The Truth was, I had waited all that Night at that Gate in hopes of ſome good Fortune, and finding my ſelf cold in the Morning, which I might very well be, it being Winter, I had thruſt my Noſe within my Cloak to warm it. This Lord, taking Pity of me, ſtop'd, and call'd to me. I having drawn my Phyz out of its Neſt, and ſeeing a Perſon of Quality ſo near me, began to be much ſurpris'd. He looking earneſtly at me, I bluſh'd, which confirm'd him in his Thought, that I was miſerable. He bid me wrap my ſelf up as before, telling me, he plainly ſaw I was not well. At the ſame inſtant, he put his Hand in his Pocket, and pulling forth a handful of Silver, gave it me, which ſurpris'd me yet more than at firſt. Having ſo done, he went from me, lifting up his Eyes, and ſeeming to thank God that he had an Opportunity to do ſo great an act of Charity. Nay, perhaps, he thus reaſon'd with himſelf: 'Tho' I am of no better Make than this young Man, nor it may be of better Parentage, I ſleep in a good Bed while he wakes, and am ſhelter'd from the Wind and Weather whilſt he is expos'd to both: I am well cloath'd while he is almoſt naked; and while I am plentifully fed, he, perhaps, is half-ſtarv'd: I am in Health, while he is Sick: I am well receiv'd, while he is ſlighted: And whereas thou might'ſt, O Lord, have degraded me, and put me in his Place, thou haſt exalted me, and made me able to relieve him. Why ſhould I not then do it? I ſhould be the worſt of Men if I neglected it; I muſt return part of what thou haſt ſo liberally beſtow'd on me;

I am happy, I am eaſie, I am bleſs'd, I am ſatisfy'd, and the like.

For my part, I think this Nobleman was much in the right, to do Good when it was in his Power. Such good Men as he are in a fair way to gain Heaven by our Means, whilſt we like Wretches loſe it by the ſame Method. We are ſtill craving and begging, tho' many times we are in no Want; and by that means often rob, as it were, thoſe that are under Neceſſity, by depriving them of what they ſhould only have. They can follow no other way to get their Livelihoods, while it is in our Power to purſue another Courſe for Subſiſtence. But there are Rogues of all Trades, and Roguery in all Things. The wicked Diſpoſition of Man corrupts every thing, and there is nothing good in the World but is affected with it more or leſs. We are ſtill full-gorg'd, and greater Gluttons and Drunkards the World cannot afford; our Bellies were ready to burſt with Gormandizing, and our Brains to flame with Bowzing. Your Senators of *Rome* could not live more Merrily than we did; for we were as good Trencher-men and Pitcher-men as the beſt of them. And altho' we are not ſo much reſpected, nor live in that Repute and Eſteem as they did; yet I will be bold to aver, our manner of living has a great deal more Eaſe in it, and leſs Trouble.

We have Two ſuch Privileges, that *Rome* in the moſt flouriſhing Eſtate of its Republick never had the like. One is, that we have a Right to Ask and Receive, without any manner of Shame or Confuſion, which no other Condition of Life can boaſt. Nothing is more grating, than to be oblig'd to ask even of one's own Brother, tho' one is ſure not to be denied; becauſe he that asks, always buys very dear what is given him; and he that gives, for the moſt part ſells it dear enough too. A poor Beggar is not ſenſible of this: He has every thing given him without Trouble, and he receives it without Pain. If there be any that have the like Privileges with us Beggars, it muſt be Sovereign Princes, who ask Alms of their Subjects without Confuſion; and they for the moſt part give them without any good Will. The difference however lies here; That what they have from the Publick, they in a manner Extort from ſuch as are poorer than themſelves, while we ask only of the Rich, and thoſe that can well afford to give us a Benevolence. The other

Privilege

Privilege we Beggars enjoy, is, That we can taſte all the Pleaſures of Life, without fear of being call'd to Account for them; nay, with greater Freedom, Tranquility and Relliſh, than any other ſort of People whatſoever, tho' in never ſo good Circumſtances. For firſt, What Feaſt is there whither we don't come without inviting? And what *Ragout*, or nice Diſh, which we do not dip a Finger in? A Beggar preſently finds out all the good Houſes, and no Perſon knows ſo well where there are the beſt Cooks. As for the Knowledge of what paſſes in the World, no Body has ſo good Intelligence as we Beggars, who go every where, hear every thing, and ſee all. Nothing is hid from us: We are look'd upon as inſignificant and diſintereſted Perſons, and therefore no Secret is kept from us. Nothing of Importance can paſs, either without Doors or within, but what we ſoon hear, and are able to make a faithful Relation of. But if we may thus hear all without offending any Body, we may likewiſe ſee all without giving any Body the leaſt Diſturbance. How many fine Women have I ſtar'd upon in the Churches, and elſewhere, whom their Lovers durſt not ſo much as lift an Eye towards? How many Things have I ſeen, that I ſhall take no Notice of here for fear of going too far; and which have been acted with Indifference, becauſe 'twas only a Beggar that ſaw them? But ſome there are, who believe a Beggar can have nothing to do with Love; but they are miſtaken; for without diving far into Hiſtory, I can bring many Examples to the contrary. I could name ſome Beggars of my Acquaintance if I pleas'd, who, in Matters of this kind, have had Favours enough from the fair Sex, to make the Rich bluſh with Envy and Madneſs; but I have better Things to entertain you with. All I would deſire you to believe, is, That Poverty and Love are not incompatible. The Poor ſometimes have had as good Fortune in Love-Affairs as the Rich, and oftentimes at the Expence of the Rich; but this is a Myſtery every Body cannot penetrate. There are ſome Beggars, who, for all their Tatters and Patches, will be ſooner receiv'd into certain Places, than the greateſt Lord with all his Gold and Equipage; and there are ſome Women will put greater Confidence in the Diſcretion of a Beggar, who knows how to manage an *Amour*, than in the Levity of a rich Man, who can never be at reſt till he has ruin'd her that granted him the Favour.

How many Ladies have taken a Pleaſure in giving me Alms with their own Hands? I know not how other Beggars have far'd, for theſe are Myſteries are not reveal'd even amongſt us; but for my own part, I can ſafely aver, That having taken many a Lady by the Hand, I have kiſs'd it heartily, and ſhe has not been diſpleas'd at my Preſumption. I was Young, and it may be that was the Occaſion of it. But all this is nothing in reſpect of what I could tell you, if this were a proper Place for it. In truth, what gave us the greateſt Pleaſure, was the ſight of what we got of our own, and which was a more ſubſtantial Satisfaction to us, than to ſee never ſo much of another Bodies. In effect, we were richer than they; for what they had, was kept for the uſe of other People, to maintain their Houſes, and pay their Debts; whereas ours was purely enjoy'd by our ſelves. We ow'd nothing, and therefore had nothing to pay: We were ſerv'd by no Body, and conſequently had no Body to maintain. Our ſmall Treaſure was div'd into by none but our own Hands; and we were ever ſo Cautious as to carry our whole Stock about us, ſometimes ſew'd up in one corner of our Rags, and ſometimes in another; but there was always more than ſufficient to buy a new Coat. Every Night we went to Bed, we could ſay we ſlept upon Gold and Silver; and we could not fail at length to grow rich, for we ſpent little or nothing, and were always a getting. What is moſt true, is, That ſome among us, eſpecially the old *Dons*, had heap'd up ſuch Hoards, as would have ſuffic'd any other People to have liv'd contentedly all their Days, without any more Trouble; but ſuch is the Pleaſure of Scraping, that a Man cannot eaſily get rid of it, eſpecially Beggars, who are generally more Covetous than other Folks. They would have other People liberal, but they will be poor-ſpirited and niggardly themſelves. I will give you an Inſtance of Three Qualities belonging to us Beggars, in one of our Brotherhood who has made a great Noiſe in the World, and may paſs for one of the moſt famous among us.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Guzman *tells a ſtrange Story of one of his Profeſſion, and then proceeds to cry up a Beggars Life in oppoſition to all others. At length he acquaints you, how he was ſerv'd at* Gaeta *for counterfeiting.*

IT is a very common and natural Thing for all ſorts of poor People to be induſtrious, and ſtrive Night and Day to deliver themſelves from the Miſery they are under; but to make uſe of Knavery, Villany, and even Cruelty for that End, is a little too much. This is, nevertheleſs, what may be ſeen practis'd every Day with us Beggars, eſpecially the *Italians*; among whom, the *Genoeſes* are reputed to be the moſt Cruel and moſt Covetous. This, ſome will tell you, is the Reaſon they have had the Name of *White Moors* given them, but I have heard other Reaſons which ſeem'd more juſt, with which, however, I will not trouble you, that I may not be eternally amuſing you with Trifles, tho', to ſay Truth, theſe are not altogether ſo. However it be, he that I am about to tell you this ſurpriſing Story of, was Son to a *Genoeſe*, and Native of a Village not far from the City of *Genoa*. He was a Perſon thoroughly endu'd with thoſe Qualities that are commonly attributed to the *Genoeſes*, and one, whoſe Wit was not always employ'd in doing Good. His Name was *Pantalon Caſtelletto*, a Beggar by profeſſion, who married at *Florence*, and had one Son by his Wife, who was no ſooner born than his Father thought of a Way to procure him a ſufficient Livelihood, without obliging him to Work. The Proverb in that Country ſays, *That Son is truly happy, whoſe Father goes to the Devil*, but for my part I think him moſt unhappy, it being next to Impoſſible that ill-got Wealth ſhould deſcend to the third Heir. I have known ſeveral Examples of this my ſelf, and this was one, as you will find by what follows.

Caſtelletto thus married to a Woman of his Profeſſion, for you never knew a Beggar care to match with any other, and having a Child by her, whom he might very well have maintain'd out of what he had already got, and got daily,

was not nevertheleſs contented therewith, nor would truſt his Son to Fortune on that account. He rather choſe to have recourſe, for his Advancement, to one of the moſt unnatural and unheard-of Barbarities that ever enter'd into the Heart of Man. This was, to maim and cripple his Son in all his Members, which was, however, but too common for Beggars of all Nations to do in ſome meaſure; who, when they had a mind to excite and raiſe Pity in any Paſſengers or Standers-by, have been accuſtom'd to diſlocate and break the Bones of their young and tender Infants, thereby rendering them Monſtrous, and conſequently Objects of Charity. But our *Genoeſe* had a mind to excell all others in Cruelty, and give his Son ſuch a diſtorted Form as had never been ſeen before. Now you muſt know this was not the Work of a Day, but of many Months, nay of ſome Years; for whilſt he was growing, by means of Bandages, and ſometimes hot Water, he hinder'd the Members from having their due Nouriſhment, till ſuch time as the Body was brought to the Figure I am going to repreſent. As for his Mind, which this Villain of a Father could not touch, he had naturally a great deal of Wit, ſpoke well, and to the Purpoſe; but for his Perſon, which this unnatural Dog had an entire Diſpoſal over, he render'd it ſo deform'd and frightful, that nothing could be more disfigur'd. To begin with his Head, it had been ſo wrung about, that it almoſt ſtood quite backwards, and his Face pointed over his right Shoulder. The upper and neither Parts of it were ſo bow'd together, that they ſeem'd one Lump, and you could hardly ſee his Eyes. His Forehead and Temples, which had been branded, were full of Wrinkles and Scars. He was Hump'd both behind and before, and had ſo little of a Human Figure, that he rather ſeem'd a huge Bottom of Yarn. His Legs and Feet were turn'd upwards, and perch'd over his Shoulders, being both diſjointed and wither'd. The only ſound Parts about him were his Arms and Tongue, which had been left unhurt becauſe he had moſt Occaſion for them. He was ſhut up in a Cage like a Jackdaw, and plac'd on a little Aſs, whom he could guide through the Wires of his Priſon. He had, as I have already told you, a great deal of Wit, and was excellent at Repartees; but he had this in common with other Beggars, that altho' he could put good Cloaths on his Back,

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he wore only Rags, the ſpeedier to excite People's Charity. He got a great deal of Money, but that as much by his witty Expreſſions, as the Compaſſion he rais'd by his Deformity. He liv'd after this manner till he was 72 Years of Age and ſome Months, at the end of which, as miſerable as he was, he had a great deal of difficulty to die. Finding, however, his Hour was come, and that he muſt ſubmit to it, and knowing that there was a God, who would puniſh and reward eternally, he began to reflect on his paſt Life. He ſaid, it was no longer time for Raillery and Jeſting; therefore he immediately ſent for a Confeſſor, whom he knew to be a Perſon of Piety and Learning. He diſcours'd him about all his Affairs, as well Temporal as Spiritual; and was deſirous to make his Will, which he endited himſelf, in few Words, after the following manner.

"*Imprimis*, I recommend my Soul to God, who gave it, "and my Body to the Earth, to be decently interr'd in my "own Pariſh.

"*Item*, My Will is, that my Aſs be ſold, and that the "Money ariſing from thence be employ'd on my Burial: "And as for my Pack-Saddle, I bequeath it to the Great "Duke, my Lord and Sovereign, to whom it of right be-"longs, and whom I hereby nominate and appoint my "Sole Executor, and Univerſal Heir.

He died ſome few Days after; and as every Body knew him to be a merry-conceited Fellow, and one that was full of his pleaſant Jeſts and Fancies, they thought he would have died as he had liv'd, but they found their Miſtake when they ſaw his Will, which now began to be made publick. The Great Duke, who was one of the firſt that had been told the Story of this Beggar to divert him, had a different Sentiment concerning him; and as he believ'd him to be not only a pleaſant but diſcreet Man, he fancied there muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in the Matter. He therefore commanded all the Teſtators Goods and Chattels, and more eſpecially the Pack-Saddle, to be brought to Court, that he might take cogniſance of them. Being brought accordingly, he caus'd the Pack-Saddle to be forthwith unrip'd from one End to the other, and thereby diſcover'd ſeveral Pieces of Gold of all kinds that were taken out,

to the Value of 3600 Crowns. It came afterwards to be known, it was by the Advice of his Confeſſor that he had ſo diſpos'd of his Eſtate, for that Perſon gave him to underſtand what he had did not properly belong to him, and conſequently he would do well, for the Salvation of his Soul, to reſtore it to his natural Lord, the Great Duke, under whoſe Protection he and all his Brethren liv'd. The complying with this Advice ſoon quieted his Conſcience, and the Great Duke, like a good and pious Prince, and an honeſt and faithful Executor, employ'd all this Money for a perpetual *Maſs* to be ſaid ſo many times a Year for his Teſtator's Soul. What do you ſay now of the Pleaſure this unhappy Wretch conceiv'd in his Gold, which to him was in lieu of every thing? I dare promiſe you have never had the like.

Whenever I reflect on the Pleaſure and Tranquility of a Beggars Life, I cannot think the World can have any like it; for, in ſhort, it is to have your Table ready ſpread, your Bed ready made, your Chamber ready furniſh'd, your Scrip and Gourd ready fill'd, and, in a Word, all your Buſineſs ready prepared for you. You have no Reaſon to fear any Thieves; no bad Weather can hurt you; let it Rain or Shine, 'tis all one to you. You are never concern'd about your Harveſt or Seed-time, nor fear the Ravages of an Army. You never trouble your Head with Modes, Faſhions, Cuſtoms or Ceremonies. You have no occaſion for Flattery or Lies to advance your ſelf; are under no Care to find wherewithal to ſupport your Equipage and Train, and maintain your Houſe and Family in its neceſſary Splendour. You have no Obligation upon you to give Viſits, or receive any; nor are ever perplex'd with thinking when 'tis proper to make Court to one, and when to another; or how you ſhall approach ſuch a Great Lord, or ſuch a Prime Miniſter. You are never oblig'd to be up betimes that you may get early to the Anti-Chamber, and where your Buſineſs is only to ſhew that you can wait and fawn like a Spaniel. You are never jealous nor envious of another's Fortune, nor undermine any Body to get a Cauſe or a Place from him. You never boaſt of your Birth, your Grandeur, your Dreſs, your Equipage, your Houſe-keeping, your Wit, your great Exploits, nor your Services. You never tell how well you have been receiv'd, how much you have been admir'd, nor how diligently you have been hearken'd to. You never rail

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at any Body, nor ſlander him that has juſt before ſpoke well of you. O! how many fine Things could I ſay farther on this Subject, if I were not afraid to diſoblige and tire the Reader, whoſe Picture I very often draw, while I ſeem to paint thoſe of other People! The Quality eſpecially excell in Slander and Calumny, tho' Vices ſo very unworthy of them; inſomuch, that to mention a Man of Quality, is as much as to ſay, he is a Perſon that does nothing but ſlander and backbite from Morning till Night, that has always ſome Story or other to tell you to another's Prejudice, and oftentimes of his beſt Friends or neareſt Relations; but this only to divert himſelf or his Company, at the Expence of his Neighbours or Kindred. But we muſt ſtop here, and proceed no further, for this is a Road will lead us to the World's-End. None of theſe Vices, nevertheleſs, are to be found among us Beggars, who are naturally exempt from them and their ill Conſequences, which muſt not be reckon'd the leaſt Part of our Happineſs.

By what Rule or Compaſs muſt a Man ſteer, whoſe Fortune depends upon another's Pleaſure? If it be Good, he muſt be contented to wait a long time for it; and if Bad, 'twill come but too ſoon. Whatever Care he takes of his Conduct to avoid Reproach, he ſhall always have ſomething ſaid againſt him, either becauſe he has or has not done ſomewhat. Tho' what he has done be allow'd by moſt to be perfectly well perform'd, yet will there not want thoſe that will give an ill Turn to, or falſe Interpretation of it, according as they are enclin'd. If he talks, tho' never ſo much to the purpoſe, he ſhall be reckon'd a Babbler; if he ſays nothing, a Sot or a Fool. If he diſcourſes of high and delicate Matters, he ſhall be ask'd what he has to do with them; and if of low and mean, every Body will deſpiſe him. If he humbles himſelf, he is Mean-ſpirited; if he ſtands upon his Merit, he is Proud and Self-conceited. If he's prudent and moderate, he's thought a Coward; and if too jealous of his Honour, a Royſter. If he has a bad Look, he's counted Impudent; if a modeſt one, a Hypocrite; if he laughs, he's accus'd of Levity; and if he frowns, of Arrogance. If he's grave, he's reckon'd *Saturnine*; and if affable, too *Mercurial*. If he's courteous, he's ſlightly regarded; if auſtere, exceedingly abhorr'd; if juſt, he's eſteem'd cruel; and if merciful, a

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ſilly Oaf. In a Word, to how many other falſe Conſtructions are People's Characters ſubject, according as they are well or ill in the Opinions of certain Gentlemen who ſet up for Lords Paramount, and decide every Thing as they think fit, right or wrong. I was, at this time, in ſuch a Condition, as I thought, that no Accident could diſturb my Tranquility, but Time and Fortune, that ſuffer nothing to be permanent in this World, at length entrench'd upon my Repoſe. This happen'd at *Gaeta*, whither I went, to ſee if their Charity exceeded that of *Rome*, imagining that, skillful as I was in my Trade, Doles and Benedictions would ſhower down upon me like Hail. As ſoon as I were got to this Place, I planted my ſelf at a Church-Door with a ſort of ſcabby Head, which I knew very well how to counterfeit. The Governor of the Town happen'd to come by, who caſting his Eyes upon me, pitied me, and gave me Alms. This good Luck laſted for ſome few Days, but as Covetouſneſs at laſt burſts the Bag, I on the next Feſtival reſolv'd to change my Trick, as what had been too much us'd. I therefore determin'd to make my ſelf an Ulcer in my Leg, which was one of the Secrets I had learn'd of the famous *Cordouan*. I prepar'd all was neceſſary for that purpoſe, and thinking my Leg would bring me in a good Harveſt, I went to Church, where I was no ſooner arriv'd, but placing my ſelf ſo as I might be ſeen, I began to howl in ſuch a Tone as if I had been exceedingly afflicted with my Ulcer, but with that ruddy and healthy Countenance, as ſufficiently bely'd my Complaints. Good People, however, took no notice of that, and I had almoſt the whole Alms to my ſelf. For my Sins, I believe the Governor came likewiſe to that Church to hear *Maſs*, who ſeeing me, knew me by my Voice in ſpite of my Diſguiſe, for I had then an old Clout on, which reach'd even to my Eyes, but did not cover my Head, ſo that it plainly appear'd my Scabs were gone. This Governor was one who had ſeen a great deal, and conſequently knew not a little. He could not imagine how, in ſo ſhort a time as ſince he ſaw me laſt, I could naturally have ſo large an Ulcer as I complain'd of, or how it was poſſible I could be ſo ſoon cur'd of the ſcabby Head I pretended to have. He doubted there was ſome Roguery in the Caſe, and as it was his Duty to enquire into ſuch Enormities, and puniſh ſuch Rogues as I ſeem'd to be, he

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was reſolv'd to know the Truth. He therefore ſeeing me almoſt naked, took the Pretence of proffering me a Shirt if I would go home with him. I went accordingly, not diſtruſting any Thing, for if I could have gueſs'd the leaſt at his Deſign, not even his two lubberly Lackies that follow'd him ſhould have been able to force me along; but it was my Fate to be ſo us'd, becauſe I had deſerv'd it. Being come to his Houſe, he look'd more earneſtly at me than before, which I thought foretold no Good, and then demanded of me, if I were not the Perſon he had ſeen the other Day at ſuch a Church-Door with a ſcalded Head. I chang'd Countenance, and had not Impudence enough to tell him I was not. He then order'd my Clout to be taken off, and found my Head was as whole as his own; upon which, he proceeded to ask me by what extraordinary Means I had been cur'd ſo ſpeedily. I could not tell what to ſay, ſo abaſh'd I was, and he minding little what I did ſay, went on, and cry'd, Is it credible that ſuch a young, luſty, well-look'd Lad as you are ſhould have an Ulcer in his Leg? I can by no means believe it. I know not, my Lord, anſwer'd I with a very mournful Air, how it comes to paſs, unleſs it be that God is pleas'd it ſhould be ſo. Having ſpoke this, I no longer doubted what Reception was preparing for me, and therefore caſt my Eyes towards the Door to ſee if I could make my Eſcape, but found it lock'd. The Governor then call'd for a Surgeon to examine my Leg, and one was immediately brought. He was, it ſeems, a very skillful Perſon, yet at firſt doubted whether my Sore was not as bad as I pretended; but after the Governor had taken him aſide a little, and whiſper'd him, he detected the whole Cheat, and thereupon told his Excellency, I had no more Ailment in my Leg than he had in his Eye; to which he added, if he would be pleas'd to order ſome hot Water to be brought, he ſhould immediately ſee the Fallacy. Hereupon Water was brought, when ſetting himſelf about unrolling and unbinding my Leg, and ridding it of all its Linen and Plaiſters, he made it plainly appear, by well rubbing and waſhing, that it had no other Ulcer than what I brought into the World with me. The Governor ſeeing this, was greatly aſtoniſh'd, and immediately order'd I ſhould be paid the Charge of the Cure. I remain'd as it were in a Trance, and was ready to ſwoon, not knowing what

what either to ſay or do; but had it not been for my Youth, which always ſtood me in good ſtead, I had been much better paid than I was, yet I had thirty good Laſhes given me, which were more than ſufficient to ſatisfy for my Journey, and had a Promiſe of double the Number in caſe I ever return'd to that Town any more, out of which I was immediately thruſt. I obey'd this laſt Order with great Exactneſs and Diligence, making what haſt I could away, and ever now and then ſhrugging up my Shoulders, but never ſo much as looking once behind me, not caring to remember even the Road I went, unleſs the Wounds I had, put me in mind of it, which they frequently did. I never ſtop'd till I came into the Pope's Territories, which I look'd upon as an *Aſylum*, and no ſooner ſaw my dear *Rome* but the Tears came into my Eyes, reflecting ſeverely upon my paſt Folly of having left a plentiful Country, and the Delight of Beggars, to go and have my Back flaw'd for nothing at *Gaeta*.

CHAP. VI.

Guzman *diſcourſes of Alms-giving, and the many Advantages of it: And then tells you how, upon his return to* Rome *and falling to his old Trade of Begging, he was taken in by a Cardinal, pretending to have a ſore Leg, who order'd him to be cur'd by two Surgeons, who agreeing with him, impos'd on his* Eminence, *and got a great deal of Money. He laſtly acquaints you how, being cured, the Cardinal took a fancy to him, and made him his Page.*

'TIS a common thing for young Fellows to ſee no farther than their Noſes, eſpecially in Caſes that are nice, and require a ſerious Reflection. It is not Underſtanding they want, but Prudence, which is the Product of Experience, and Experience of Time. Unripe Fruit has not that grateful Taſt it afterwards comes to have, but is ſharp and unpleaſant; ſo a young Man, who is not yet arriv'd at Years of Maturity, wants his true Taſte to make Reflections on Things, and fails in the Knowledge of what they are. It is no wonder then he ſhould err in this Particular, but would be rather

rather if he did not. A Youth, however, of good Parts, is more capable of theſe Conſiderations, and readier to receive the Impreſſion of them. For my own part, I can truly ſay, I never had any unlucky Thing happen to me, but it was immediately accompanied with a Moral Reflection, which exceeded a Perſon of my Years; and tho' the impetuoſity of my Humour, as well as the unſteddineſs of my Youth, ſoon made me to forget both this Reflection, and the Occaſion of it, yet there remain'd enough with me to preſerve me from ſeveral future Diſorders, into which I ſhould otherwiſe have fallen. I was ſenſible, for Example, that all my Rogueries and Ways of cheating others, were in the End but cheating my ſelf, and that I robb'd ſuch as were poorer than I of thoſe Alms that of right belong'd to them. The poor Man, however, cannot deceive, tho' it was his Intention to do ſo, becauſe he that gives, regards not to whom he gives, but for whoſe ſake. But, ſaid I to my ſelf, if I have Reaſon to rejoice, in that Alms have been ſo plentifully beſtow'd on me, I have no leſs to quake and tremble; for over and above that the Means I have made uſe of for this End have been unlawful, I have oftentimes had no occaſion for theſe Alms, and being otherwiſe able to get my Livelihood, I ſhould one time or other be oblig'd to the like Reſtitution that the *Florentine* thought himſelf. Nevertheleſs, when I conſider'd certain rich old Fellows, who would be an Hour a fumbling for a poor *Souſe* or a ſingle *Blanco* to give you, and when they were without ſuch, you were ſure to go without Charity; theſe Wretches, I ſay, would juſtly raiſe my Indignation, and I could not forbear crying, O ye miſerable Creatures, if I deceive you, 'tis what you richly deſerve. We Poor are like Cyphers in Arithmetick, which go for nothing of themſelves, but being added to Figures, make great Sums. Do not you examine, whether the Perſon deſerves Alms or not; whether others have given him any thing, or nothing; if he's able to Work or not; if he's old or young; well or ill cloath'd; ſick or in health: All theſe Things relate nothing to you, and ſerve only to excuſe your Avarice, as you think; but your Buſineſs is to do Acts of Charity for God's ſake, in whoſe Name it is demanded of you. But that you may better know what Charity is, I will add a ſhort Story from one *Sophronius*, whom *Caniſius*, a very learned

learned and pious Man, quotes. He ſays, a Widow Woman having one only Daughter, who was very fair and beautiful, the Emperor *Zeno* became ſo enamour'd of her, that he could not ſatisfy his Paſſion, unleſs he enjoy'd her; and not being able to do it by fair Means, he us'd Force, and deflowred her. The afflicted Mother, having a more than ordinary Veneration for the Bleſſed Virgin, went often to pay her Devotion at her Shrine, begging both Juſtice and Revenge. The Author ſays, one Day as this poor Woman was thus praying, ſhe heard a Voice from Heaven ſay to her, *You would have been reveng'd, and had Juſtice done you e'er now, had not the Emperor's Charity bound up the Hands of God.* Now what do you do with all your Wealth, you that have far more than you have occaſion for? Why do you not employ it in aſſiſting the Poor? You may well expect God ſhould take it from you to give it them, which you know he may eaſily do. He that gave it, can require it again when he pleaſes. You are not made of better Clay than I; if you think ſo, you are miſtaken, we are both of the ſame. You have been a little more taken care of indeed by Heaven, and that's what you ought to pay your Acknowledgments for, by relieving the Poor who are recommended to you, and for whoſe Uſe alone you have ſo great Riches given you. 'Tis more your Advantage to give, than theirs to receive. God has not ſo much made the Rich for the Poor, as the Poor for the Rich.

But I perceive you begin to think to turn me into Ridicule, and vainly to make my Proceſs upon what I've already ſaid, that Alms are to be given without Choice or Diſtinction to all ſuch as ask them of us. I agree with you, that Order ought to be obſerv'd as well in Charity as other Matters, and I ſay nothing to hinder it, I wiſh only you would always obſerve it; all I pretend to tell you once more, is, That you ought to give Alms for God's ſake, and not trouble your Head whether the Perſons deſerve them or not, for that would be doing Pleaſure to your ſelf, and becoming Charitable for other Ends than what you ſhould. It is the Governors and Magiſtrates Buſineſs to enquire who are poor, and who only pretend to be ſo. They are not plac'd in their Offices meerly to make good Cheer, divert themſelves, and take their Pleaſure, but to watch over the Neceſſities of the Publick, to lament the Miſeries of the

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Peo-

People, and to reward, aſſiſt and puniſh, as every one ſhall deſerve.

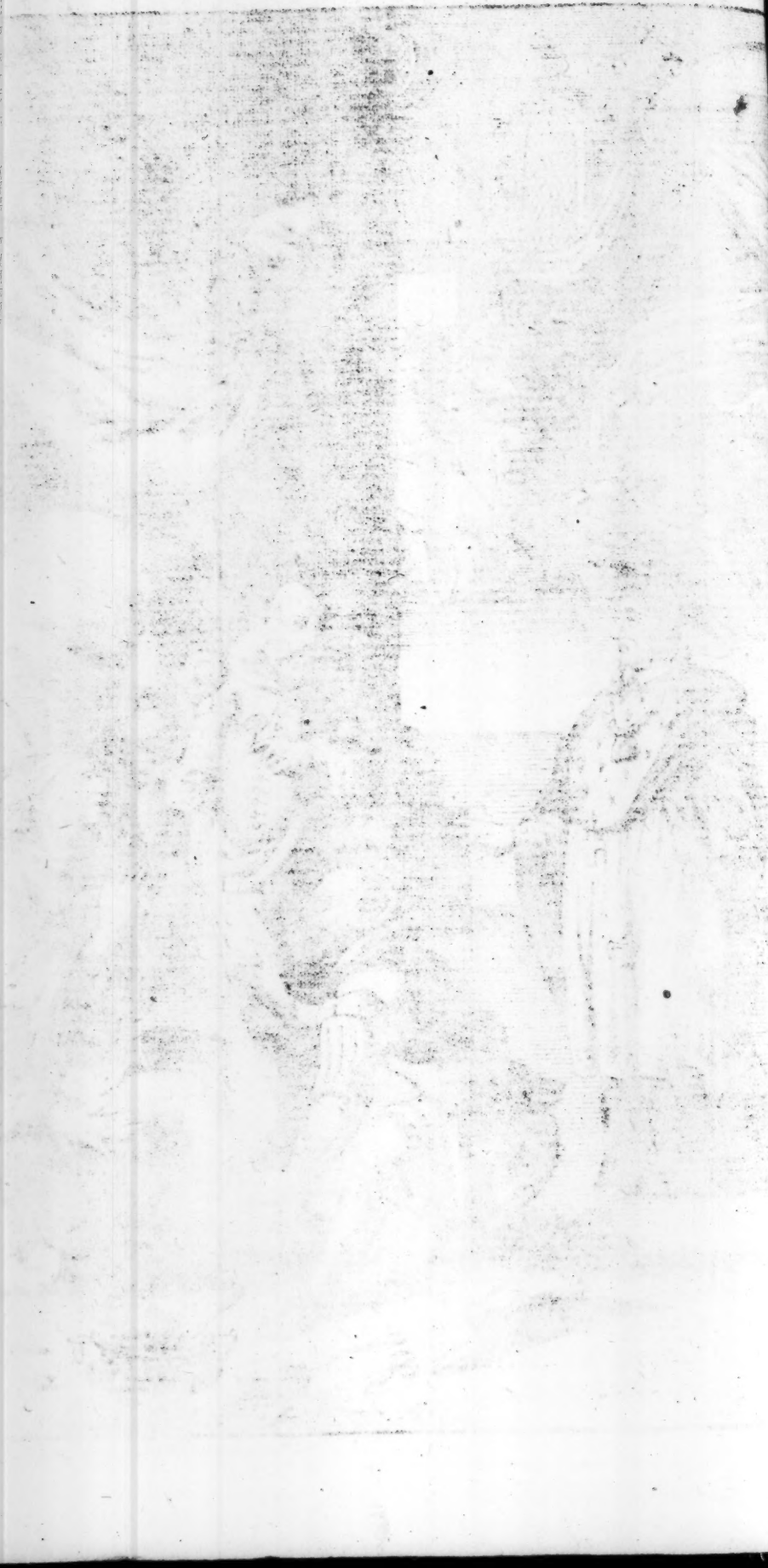
I was now come once more to *Rome*, which I ſaw before me, but durſt not enter in Triumph, after ſo fine an Expedition as I had made. I enter'd then with Loul-Ears, and Tears in my Eyes, but that rather for Joy than Grief, looking upon that dear City as my Nurſing-Mother, whom I would willingly have embrac'd upon my ſo happy Return, had I but had Arms long enough. I ſoon fell to my old courſe of Life, which I had ſo great Benefit from, that I quickly forgot my Diſgrace at *Gaeta*.

When once we have eſpouſed any ſort of Life, we have no relliſh for any other, tho' never ſo juſt an reaſonable. This of mine, which I led with the Begga , ſeem'd the moſt charming and delightful that could b and I look'd upon all others as miſerable and contemptible. I was not, nevertheleſs, altogether Blind, I had a Notion of Good and Evil, but ſtill my Inclination prevail'd upon me, in prejudice of all that was Good. I got me up one Morning betimes, and went to wait at the Gate of a Cardinal, whom I knew to be in Reputation for his Charity. I had prepar'd one of my Legs after that manner, that I thought it would be Proof againſt the Skill of the beſt Surgeon in *Rome*; and ſo compoſing my Voice and Mien to a mournful Air, I began to beg in a very languiſhing Tone. People went in and out continually, and ſcarce any paſs'd by but gave me ſomething. At length came the Cardinal himſelf, who coming to go out, and for whom I had all along waited, I began to ſet up my Pipes in a more hideous manner than before, wreathing my Body into a thouſand Poſtures, and crying, My Noble Lord, for Chriſt's ſake have pity upon a poor ſick and crippled Sinner, who is not able to get his Bread, nor knows not which way to turn him. This illuſtrious Prelate ſeeing me in that ſeeming bad Condition, ſtop'd to hear me, and look'd earneſtly at me for ſome time, as if he had been thoroughly prepoſſeſs'd of my Miſery. He did not ſeem to conſider me as a common Raſcally Beggar, as indeed I was, but as one that was really what I pretended to be, and therefore immediately order'd his Servants to take me up in their Arms, carry me into his own Bed-Chamber, where he made them take off my Rags, and put on me one of his own Shirts, and lay me in his own Bed,

whilſt

whilſt he had another prepar'd for himſelf in an adjoining Room. O Goodneſs, which muſt of neceſſity proceed from a Heart fill'd with the Love of God! O Charity, which may ſerve for an Example to all ſuch Chriſtians as truly love our Saviour Chriſt, in the Perſons of the Poor! I was ſtrip'd naked, to cloath me better. I had all Occaſions of Begging taken from me, by having more given me than I could require, or, indeed, than was neceſſary. I was overwhelm'd with Courteſies and Favours, tho' I did not deſerve even the leaſt of them. God is ſometimes pleas'd ſo to bleſs even the moſt wicked Sinners. This good and holy Cardinal did not ſtop here, he loaded me with farther Kindneſſes; for ſending for two of the moſt famous Surgeons in all the City, he order'd them to take care of my Leg, and he would ſatisfy them for it; ſo leaving me in their Hands, he bleſs'd me, and went to the *Conſiſtory*, whither he was before going. Theſe two Artiſts, as wiſe as they were, did not at firſt underſtand my Caſe, but judg'd it incurable, crying, my Leg muſt be cut off to ſtop the *Gangrene*. But how deceiv'd they were, for all that Ulcer had been occaſion'd only by a few Herbs, of which, if I omitted the Application but three Days, both the Fleſh and Skin would return as fair and ſound as ever. My plump and ruddy Countenance, however, always betray'd me, as you'l find it did now; for one of the Surgeons, more ſubtle than the other, obſerving how well I look'd, began to ſuſpect, notwithſtanding my piteous Grimaces, that there was ſome Roguery in the Matter, as it ſeems he had Experienc'd in like Caſes. He therefore proceeded to examine my Leg more narrowly, and tried all Ways to detect my Knavery. They had both thrown off their Cloaks, and call'd for all Things neceſſary for a great Cure. After feeling my Pulſe, they began to demand of me how long I had had this Ulcer? If I did not know how I firſt came by it? If I drank any Wine? What I eat commonly; and the like. Hitherto all went well, for I gave them the moſt pertinent Anſwers that could be deſir'd; but I was ſtill in Pain for what would follow, for I heard one of them anſwer the other, who would have a *Cauſtick* apply'd, and ſome proud Fleſh taken away, That, in his Opinion, the only Remedy would be to take off my Leg. But this he ſpoke out of pure Cunning, for he knew my Malady as well as my ſelf. He had only





only a mind to fright me, to ſee what I would ſay, and in truth he was in this Caſe much more Politick than I, for thro' fear of undergoing ſo terrible a Tryal, I turn'd as pale as Death, yet I reſolv'd to conceal the Cheat as long as I could, and if they ſhould come to that Extremity they propos'd, I thought it would be time enough at laſt to diſcover the Matter, rather than expoſe my ſelf to be made miſerable all my Days, for I did not doubt but they deſign'd what they pretended. Then I began to reflect on my ſlight Puniſhment at *Gaeta* in reſpect to this, for I could never propoſe to get off at ſo cheap a Rate as I did there. But theſe Reflections came too late, as mine indeed always did. There was hardly a Saint in the Skies but I recommended my ſelf to his Protection, eſpecially to the Good Thief, tho' I could not eaſily believe there was any Patron there for Rogues and Robbers. In a Word, whilſt I was under the greateſt Perplexity to think what they would do with me, the Surgeons, after having por'd upon, conſider'd, turn'd and toſs'd my Leg about, retir'd into another Chamber to talk in private concerning me. I thought it but my Duty to hear what they ſaid, and therefore they had not been gone long before I got up, and went ſoftly after to hearken. I heard one ſay to the other, We may make a fine Cure of this, and make it laſt a good while too if we manage Matters but rightly, for I don't doubt but the Bone is touch'd. The Bone is no more touch'd, anſwer'd the other, than mine is, for I would engage to cure this Ulcer in three Days; How! replied the firſt, much ſurpris'd to hear him talk ſo; Do you think I don't underſtand my Profeſſion, and that I have not ſeen Ulcers and mortified Ulcers, as I'll maintain this to be, before now? I'll lay what you will, it is as I ſay. I don't doubt your Experience, replied the ſecond, who, nevertheleſs, knew more of the Matter; but I wont lay this Wager with you, becauſe I won't win my Friend's Money. For look ye, purſued he, is it not ſufficient if we get a Sum together, without troubling our Heads any farther? But, between Friends, I can ſecure you, for I have known the like Caſe, that this is nothing but a Sham-Ulcer caus'd by certain Poiſonous Herbs, and that our Patient is but a Canary-Bird. The other Surgeon was very unwilling to believe this, and thought it concern'd his Reputation to vindicate his firſt

Aſſertion, therefore maintain'd it ſtrenuouſly; ſo that the Diſpute was like to have grown hot, had not the ſecond Surgeon, more Politick and leſs Paſſionate, work'd his Brother down by meer Art, and brought him to hear Reaſon. He told him, he would be convinc'd of the Truth of what he affirm'd, if he would but inſpect the Part as narrowly as he had done; but he ſaid, that was not the Buſineſs, the Matter was to make a Purſe of Money; and beſides, why ſhould they go about to ruin a poor Devil, who had done this only for Suſtenance. He urg'd moreover, both God and Nature requir'd they ſhould conceal the Failings of their Fellow-Creatures, and, that ſeeing they could get both Reputation and Money by this Cure, and run no Riſque, it not being likely the Patient would diſcover it, why ſhould they not do it? The firſt Surgeon found his Brother's Arguments ſo good, that he conſented to be rul'd by him, provided the Ulcer was ſuch as he maintain'd it to be; but ſaid, he would not yield till he was fully ſatisfied in that Particular. However, before they proceeded any farther, they enter'd into a Debate about dividing the Money. The ſecond Surgeon, who had detected the Roguery, pretended, if the Matter was as he ſaid, he would have more than a Half-Share, which the other would by no means grant; ſo that falling out about it, and both being in a manner upon the Point of reſolving to acquaint the Cardinal with the whole Truth, I ſtep'd in, for I thought it proper to loſe no more time, and falling on my Knees, began with Tears in my Eyes (for I could cry when I would) to utter ſuch moving Things, as well relating to their Good as mine, that at length I prevail'd on them to join with me in the Cheat, and unite for our common Intereſt. Being thus agreed, we return'd into his *Eminence*'s Chamber, where they proceeded to inſpect my Leg anew, not to conſider how to cure it, for that was not neceſſary, but to make it a laſting Sore, that they might have time to get Money by it; ſo that chafing me with Peſtilential Oils, and plaiſtering me with poiſonous Plaiſters, they roul'd up my pretended Ulcer, and each taking me in his Arms, as if I had been the moſt indiſpos'd Perſon imaginable, they were juſt carrying me towards the Bed when his *Eminence* came into the Chamber. He had been uneaſy all the while he was in the *Conſiſtory* on account of my Illneſs, ſo excellently good he was,

was, and that made him make all the haſte he could back to hear News of me. The Surgeons told his *Eminence*, it was a grievous Ulcer I had, which began to mortify, but that Heaven having, as it were, directed me to his *Eminence*'s Door to ſave my Life, they would engage, with God's Aſſiſtance, to ſtop the *Gangrene* and effect a Cure, tho' they had not a Moment to loſe. They ſaid moreover, there muſt be great Care taken of me, and they would come twice a Day till ſuch time as the Mortification began to abate, after which, coming ſeldomer would do. His *Eminence* was very well pleas'd with what they told him, and bid them be ſure to come regularly, according as occaſion requir'd, till ſuch time as I were out of Danger; and as for his Part, he ſaid he would give order that nothing ſhould be wanting that was convenient for me. Upon hearing this laſt Dialogue between his *Eminence* and the Surgeons, I was exceedingly reviv'd, for hitherto I had been under no ſmall Concern for fear thoſe treacherous Raſcals ſhould betray me, as they had done the Cardinal; but now ſeeing them embark'd in the ſame Danger with my ſelf, I began to take Heart a little. You ſhould have ſeen me in this magnificent Bed, where I was ſerv'd like a Prince for three Months together, during all which time theſe Rogues of Surgeons kept me under their Hands. I was heartily tir'd I'll aſſure you, and, notwithſtanding all my good Treatment, could not but reflect upon the Onions of *Egypt*, and the Pleaſures of my Life paſt; ſo that being impatient of undergoing any farther Penance, and not caring to be lock'd up any longer on this Hypocritical Account, I made application to theſe Fellow-Rogues of mine to diſmiſs me, which they at length did at the end of three Months, tho' their Deſign was to have confin'd me much longer. Having, as I've ſaid, thus made my Application, they began by degrees to ſlacken their Unctions and Plaiſters; ſo that in few Days my Leg became whole as it had ever been. This done, they went to acquaint his *Eminence* with it, who having view'd it, look'd upon it as a Miracle of a Cure, and largely rewarded the Surgeons. He had been ſo good, during my Indiſpoſition, as not to fail one Day to come and ſee me, and at firſt he ſent almoſt every Hour to know how I did. As he found in me a great deal of ready Wit, he lov'd to talk with me, and ask

me ſeveral Queſtions much above the reach of an ordinary Beggar, to which I would anſwer ſo ſmartly, that he took a huge Fancy to me, and at laſt would needs have me to be his Page, which was an Honour I could never have hop'd for, and by which I might have ſufficiently benefitted my ſelf, if I had but known how. I was hereupon remov'd into another Appartment, and new cloath'd in order to wait upon his *Eminence*.

CHAP. VII.

Guzman *ſpeaks of the many Changes in this World, and laments his own late Change of Life, as not comparable to the Condition of a Beggar. He tells you ſeveral little Thefts of his; and at laſt acquaints you with one that he was ſoundly laſh'd for, which, however, he ſufficiently reveng'd on the Executioner.*

THis was a great Change indeed, from a poor Beggar at a Cardinal's Gate, to become his *Eminence*'s Page. In like manner all Things change in this World, and we change with them, not only our Conditions and our Fortunes, but likewiſe our Humours, our Underſtandings; nay, let but one Day paſs, and we ſhall not know our ſelves. We no longer know thoſe we have been formerly well acquainted with, or they no longer know us, according to the different Situations that Fortune has plac'd us in. The World it ſelf ſeems to be upon the perpetual Change, inſomuch that if a Man could be abſent from it only Ten Years, and return again at the Expiration of that Time, he would not be able to know where he was, but would think he had drop'd from the Skies. I would fain know what the Mode and Cuſtom does not occaſion to change, and how great a Variety of Dependants wait upon them. The Mode not only affects the Matter of Habits and Ornaments, but the Manner of Dreſſing, which we ſee change daily. We are no longer pleas'd with thoſe Cloaths that charm'd us but juſt before, but muſt have them of a new Faſhion, and vary the Method of putting them on inceſſantly.

ſantly. We muſt likewiſe have Variety and a Mode in Talking, Walking, Bowing, Eating, and even in Arts and Sciences, nay in many other Things, which to deſcribe would require a Volume apart, and therefore I ſhall omit them. All theſe muſt alter and vary continually, or they cannot pleaſe us, the Mind of Man growing tir'd with what is old and common, and deſiring Novelties continually. For my own part, I muſt needs ſay, I was not a little delighted when I ſaw how I was bedaub'd with Gold and Silve-Lace. What fine Silk Stockings I had on, what neat Shoes, what white and fine Linen, what glaring Ribbons, and the like, all which I took a great deal of Care to ſhew to every Glaſs I came near, wreathing my Body into a thouſand Antick Poſtures, and making a thouſand Turns and Returns about the Room, but all in Sight of my dear Mirror. I was quickly qualified for this wanton Employment of a Page; I need only be ſhew'd a thing once to learn it, and that as perfectly, as if I had practis'd it all my Life long. Nay, I topp'd upon the reſt of my Comrades, and invented new Ways of waiting and introducing People to my Lord, which pleas'd his *Eminence* exceedingly. I had the good Fortune to pleaſe him in moſt I did, and if it had not been the Fault rather of my Conduct than my Fate, I might have made my ſelf by it; but how ſhall a Man do well, when he is too much at Eaſe? This regular Life, which I was oblig'd to obſerve, did not at length by any means pleaſe me. To Pray, Eat, Sleep and Riſe at ſet Hours, in which I was never to fail, did not at all agree with me. I had no Liberty which was not immediately found Fault with, I could commit no Roguery but which was look'd upon as abominable. To take Care of my own Cloaths and thoſe of other People, to behave my ſelf with the greateſt Nicety and Exactneſs, to be modeſt and prudent in all my Actions, and a thouſand other Things of the like Nature, to which I had been neither Bred nor Educated, made me to ſigh after the Life of a Beggar ſo full of Eaſe and Pleaſure, which I had forſook for this fine Employment. What could I have deſir'd more, ſaid I to my ſelf, than I formerly enjoy'd, and what was wanting then to make my Condition truly happy? I had enough to eat and to ſpare, I ſlept from Morning till Night, I depended on no Body; I neither took Care for my own Apparel nor any Body's

elſe, I got more Money in a Week than I do now in a Year, I did only what I pleas'd, and had no Reaſon to apprehend being contradicted or reprimanded for any thing. All *Rome* was my Province, and all was even too little. What an Alteration do I find now? With my fine Pages Coat, I have neither liberty to eat, ſleep, laugh or talk, without another's Permiſſion. This is not living, or, at leaſt, not living for ones ſelf, but rather for another Body, as Slaves do, who have not the benefit of their Birthright, for Man ſure was not born for this End. O charming Beggary! What have I loſt in loſing Thee, who art made up of endleſs Joy and Pleaſure! I am here in continual Hurry and Confuſion, either running up Stairs or down, trotting about my Lord's Buſineſs, waiting on him in his Chamber, Coach or elſewhere, lighting him about from one Place to another, and the like Drudgery which never hardly ceaſes. I muſt ſometimes get before the Coach; at others, keep ſtanding for Hours together; and for what end, I pray? Why, only to ſee my Lord play or eat, when, perhaps, I have a mind to do both my ſelf. This is a hard Caſe you'l ſay, but I muſt bear it. But then, what does this fine Page get at the Years end? Why nothing. He has fine Cloaths indeed given him, but that not ſo much for his own Uſe, as his Lord's Honour. Even at laſt, we Pages get nothing but the Pox, the Itch, or ſome ſuch Scurvy Diſeaſe, unleſs it be a few Ends of Flambeaux, which we make ſome ſmall Profit of, by ſelling them to the Coblers. This is the moſt we muſt expect, tho' ſometimes we may lay our Hands upon a whole Flambeau, but then we run a Riſque of being ſtrap'd, for we are watch'd continually. For my part, who could not be contented with ſuch ſmall Profits, and who had been us'd to greater Advantages, I fell ſlap-dash upon my Fellow-Pages, and robb'd them as they robb'd their Maſter. They were but ſilly Fellows, and I could deal well enough with them. All their little Tricks amounted only to robbing the Plates, and getting now and then a Tit-bit. One among the reſt had a pretty Accident befell him. As he was waiting one Day at Table, he chanc'd to thruſt his Hand into a Diſh of Fritters, whence taking out half a dozen, he wrap'd them up in his Handkerchief and cramm'd them into his Pocket. The Fritters being very hot, and pent up

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in a close Place, soon began to discharge their Honey wherewith they were made, which melting, ran down apace along the Page's Stockings without his perceiving. His *Eminence* happening to turn his Head that way to ask for something, presently saw the Honey, and guessing at first Sight what it was, began to laugh heartily, asking the Page what Wound he had got that the Blood ran down his Legs. All the Company, and even the Servants, began to laugh too, which so confounded the poor young Fellow, that he knew not which way to turn him; however he deserv'd it, for being such a Blockhead to expose himself in that manner for so small a Matter. He moreover paid dear enough for his Fritters, having due Chastisement given him for his Theft the same Day. I dare promise you should never find my Father's Son guilty of such a Folly. To keep my Hand in ure, I robb'd my Comrades of whatever they had that was good for any thing, and they never were able to find it out, so dextrous I was. At length finding they could keep nothing for me, they became more vigilant and watchful, which nevertheless signified little against my Dexterity. I however look'd upon all this as Childs-Play, yet, rather than stand out, would venture upon any Thing, even Edibles that I did not much mind, being naturally no Glutton. I know not whether I had contracted an ill Habit by conversing with these Pages, but sure I am my Nature was at length quite chang'd, as they say it will do in time. I was now as much for mean Pilfering as the worst of them, and Tit-bits and Dainties running in my Head, I gave into them like an *Epicure*. Wherever I saw any Thing of that kind, I was sure to leave the Marks of my Tallons upon it, and hardly any thing escap'd me. Now it happen'd that his *Eminence* had, in an adjoining Room to his Bed-Chamber, a great Chest of Sweetmeats, made up of the choicest candied and dried Fruits that *Italy* afforded. As often as he had a mind to taste of those Fruits and I was by him, which I was oftener than any Body else, he would give me the Key to take some out, but he would always be present himself, distrusting, as I suppos'd, my thieving Temper, which I was heartily vex'd at. This rais'd my Inclination so much, that at length I could not resist the Temptation; therefore resolving to have a Lick at them, come what would of it, I be-

gan to think of the moſt proper Means to effect it. This Cheſt was about two Yards and a half long, and well wrought, according to the manner of *Spain* and *Italy*, but it had only one Lock in the middle. I ſeeing this, got a Wooden Wedge, which I drove in at one of the Corners, and by degrees rais'd the Lid ſo high, that I had room to put in my naked Arm. I had then the Pleaſure to pick and chuſe where I pleas'd, eſpecially when I made uſe of a pointed Stick, which reach'd me up what I wanted, tho' never ſo deep, or at never ſo great a diſtance. This ſucceeded twice or thrice; but as I was too lickeriſh, and came too often, there were at length ſo great Holes made, that his *Eminence* came to find out the Cheat, eſpecially when he ſaw a fair Citron gone, of which he had a mind to taſte. He was greatly ſurpris'd, and the more vex'd, in that any Body ſhould preſume to meddle with what he had wholly reſerv'd to himſelf. He made great Enquiries about it, and employ'd the Secretary, who was an ill-natur'd and ſour Prieſt, to ſee if he could find out the Thief. But to little purpoſe was his Searching, his Threatning, his Promiſing, for all was fully digeſted, and nothing could have diſcover'd me but my Shirt, and if that could have told Tales, I would never have truſted it. I was ſuſpected no more than another, tho' in Truth I had a Rogue's Look. At laſt all the Buſineſs blew over, and when it had been talk'd of two or three Days, no more was ſaid of it. His *Eminence*, however, tho' he ſeem'd to take no farther notice, kept it ſtill in his Mind, and was ſtill deſirous to find out the Rogue. He was afraid ſomething worſe might happen to him, and conſequently was oftentimes awake when every Body thought he ſlept. For my part, ſuppoſing ſo great a Man as he could not trouble his Head long about ſuch Trifles as this, I verily thought he had forgot it; therefore one Day, while he was diverting himſelf at Play with ſome great Lords, believing him faſt, I went to my old Sport, and taking the Wedge in my Hand, began to lift up the Lid of the Cheſt as before. I thruſt in my Arm a good way, it ſeeming to me they had remov'd the Sweetmeats as far as they could out of my reach; but as I was groping about, his *Eminence* thro' a ſtrange Fatality happening to come into his Chamber, and not finding me there as I us'd to be, call'd for me. I in a great Fright going to withdraw my

my Arm ſomewhat raſhly, chanc'd to ſtrike out the Wedge with my Elbow, whereby I was caught by the ſpring of the Lid, and could not eaſily recover my ſelf. I might, 'tis probable, have got my Arm looſe, if I had made a good Effort, but I had not time to do it, for his *Eminence* wondering I did not come nor anſwer after he had call'd once, and beſides, being mov'd to Jealouſy by the Noiſe he heard the Lid make, began to ſuſpect ſomething, and therefore immediately coming towards the Place, found me as I have told you. Ah! Is it then you, ſaid he, not being able to forbear laughing at the Comical Figure I made, Is it you, my faithful *Guzman*, that have thus robb'd me of my Sweetmeats! Which Saying, he gave a ſtamp with his Foot, and immediately the reſt of the Company came in, who all beheld me in that deplorable Condition, nay even the Fritter-Page made a Jeſt of me, as I had before done of him. But this was another-gueſs Caſe to his, and I had a great deal worſe Raillery to deal with, but I durſt not ſpeak a Word. I bore all patiently, and held down my Head. At length the Fox is caught, quoth his *Eminence*, and we muſt ſee next what we have to do with him. All the Company interceded for my Releaſe, and I was deliver'd, but not from Puniſhment, for all they could ſay could not free me from the Laſh which I was deſtin'd to. All they could obtain was, that I ſhould not have above half the Stripes were deſign'd me, and that in truth was Favour enough, conſidering the bad Example I had given, and the heinous Crime I had committed. The Puniſhing of me was committed to Signior *Nicola* his *Eminence*'s Secretary, who being my mortal Enemy, gave me indeed but twelve Laſhes as he had been order'd, but thoſe with ſo good a Will, that I was hardly able to ſtir for above a Fortnight after. I was mad at Heart at this Uſage, and would have done any thing to have reveng'd my ſelf, but I diſſembled my Reſentment according to the Cuſtom of this Country, yet it was not long before I had an Opportunity, which I was reſolv'd not to let ſlip. You muſt know this was the Seaſon for *Moſquito's*, wherewith Signior *Nicola* was ſo plagu'd he could not ſleep Night nor Day. This oblig'd him to go and lodge in another Chamber, but all to little purpoſe, for they follow'd him and tormented him continually. He was a Perſon that lov'd his Eaſe, and conſequently they

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prov'd more than ordinarily vexatious to him. He had had ſeveral Secrets given him to drive them away, but none ſucceeded. At length I offer'd one, which I told him was infallible, and which we commonly made uſe of in *Spain* in like Caſes. This was, to take a good Bunch of Parſley, dip it in Vinegar, and lay it at his Beds-head, which I acquainted him would undoubtedly kill thoſe Vermin. He believ'd me, and did as I had directed, but this Method was ſo far from ſuffocating or driving away theſe Inſects, that it did but invite them the more, ſo that he was more plagu'd than formerly, and conſequently when I came next Morning to ſee how he did, he could hardly look out of his Eyes, which were extreamly ſwell'd and bloated, nay he was like a Leper all over his Body. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he call'd out to tell me my Secret was not worth a Farthing, for he had been more ſtung that Night than any of the foregoing. I aſſur'd him, the Fault muſt be wholly his own, and that either he had not let the Parſley ſteep long enough in the Vinegar, or that the Vinegar was not ſtrong enough, for that in my Chamber I had totally driven thoſe Vermin away, inſomuch that there was not one to be ſeen, whereas there were great Numbers before I us'd this Remedy. He believ'd me again, and reſolv'd to renew the Experiment. To be more ſure, he had ſteep'd Parſley not only put into his Bed, but ſcatter'd all over his Chamber, whereby God knows what furious Attacks he was expos'd to from thoſe Animals. Legions of them came into the Chamber; ſo that keeping him awake for ſeveral Nights together, he at length fell down-right Sick. He was moreover ſo disfigur'd, that no Body could have known him, and the Jeſt coming at laſt to be known, he was ſufficiently laugh'd at. His *Eminence* coming to hear the Story, laugh'd heartily; and after having a little reprimanded me, made me to beg the Secretary's Pardon, which was a new occaſion of Mirth, for no Body could forbear being merry at the Sight of him, and the Remembrance how I had ſerv'd him.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Guzman *tells, how he reveng'd the Cardinal's Gentleman-Uſher upon his Secretary: And afterwards acquaints you with a notable Theft of his, which had like to have coſt him his Place; but his* Eminence *retain'd him out of meer Charity, in hopes he might have an Opportunity to teach him better, and prevent, if poſſible, his utter Deſtruction.*

NEvertheleſs, ever ſince my unlucky Adventure of the Sweetmeats, I had been diſcharg'd from attending as a Page. I now no longer waited on his *Eminence*, but was baniſh'd to the Gentleman-Uſher's Appartment, and ſerv'd in Quality of a Foot-Boy during my Diſgrace. This was a very good ſort of Man, good humour'd, and downright honeſt, but a little fanciful. He had ſeveral young Women his Relations that were very Virtuous, but Poor, to whom he would often ſend in a Joint of ſomething and go and eat with them. He had many Enemies in our Houſe, eſpecially our illuſtrious *Moſquito*-Secretary, who would be always playing upon him; ſo that they often made Sport for his *Eminence*, who ſeem'd greatly diverted with it. One Night, the Gentleman-Uſher having been at Supper with his Relations, came home a little fluſter'd, and finding himſelf out of order, ſneak'd to Bed. His *Eminence* miſſing him, ask'd for him, and was told he was not very well. He ſent ſome Body immediately to know how he did, and Word was brought he was a little indiſpoſed for the preſent, but doubted not, by the Bleſſing of God, to be able to wait on his *Eminence* next Morning. This paſs'd well enough; but the Secretary, who was always endeavouring to pick a Hole in the Gentleman-Uſher's Coat, had found out the Truth: Wherefore reſolving to play him a Trick, he had one of the Pages dreſs'd in a young Woman's Habit, and ſent him into his Chamber betimes in the Morning, ordering him to get behind the Bed-Curtains whilſt he was a-ſleep. He did as he was order'd; when the Secretary imme-

immediately went to the Cardinal, and told his *Eminence*, he understood the Usher was much better, knowing he would be presently for going to see him. The Cardinal, who was a true Father of his Family, determin'd to go accordingly; and the Usher, who had Notice of it, prepar'd to receive the Honour was intended him. His *Eminence* came in just as the Usher was bolted up in his Bed, and after he had ask'd him a few Questions, the Page appear'd; who seeming in great Disorder and Surprise, having his Coif dangling about his Ears, drop'd a Curfy, and ran out in great Confusion. The Cardinal, not knowing what all this meant, was greatly surpris'd too; and much more so, when he saw the Usher under such Consternation, that he was about to leap naked out of his Bed several times to save himself, believing this was a Spirit sent on purpose to tempt him. This made all the Company laugh, who were privy to the Design; whereby the Cardinal coming also to understand this was a Trick upon his Usher, and seeing him continue in the same Agitations as before, he took pity of him, and had the Goodness to undeceive him himself. I came into the Room just after his *Eminence* was gone out, when the Usher, hardly recover'd from his Fright, told me the whole Story, not doubting but he was oblig'd to the Secretary for what had happen'd. I heard all very patiently; and when he had done, told him, my Opinion was, he ought to return Trick for Trick. He said, that was his Design, but he knew not how to do it without my Assistance; by which you may see, I was not look'd upon as a Novice in this Family. The Usher was a very honest Man, as I've already inform'd you, but he had no great Brains, and therefore could not depend upon his own Invention; however, he thought, if I would but join with him, we might together be able to contrive something that might sufficiently revenge him. But I knew it was not for little Dogs to attack great ones, and much less for Pages to meddle with those Officers that were above them, who had all Power over them, and might revenge their Railleries as they pleas'd. I likewise consider'd I had been pardon'd for my Saucineſs to the Secretary, because what I did was to revenge my self; whereas this was another Man's Quarrel, and that made the Case different. However, the great Love I bore the Usher, and the mortal Hatred I had to

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the Secretary, together with the natural Inclination I had to play Tricks, carried it above all other Conſiderations; inſomuch, that I immediately promis'd the Uſher to aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of my Power, providing he would ſay nothing, and ſeem to have put up the Affront. The Secretary verily believing he had forgot all, did not trouble his Head about the Matter; but tho' he ſeem'd to be a-ſleep, I was awake; and having provided my ſelf with a little Roſin, Frankincenſe and Maſtick, I pounded and ſifted them all together, till I had brought them to be as fine as Meal. This done upon a *Spaniſh* Poſt-Day, that was very hot, when I knew the Secretary would have a great deal of Buſineſs upon his Hands, I went to his Appartment about Nine in the Morning, and finding only his Man in the Outer-Room, I ſaid to him, Honeſt *Jacob*, if thou haſt a mind to have a good Breakfaſt, find me but a Bottle of Wine, and I'll help thee to an excellent Steak, which I have ready grill'd below. *Jacob* hearken'd to my Propoſal, and promis'd to be of my Meſs, deſiring me to wait a little in his Room in caſe his Maſter ſhould call, and he would go fetch the Wine. This was all I wanted; for he was no ſooner gone, but I took his Maſter's Breeches that hung upon the Chair, he being us'd to write without in hot Weather, and ſtrew'd my Powders all over the inſide of them; which done, I put them in the ſame Place where I found them. *Jacob* return'd with his Bottle; but juſt as we were going to Breakfaſt his Maſter chanc'd to call, ſo that I was forc'd to go and eat elſewhere. I reſolv'd nevertheleſs to wait the Succeſs of my Roguery, which did not ſhew it ſelf till Noon, when the Secretary was to dreſs himſelf to appear before his *Eminence*. He had ſtay'd ſo long, he was oblig'd to put on his Cloaths in haſte, which made for my Stratagem, for heating himſelf, and ſweating with too great Action, my Powders took the better effect. However for the preſent he felt nothing; but was no ſooner come into the Hall, where his *Eminence* din'd with a great Company, but he found himſelf uneaſie; and as he was naturally as hairy as a Bear, he felt ſeveral Twitches that went to the Heart of him. He could not imagine what was the Matter, yet durſt not put his Hand in his Breeches for fear of being ſeen, nevertheleſs knew not how to keep his Countenance he was ſo plaguily tormented.

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At length, for his greater Misfortune, his *Eminence*, who had ſomething to ſay to him relating to the Poſt of that Day, beckon'd to him to come to him. He went immediately; but the Cardinal had not ſpoke two Words, before, interrupting his Diſcourſe, he cry'd, Good God! *Nicola*, What is the matter with you? What makes you ſo ſmell of an odd ſort of Perfume? All the Company ſmelt the ſame, but they knew not whence it came. *Nicola* bluſh'd, and hardly knew what Anſwer to make; but at length he confeſs'd, he ſmelt the ſame Thing himſelf, yet could not think it came from him, having been near nothing of that Scent all Day: But as he began to grow warmer, the Smell encreas'd, ſo that his *Eminence*, being not able to endure him any longer, bid him withdraw, and he would talk with him after Dinner. For his part, who could not believe he had been the Cauſe of all that ill Scent, he retir'd contentedly; but when he felt himſelf prick'd and twing'd, as it were with a Pin or Needle, he knew not what to think; yet when he came near any of us, according as we had had Inſtructions from the Gentleman-Uſher, we fled from him, holding our Noſes. Thoſe at Table did the like when he came near them; but at length all paſs'd over in Raillery, and gave only Occaſion for ſome ſhort Parallel Stories. At laſt, his *Eminence* obſerving our Uſher laugh'd more than uſually, and that we frequently whiſper'd one another in the Ear, he began to ſuſpect there was ſomething more than ordinary in the Caſe; wherefore ſeeing me near him, who did not laugh at all, but look'd demurely, he ask'd me, What was the Matter, and what made us intrigue ſo together? I told his *Eminence*, Mr. Secretary had that Day taken a Turpentine Potion, and that I ſuppos'd made the People ſo merry. This made the Company laugh yet more heartily than before; which putting Signior *Nicola* quite out of Countenance, who now began to think ſome Roguiſh Trick had been play'd him, being no longer able to keep the Field, he would have been gone. But as he was about to retire, his *Eminence*, who had really Buſineſs with him, call'd to him a ſecond time to ſtay; nevertheleſs he could not talk with him but with his Noſe in his Handkerchief, which confounded our Secretary to the laſt Degree; ſo that having ſtood the whole Laugh of the Table for ſome time, he at length turn'd his

Back, and went off in great haſte, not caring to ſtay to hear what his *Eminence* had further to ſay, which diverted them yet more than before. He was no ſooner gone, but the Cardinal was told what the matter was, which he was very deſirous to know, and which he had no ſooner heard, but he was ready to burſt with Laughter, as was indeed all the reſt of the Company. His *Eminence* ſent one of his Servants to ſee how this Farce was like to end, but he would let no Body come in; for he ſhut the Door after him as ſoon as he had enter'd his Chamber, and would not be ſeen any more all that Day. But it was afterwards known, by means of his Servant, that it coſt him the whole Lining of his Breeches, if not ſome of his Skin, to get clear. He ſoon came to know I had play'd him this Trick; and he would have been ſeverely reveng'd of me for it, had not his *Eminence* interpos'd, and charg'd him not to injure me upon any Account whatſoever.

The Two Months I was to be baniſh'd from the Page's Chamber being expir'd, I was reſtor'd to my firſt Honour and Dignity, and admitted to wait on his *Eminence* as before. I acquitted my ſelf, as I had always done, with Impudence enough; for it was a long while ſince I had ſhook Hands with Shame. You have no doubt heard the ſhort Story of the Air, Earth, and Shame, who having kept Company together for ſome time, and being at length oblig'd to part, were deſirous to know where they ſhould ſee one another again. Quoth the Air, I ſhall be found on the Tops of the Mountains; and I, without fail, reply'd the Water, in the Entrails of the Earth: You are both happy, ſaid Shame, that you can be found any where; for when once I have been parted with, it is impoſſible to meet with me again. For my part, I did not look after her coy Ladyſhip, ſince ſhe was ſo hard to come at, for I knew her to be a troubleſome Gueſt, and good for nothing. He that knows nothing of her, may affirm the Town is his own. You will wonder nevertheleſs, how, after ſo many Inſtances of my bad Conduct, I have not become more wiſe. God keep every Man from ſuch an Inclination to Roguery as I had, which was rooted in me by a Habit of many Years, and confirm'd by a Series of Good and Evil, which accompanied me continually; for it muſt be next to a Miracle to reclaim ſuch a one as I was. You might have as well bid me

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throw my ſelf headlong off from *Caſtel St. Angelo*, as not to play the Rogue or Pilfer. I was very ſenſible what would happen to me, if I were caught ſtealing a ſecond time; but yet I comforted my ſelf with this ſaying, *That he that fears Death, does not deſerve to live.* What ſignifies having a Talent, if you don't make uſe of it? Let Fools live like Fools, and Men of Wit like Men of Wit. I will not here grow ruſty for want of ſomething to do. Every one knows what he's good for, and every one has a Part to act in this World. I don't, nevertheleſs, give you the Hiſtory of my Life that you may follow it, but rather that you may avoid it as pernicious and dangerous. His *Eminence*, as you have already heard, was a great Lover of Sweetmeats, and whenever his Stock was out, he would ſend to buy more. He commonly bought thoſe that came from the *Canaries* in Barrels. The old Casks were given to the Servants, and I had one fell to my Share, wherein I us'd to put ſome Trifle or other. It happen'd one Day, a Man came to acquaint his *Eminence* there were freſh Sweetmeats arriv'd, and only Twelve Barrels of them. He ſent immediately to have them bought up for his Uſe. I hearing this, ſaid within my ſelf, It ſhall go hard but I will have one of them; ſo going into my Chamber that ſame Moment, I empty'd the Barrel I had of what was in it; and having fill'd it again with Earth and Straw, clos'd it up ſo neatly, that you would have ſworn it had been new, and never open'd. This done, I went into the Court-Yard to wait the coming of thoſe that were full of Sweetmeats. I did not ſtay long before they came. The Steward had the Charge of them; and he no ſooner ſaw them brought in, but he gave us Orders to carry them into his *Eminence*'s Cloſet. We were Hands enough for that; and I ſo order'd the Matter, that I was to march laſt. I ſeiz'd my Barrel after the reſt; and as I was to paſs by my Chamber in going to this Cloſet, it was an eaſie matter for me, no Body following us, to ſlip aſide, and exchange mine for that I had prepar'd; which I did, carrying it boldly into the Cloſet with the reſt, and ſetting it down before the Steward, who could, I thought, be Witneſs for me if Occaſion were. His *Eminence* coming at the ſame time to ſee theſe Barrels, he had no ſooner look'd upon them, but he caſt his Eye upon me, whom he found very attentive; and ſaid, ſmiling, Well

Guzman,

Guzman, haſt thou any thing to ſay to theſe Barrels, as formerly to the Cheſt? My Lord, reparteed I, nothing is impoſſible. Ah! reply'd he immediately, but I defie thee. Theſe Barrels have not Corners to lift up as the Cheſt had. That's true, my Lord, reply'd I; but I humbly beſeech your *Eminence* not to defie me in any thing, for the Devil may in ſuch Caſe tempt me to do ſomething extraordinary. With all my Heart, quoth the Cardinal, I would fain ſee what thou can'ſt do. I give thee Eight Days to do it in; and if thou art Artiſt enough to rob me of any of them in that time, I here promiſe not only to forgive thee what thou ſhalt ſo get, but to give thee a Reward to boot. But then, continued he, thou muſt oblige thy ſelf likewiſe to ſome Penalty, in caſe thou miſcarry'ſt in thy Enterprize. Whatever ſhall pleaſe your *Eminence*, reply'd I: But Eight Days for ſo skilful a Perſon as I am, ſeems a little too much. Scarce one of my Comrades but would be able to do it in Four: For my part, I would undertake to do it in Twenty four Hours. Twenty four Hours, reply'd his *Eminence*, looking earneſtly at me with great Aſtoniſhment! Yes, my Lord, reply'd I, Twenty four Hours; and if I do not accompliſh my Task in that Time, I am willing to ſubmit to what Puniſhment Mr. Secretary there will pleaſe to inflict on me for my Preſumption, having no reaſon to doubt but he would give me ſuch as I ſhould deſerve. I! reply'd the Secretary; I'll have nothing to do with you. His *Eminence* may find thoſe that have ſtronger Arms than I have to give you your Deſerts. The Cardinal, who had hardly ceas'd laughing during this whole Dialogue, now began to redouble his Laughter, ſeeing how afraid the Secretary was of me. The Concluſion of the Matter was, That I ſhould accompliſh this Undertaking in Twenty four Hours, or be contented to undergo a ſuitable Puniſhment. I conſented, for you may imagine I was under no Apprehenſions about it, having the Barrel already ſafe in my Chamber. I ask'd Twenty four Hours, 'tis true; but that was only the better to amuſe the Cardinal, that he might not think I had a Familiar. How many Guards did he ſet ſucceſſively upon this Cloſet: There was always one Page or other there, and ever ſuch as were moſt confided in. His *Eminence* obſerving next Day at Dinner I did not ſpeak a Word, and was not ſo *mal-a-pert* as I us'd to

be, in saying something to divert him; he cry'd, Well, *Guzman*, the Hour is near at hand, and thou look'st as if thou had'st the Stripes upon thy Back already. I shall only be at a Loss to find one that is able to Reward thee as thou wilt deserve, since Signior *Nicola* will not take that Trouble upon him. I am sure of my Hand for all that, cry I, my Lord, and fear neither Signior *Nicola*'s Arm, nor any others. The Sweetmeats are already in my Possession, and I have no reason to be afraid of losing my Wager. His *Eminence* took only what I said for a *Specimen* of my Impudence, being thoroughly persuaded that no Body could have enter'd his Closet, or touch'd the Barrels: He therefore only laugh'd at me, and rallied me all Dinner-time about the Flogging that was design'd for me. I took little notice of what he said, and did not pretend to defend my self; but when the Time for serving up the *Desert* came, I slid privately up to my Chamber, and taking a *China* Bason, fill'd it with Sweetmeats out of my Barrel, and carried them to the Table. Never was surprise so great as that of his *Eminence* at this Sight. He look'd upon the Sweetmeats, and afterwards upon me, with great Earnestness. He knew not what to think of it; but, the better to satisfie himself, he immediately dispatch'd away his Steward, to see if the Barrels were entire, and of the same Number they were at first. The Steward, who had plac'd them himself, found them as he had left them, safe and sound; and so went and acquainted the Cardinal, who was now upon the Whipping-strain again. I perceive, Friend *Guzman*, what thy Fetch is now, proceeded he: Thou hast been and bought some Sweetmeats of the same Merchant I bought of, and thou think'st to fob them upon me for mine; but thou art mistaken, I am not to be fobb'd off so: I'll make thee stand to thy Wager, or thou shalt be lash'd. Nothing is more just, reply I, my Lord; and if these are not the same Sweetmeats your *Eminence* bought, I have lost, and deserve your Displeasure; but if they are out of one of the same Barrels, then I hope your *Eminence* will do me Justice. This brought the Cardinal from one Surprise to another; insomuch, that looking earnestly at me, he cry'd, Here is no Evasion or sly Fetch to be admitted of, *Guzman*. We know the Number of the Barrels; and my Steward, who had the Charge of them, has been just telling them,

and

and finds them to be the ſame Number they were at firſt. I believe it, my Lord, anſwer'd I, but your *Eminence* knows the Proverb relating to counted Sheep. We'll ſee that quickly, reply'd the Cardinal; Let us but dine firſt, and we'll give the Comedy afterwards. Every one was impatient to know the End of all this. The Table was no ſooner voided, but his *Eminence* would needs go himſelf, and ſee how Things ſtood in the Cloſet. He carry'd all the Company along with him that din'd with him that Day, that he might give them ſome Diverſion. When they came thither, they found all the Twelve Barrels ſafe and ſound as the Steward had ſaid. Well, *Guzman*, What doſt thou ſay now, quoth the Cardinal immediately, Here are the Twelve Barrels ſafe and ſound as we left them. As for their being Twelve, I have nothing to ſay, My Lord, anſwer'd I, I can ſee that plainly enough; but as for their being all ſafe and ſound, I much queſtion it. The Cardinal being willing to have himſelf ſatisfy'd in that Particular likewiſe, would have had them all preſently open'd; but I being deſirous to ſave him that Trouble, pointed to that I would have viſited, and ſo excus'd the reſt. I deſir'd Leave, at the ſame time, to go and fetch that which I had in my Chamber, which was granted. But how great was the Surpriſe of his *Eminence*, when he ſaw the firſt Barrel open'd, and nothing but Dirt and Straw found there, and afterwards perceiv'd me coming with the other Barrel above half full of Sweetmeats. He own'd this laſt Fetch exceeded his Imagination, and that he could not comprehend it. All the reſt of the Company were likewiſe equally aſtoniſh'd; but at length their Surpriſe gave way to Mirth, and they fell to Laughing and Jeſting as before. That however would not ſatisfie me, I demanded another Barrel of Sweetmeats I had won, and his *Eminence* order'd them to be given me. Then to ſhew what I did was only to divert his *Eminence*, and not with any Deſign to get another Barrel, for what I already had was enough for my Uſe, I diſtributed this ſecond Barrel among my Comrades. His *Eminence* extreamly approv'd my Generoſity; but whatever Pleaſure he took in my Tricks, he found I had too much Cunning for a young Man, and fear'd the ill Conſequences of it. He thought me too Bad for his Family, which had none but honeſt People in it; for he would ſuffer no other,

and he would no doubt have Caſhired me that very Moment, but that he took pity of me, and apprehended, if he abandon'd me, I might come to Ruin, which would afterwards be great Concern to him. He therefore reſolv'd to retain me out of Charity, that he might have an Opportunity to teach me better, and prevent, if poſſible, my utter Deſtruction.

CHAP. IX.

Guzman *ſpeaks of Charity in relation to the Cardinal; and then ſhews the Inconveniencies of Maſters being over-rigorous and unkind to their Servants. He next tells you another Theft of his, and how well he came off. Afterwards he proceeds to treat of Gaming, and ſhews the Rogueries of it. Here he tells a pleaſant Story; and at laſt, having recommended ſome Laws for Gaming, acquaints you how he was diſmiſs'd the Cardinal's Service, and on what Condition he was to return into it.*

THere never was a better Nobleman, nor a better Maſter, than this Cardinal. I have elſewhere diſcours'd of Charity largely enough; yet I muſt here beg leave to add a Word or two more concerning it, in relation to this Prelate, who was Charity and Goodneſs it ſelf. Charity obliges us to love our Servants, and have the ſame Care of them we have of our Children: An Example hereof we have in this good Prelate, which ought to charm all ſuch as have any Notion of loving their Neighbour. He thought of all the Ways imaginable to alter my bad Courſe of Life, and ſpar'd no Pains to make me take to the Road of Virtue; yet his Methods of Reclaiming were gentle, and not violent, which would but have frightned me, and never wrought upon my Inclination. It was not his Character to threaten or puniſh, but to proceed by the mildeſt Means that could be; ſuch as Inſtruction, Remonſtrances, Kindneſſes, and the like. When he was at Table, and fancy'd I had a mind to any Bit there, he would be ſure to give it

it me with ſome Jeſt or other; as he did one Day, when he gave me a piece of excellent Paſty. Here, *Guzman*, ſaid he, take this as an Earneſt of my good Will, and for Continuance of our Peace, for I would not willingly have any Difference with thee. I am not braver than Signior, *Nicola*; and beſides, have but too much reaſon to be afraid of my Sweetmeats. Thus he pleas'd himſelf in Rallying and Jeſting with his Servants whatever Company was with him. He look'd upon them all as his Children, he treated them accordingly, and they ſerv'd him rather as a common Father than Maſter. No Children could have more Affection for their Parents, than they ſhew'd for him upon all Occaſions. Thoſe People that have Servants, know not what they do when they treat them haughtily and rigorouſly; they had much better have none at all, for it would be more to their Content. Servants are Men like other Folks; uſe them well, and they'l ſerve you well; abuſe them, and they'l abuſe you. Such as the Maſter is, ſo is commonly the Servant. This is a Proverb moſt proper for us. If you pay him ill, and cheat him of his Wages, he'l be ſure to cheat you whenever he has an Opportunity. If you miſuſe him within Doors, he will not fail to do the like by you without. If you ruffle him with hard Words, he won't ſpare your Character when it comes to his Turn. If you don't love him, he'l be ſure to hate you. In a word, as there is nothing better than a good Servant, there is nothing worſe than a bad; and 'tis to the Maſters that either Quality muſt be aſcrib'd. They are commonly ſuch as they make them, or they deſerve to have. The beſt Servant in the World will become a Rogue with a bad Maſter, and the worſt may be reform'd with a good.

Much about this time, a great Cheſt of Sweetmeats was brought his *Eminence* from *Genoa*. They were finer, better gilded, and more neatly put up than thoſe before; yet having taken Wet, they were damag'd, and had occaſion to be dried. His *Eminence* having view'd them with a great deal of Pleaſure, and the rather becauſe they came from one of his Relations, who was accuſtom'd to ſend him ſome Yearly, had a mind to have them laid a drying in ſome Place where I might not get at them, but he knew not where, and therefore conſulted every Body about it.

Each Perſon gave his Advice ſingle, but no Body would take the Charge of them. After having conſider'd ſome time, his *Eminence* thought he had found out a better Method to preſerve them than any Body; and what ſhould that be, but to entruſt me my ſelf with them. I was at that time out of the Houſe, and return'd juſt as they were debating about this Contrivance; ſo that his *Eminence* no ſooner ſaw me, but he cry'd, We are at a loſs, *Guzman*, where to lay theſe Sweetmeats a drying, for they have occaſion for it, and I am very much afraid of the Rats. If your *Eminence*, reply'd I, will but pleaſe to entruſt me and my Comrades with them, we'll take Care the Rats ſhan't come at them. I believe as much, reparteed his *Eminence* laughing, but I ſhould get nothing by that. I have had Thoughts, *Guzman*, added he, to ſecure them from the Rats, thy Companions, and eſpecially from thy ſelf, by putting them under thy Care, that thou may'ſt lay them every Day out in the Sun, and, above all, ſee that thy Companions don't touch them. But this is no Jeſting-Matter, proceeded he; they ſhall be given thee out by Tale, and in like manner will be requir'd of thee again. Thou ſee'ſt in what Condition they now are, and be ſure thou reſtor'ſt them in the ſame Plight thou receiv'ſt them. If thou fail'ſt in any Particular, thou diſobligeſt me for ever. Your *Eminence*, reply I, puts me upon a very great Temptation. I can anſwer for ſecuring your Sweetmeats from the Rats my Companions, but from my ſelf I cannot. I am, my Lord, the Son of *Eve*; and if I am planted in a ſort of ſweet Paradiſe, I know not but ſome Conſerve of *Genoa* may chance to tempt me. Do as thou wilt, reply'd the Cardinal, who could hardly ſpeak any more for laughing, but thou muſt be the Guardian of them, and ſee thou reſtore them in the ſame Condition thou found'ſt them, or it will be the worſe for thee. If that be all, reply I, my Lord, I undertake it. I will be ſure to reſtore them in the ſame Condition I find them, or at leaſt no Body ſhall be able to find me out if I eat any of them. Very well, be it ſo, reply'd his *Eminence*; If thou art Artiſt enough for that, I forgive thee with all my Heart; but if thy Roguery happens to be diſcover'd, thou ſhalt be aſſuredly laſh'd. I undertook the Charge on theſe Terms; and that very Day laid them out to dry in the Gallery,

one

one Box after another, they being indeed the fineſt Sweetmeats I ever ſaw. When I had ſo done for ſeveral Days ſucceſſively, and they began to be dry enough, I was thinking how I ſhould do to get a Share for my ſelf, without running any Riſque. I thought the propereſt way would be, to turn up the Boxes and take off the Bottoms, which I did, by drawing forth the Nails gently with a Knife; and then having taken out what I wanted, and fill'd up the void Spaces with Paper, I clos'd them up again as neatly as they were at firſt. I ſerv'd only Four ſo, contenting my ſelf with thoſe only for the Jeſt's ſake. At Night, when his *Eminence* was giving a Collation, I came to him, and told him, I thought the Sweetmeats were dry'd enough, and therefore they might well be clos'd up. He ask'd me if they were all ſafe. I anſwer'd, I believ'd no Body could find to the contrary if they were not. He would needs ſee them; and ſo I and Three of my Companions went and brought each of us a Box to him. They happen'd to be the very Four deficient Boxes I had made the Experiment upon; and when I thought I had an Opportunity to ſpeak, I ask'd his *Eminence*, if I had acquitted my ſelf well of my Charge, or not. He look'd very narrowly upon them, examin'd them on all Sides, and at laſt was forc'd to confeſs, he thought they were as they were at firſt. Nevertheleſs, to be ſure, he ask'd the Standers-by what they thought of them. They look'd more narrowly than he had done, and to be certain would have been glad to have pick'd a hole in my Coat; but when they had done their utmoſt, they were in like manner oblig'd to own, they could not ſee any thing wanting in thoſe Four Boxes. They muſt then needs go and viſit the others, which I had not touch'd, and to be ſure they could find nothing miſſing there; ſo that his *Eminence* at length declar'd, if I had robb'd him he would freely forgive me, ſince there was not the leaſt Appearance of it, and I had done it dextrouſly. Hearing this, I went and brought thoſe I had ſtolen in a Baſon, and preſented them to his *Eminence*, proteſting I had not taſted a Bit of them, which indeed was true. He was wonderfully ſurpris'd, and would needs know how I came at them: I ſhew'd him; and the reſt of the Night was ſpent in Raillery upon this ſubject. I was now look'd upon in our Family as no-

thing leſs than a Jugler or *Hocus-Pocus* Man, and every Body was ſo afraid of me, that where I came they were preſently upon their Guard. We had Four Hours allow'd us every Day for Study, Two in the Morning, and Two after Dinner, to learn *Latin* and *Greek*, of both which, by my Application, I had acquir'd a competent Knowledge. The reſt of our Time, and when we were not employ'd in waiting on his *Eminence*, we ſpent in reading diverting Books, learning to Sing, and ſometimes to Game, which laſt Recreation I was a little more perfect in than was neceſſary. If we went abroad, it was only for ſome ſhort time to viſit the Gingerbread-man whom I always robb'd, or the Paſtry-Cook who always robb'd us. Sometimes we would give Serenades and cold Treats to the Ladies of our Neighbourhood, but then we were fain to be Cautious; for if his *Eminence* had come to know it, all the Fat would have been in the Fire. Thus I ſpent ſome Years of my Youth; and when I came to be older, I grew never the wiſer. You'l eaſily believe this, when I ſhall tell you, that tho' I liv'd ſo happily with this Lord, who had all the Kindneſs for me imaginable, and much beyond the Deſert of ſuch a poor Rogue as I was, I ſtill thirſted after the life of a Beggar, which I look'd upon a thouſand times more agreeable than that I led in this Palace, becauſe a Beggar's life had Liberty, which I wanted, and believ'd no Condition could be happy without it. Moreover finding I had now a Beard, and was fit to wear a Sword, I cry'd, What! ſhall I be a Page all my Life long, and live in a Mouſe-Trap! ſo my extravagant Deſires made me to call my noble Lord's Palace. It is high time to look out, and ſeek to make my Fortune. I was in a Place proper enough for that, if I would have been my own Friend, and taken right Meaſures; but I muſt have my Vagaries, and follow my own Fancy; I could not be confin'd, but muſt tread in a Path that led directly to Ruin. I had been ſo accuſtom'd to Play, that now I could not leave it; inſomuch, that at length neglecting all my Duties, and not finding Gameſters high enough for me within Doors, I would needs go abroad, and were not ſeen ſometimes for a whole Day together, and oftentimes loſt the very Shirt from my Back. As I was naturally not over-ſcrupulous, I was leſs ſo in Gaming than any thing elſe, for

for I would win any Body's Money if I could, tho' never ſo unfairly. Sometimes indeed I did win, but oftner loſt; for as I play'd with every one I met, I could not fail of meeting many times with thoſe that were too cunning for me, who would get more of me at one throw, than perhaps I had got in twenty. I was skill'd above all at *Primera*, which was a Game then very much in Vogue; and knew how to give my ſelf Three Cards when I ſhould have but Two if I was to Deal, and afterwards Two inſtead of one; ſo that having Five in my Hand, I would let Two ſlide down gently under my Feet, and play with the other Three that to be ſure were the beſt. At other times, I would take the third Card, and clapping it underneath, ſee whether it were good for me or not; and in an Inſtant look on the other already ſeen, and ſo make my Advantage of them. But theſe were but ſmall Tricks: Never was Man more *adroit* than I in ſlipping a Card, and no Body ever underſtood turning a Game all of a ſudden ſo well as I. I would have the ſlid Card ready in my Sleeve, and when I gave the Cards to my Antagoniſt to cut, and receiv'd them again, I would ſlily ſlip that Card where I thought fit to place it. How often had I a Friend ſit by me, or, as we call him in *Spain*, a *Deacon*, and in *France*, a *Croupier*, who would lean upon the Table as if he were aſleep, and yet give me under it ſuch Cards as I wanted. At other times, I had a Perſon that would be continually walking round the Room where we play'd, who by Singing, Whiſtling, Dumb Signs, or ſome other ſuch like Token agreed on between us, would give me notice how the Game ſtood. How often would I ſo pack the Cards, that I would deal to him that play'd againſt me Two and fifty, and having an Ace to help me, would make my ſelf Five and fifty, or elſe with a Five encounter Four and fifty, whereby I ſhould either win the Game by one Peep, or by the elder Hand. I have known People a great deal more expert and dextrous at theſe Matters, in ſome Particulars, than my ſelf, whoſe Secrets, ſhould I tell you them, would fill a large Volume. I have alſo known even Churchmen engage in this Myſtery; but for Perſons of Quality and Princes, it was a common thing to have them of our Fraternity, and I could name ſeveral if I pleas'd. But let us ſee theſe Churchmen, how they behave themſelves when they

they ſit as *Deacons*. Why, they ſit in their little black Cloaks, and when they have Opportunity, ſlide a falſe Card into your Hand, if you are of Intelligence with them. They go to famous Ordinaries, where young Strangers eat, on purpoſe to draw them in to play, where a third Sharper will be ſure to be found to engage them. Other Matters of this kind are underſtood admirably well by theſe Gentlemen with the little Bands, who will not fail to bite your Head off if you have any thing to do with them. As for the Ladies, they are as frequently as we infected with this Peſtilence; and being naturally more ſubject to Paſſion, when once Gaming has taken Poſſeſſion of them, you never find them reclaim'd. They break thro' all Difficulties to gratifie that Inclination; ſo that a Man that can't prevail over his Miſtreſs's Virtue, needs only teach her to play, and he ſhall do what he pleaſes with her. Here occurs a Story I muſt needs tell you on this Occaſion: I warrant it for Truth, becauſe I knew the Perſons who were the Subjects of it. A Gentleman, one of the moſt conſiderable of his Province, and who had Qualities ſufficient to recommend him to the whole World, happen'd to be enamour'd of a Lady, one of the handſomeſt of the City where ſhe liv'd, but in Matters of Love a very *Lucretia*, at leaſt in Appearance, for ſhe ſuffer'd abundance of her Admirers to die as it were at her Feet. This made her paſs for one of more than ordinary Virtue, her Lovers being all Perſons of extraordinary Merit and great Accompliſhments. Our Lover, however, of whom I am ſpeaking, was not diſcourag'd for all this. He fancy'd he ſhould be happier than any of theſe, tho' he had not, it may be, the ſame Deſert, ſince he knew Women to be whimſical, and not to continue long in the ſame Mind. He knew ſhe lov'd Play; and altho' ſhe was not ſo much addicted to it as ſome Women are, in regard to her Husband's Intereſt and her own Reputation, yet ſhe did not fail ſometimes to loſe large Sums. Tho' he did not love Gaming himſelf, altho' he could very well afford it, being exceeding rich; yet conſidering that Women love naturally to get by Play, he thought it would be attacking her in her weakeſt Part, to play with and loſe to her. He turn'd then Gameſter all of a ſudden, and got into all thoſe Sets where ſhe was, and would, as often as he could, chuſe to play

play with her alone, that ſhe might have the ſole Benefit of his Loſings: But as he had not been in the leaſt us'd to Gaming, and tho' he had ſtudy'd thoſe Games he knew his Miſtreſs delighted in, he was not over-well skill'd in them, ſhe out of a generous Humour, not common with Women, refus'd to play with him, becauſe ſhe was ſure to win, nay one Day told him as much. Our Lover finding his Hopes croſs'd this way, was fain to have Recourſe to others, nay, try'd all ways that a Man paſſionately in Love, as he was, could think of, to bend the ſtubborn Heart of his dear Miſtreſs. The whole Town were Witneſſes of his Conſtancy, Aſſiduity and Fidelity, yet all prov'd Fruitleſs, ſo that he liv'd in a manner in Deſpair, and conſequently ſought all Means to rid himſelf of his exorbitant Paſſion. At length, however, good Fortune deſign'd to ſmile on him, for one Day, when he leaſt thought of it, Word was brought him a Lady deſir'd to ſpeak with him. He knew not what this ſhould mean, yet order'd ſhe ſhould be conducted in to him. He ſoon after ſaw a Woman enter with her Hoods over her Face, probably that ſhe might not be known to his Servants. He took her Meaning, and immediately order'd them to go out of his Chamber; which done, he came up to her, and ask'd in what he could ſerve, and what had brought her to his Lodgings? She lifting up her Hoods, gave him to underſtand who ſhe was; and then he ſaw, with great Surpriſe and Wonder, ſhe was his Miſtreſs's *Confidente* and Waiting-Woman. Having made him ſome few Compliments on the part of her Lady, ſhe put a Letter into his Hands, which ſhe told him requir'd a ſpeedy Anſwer. He ſcrupled to take it at firſt, as not knowing what to think of it, his Miſtreſs having never done him the like Favour before; but at length he did venture upon it, and opening it, found the following Words.

"Of all the Friends I ever had, I will not ſay I have "lov'd you beſt, becauſe I could never love any Body "but my Husband; but that you are the Perſon I have "always beſt eſteem'd is moſt true, becauſe you are one "on whoſe Diſcretion and Goodneſs I could ever beſt de-"pend. I have now Occaſion for ſuch a Friend: I play'd

"Yeſter-

" Yeſternight a little more raſhly than ordinary with " the Marquis of *N*------, an unſucceſsful Rival of yours, " who I ſuppoſe thought to gain my Heart by ruining my " Fortune, and winning more of me than I was able to " pay. It was 30000 *Francs*; but 'tis your Love muſt " revenge me on his Malice. This is the Price of my " Favour: And if you don't think it too high rated, " as I truſt you will not, if your former Profeſſions were " ſincere, lay hold of this Opportunity to triumph over " your Rival, who would have triumph'd over my " Weakneſs, and to whom you owe the good Fortune of " this Day. Aſſiſt me only to ſatisfie him in another " manner than what he pretends to. I am verily per- " ſuaded you are generous enough to do it without In- " tereſt, but I care not to be indebted to any Body, and " ſhould be highly ungrateful, if after you have acquitted " your ſelf ſo generouſly to me, I ſhould not do the like " by you to my Power: To morrow I promis'd to pay " this Sum. Get but 30000 *Francs* ready againſt Night, " and I'll draw a Bill upon the God of Love to repay you " with Intereſt. This Letter will be your Pledge till you " are repaid, when you muſt reſtore it. Adieu till Night, " when Love will have his Part to Act.

This Letter had not all the Effect upon this Lover's Heart one might reaſonably have expected; for tho' he had lov'd this Lady with an incredible Paſſion for a long while, and now ſaw his Deſires like to come to a happy Concluſion; yet being a perfectly honeſt Man, his Love began to leſſen, when he found to what he was to be indebted for his Happineſs. He could not, I ſay, above half Value now what he would have ſacrific'd a thouſand Lives for before, ſince he ſaw it offer'd at ſo cheap a Purchaſe. Nevertheleſs, Love, which had for a long time taken deep Root in him, would not ſuffer him to be rul'd by his Reaſon, but engag'd him wholly to his Party, rendering him in an inſtant ſuch as Lovers are wont to be on the Eve of their Happineſs, that is, altogether tranſported with Expectation. He therefore took Pen, and writ the following Anſwer.

" When

" When an honeſt Man has once parted with his Heart, " his Purſe is wholly inſignificant to him. I would wil- " lingly owe your Favour to Love, rather than the Fortune " of Play; but from what Quarter ſoever it comes, be aſ- " ſur'd 'tis equally welcome. As every thing in you is ex- " traordinary, ſo I find your manner of Loving is, ſince Ga- " ming was the firſt occaſion of it. We ſhall now recon- " cile two Things that are the moſt incompatible in Na- " ture, and thoſe are, Love and Play. I'll anſwer for the " former, do you but make your ſelf Miſtreſs of the latter, " and there ſhall not be in the World two ſuch happy Lo- " vers as our ſelves. I die with Impatience for this Union; " but after ſo many Years of Expectation, do not delay my " Happineſs ſince you are pleas'd to aſſure me of it, if you " would have me capable of enjoying it. I ſhall count " all the Minutes, and to be ſure reckon them much longer " than they are till I ſee you. How happy are you that ne- " ver knew what it was to ſigh, but I ſhall be a thouſand " times yet more happy if I can have but the good Fortune " to teach it you, and ſince you ſay Play has thrown you " into the Arms of Love, if I can but ſecure you there.

Adieu my Heart's Delight.

This Anſwer thus writ he folded and ſeal'd it, and having put it into the Hands of the *Confidente* to deliver to her Lady, he withal deſir'd her to acquaint her he would not ſtir out all that Day in expectation to hear further from her. When the Woman was gone, he no ſooner found himſelf alone, but he began to read his Miſtreſs's Letter over and over a thouſand times, not being able to imagine what he ſaw with his own Eyes, ſo ſingular the Adventure appear'd to him. But when he came to reflect on the unſucceſsful Length of his Amour; and that at laſt, when he leaſt thought of it, his Miſtreſs threw her ſelf into his Arms upon account of a little Pique at Play, he was above once in the mind to have renounc'd all Commerce with her. She made him at laſt ſenſible, I ſay, how ſmall a Share he had in this Matter, and what a Woman's Heart was, whoſe Virtue he thought inflexible. But there was one Paſſage in this Letter which ſeem'd yet more ſurpriſing to him, and

that

that was, that he was to reſtore the *Billet* after he had received his Payment. A Conſideration of that ſort, after a Woman had reſign'd her Honour, he fancied look'd a little extraordinary, and ſeem'd to foretel ſome Deſign upon him, which he could not as yet comprehend. He thought when a Town was once ſurrender'd, 'twas to little purpoſe to keep the Gates ſhut, and after the Principal was paid, it was needleſs to be ſcrupulous about the Intereſt. He believed it would be but prudent in him to have ſome Sally-Port to eſcape at in caſe he found Treachery in the Place. This Device was to Copy the aforeſaid Letter ſo exactly, that the true one might not be known from it; which he did, and ſeal'd and broke it open again in like manner as the Original had been. Having ſo done, he kept both ſafe, and ſpent the remainder of the Day in getting together the 30000 *Francs* in Gold, and dreſſing himſelf, which he did after the moſt magnificent Manner imaginable. When Night came, which he look'd upon to be that of his Nuptials, he was ſent for according to Promiſe. The *Confidente* entering his Chamber, told him he was ſtay'd for, and that her Lady was already at the Place of Rendezvous. She told him where it was, but requeſted him in her Lady's Name to bring no Servants with him, nor come in his own Coach for fear of Diſcovery. The Gallant thought all theſe Precautions highly neceſſary, and therefore told her, ſhe might aſſure her Lady he would be ſure to obſerve all her Commands punctually. The Houſe this Lady had pitch'd upon for this Interview, was that of a Relation of hers, whom ſhe could truſt, and who knew not this Gentleman. He came thither ſoon after in a Hackney-Coach, wrap'd up in a Scarlet Cloak that conceal'd his Finery, and his Money that he carry'd in a Bag under his Arm. Having diſmiſs'd the Coach which he had no farther occaſion for, he enter'd the Houſe, and was conducted to the Lady's Chamber, which he found extraordinarily well ſet out. The Lady was there all alone in a magnificent *Diſabillée*, but mask'd. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him enter the Room, ſhe ran to him, and told him with a tender and engaging Air, ſhe had a Favour to beg of him above all Things, which was, that he would not oblige her to pull off her Mask, ſince ſhe ſhould be much more free with him in caſe he did not. The Lover anſwer'd, That would be depriving him of more than half

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his

his Pleaſure, by miſſing the Satisfaction of ſeeing her charming Face; but ſince it was her Deſire it ſhould be ſo, he was contented. Their Converſation having begun here, what follow'd was much more raviſhing and delightful, which every Reader will be apt to gueſs at without my further Explanation. It is enough he knows what paſs'd was between two Lovers, well intention'd and aimable, who had known one another a great while, and were not come thither to pick Straws. For my part, I believe they paſs'd their Time very agreeably, ſince they ſpent a good part of the Night in that Recreation. Story tells, That both being weary and quite tir'd out, at length the Lady thinking it high time to be gone, began to ask the Gentleman if he was ſatisfi'd with her; and he having anſwer'd with the profoundeſt Humility and Tranſport, that no Creature upon the Earth could be more happy than ſhe had made him, ſhe deſir'd he would then give her the Letter again as he had promis'd. The Lover without any manner of Delay put his Hand in his Pocket, and gave it her, but it was the falſe One which he had plac'd there on purpoſe, having the other ſafe at home. As ſoon as ſhe had got it, ſhe only open'd it a little careleſly, and believing it to be the ſame ſhe had writ, put it into the Flame of the Candle and burnt it. Then ſhe thank'd her dear Lover for his Complaiſance and Exactneſs; and afterwards, this being the laſt Scene of this happy Comedy, gave him to underſtand it was time to ſeparate. He would have fain had her unmask, but ſhe found ſo many Excuſes to the contrary, he thought beſt to let her alone. Then began new Proteſtations of Love and Kindneſs, Conſtancy and Fidelity; but at length the Time being come that they muſt part, the Lover was oblig'd to go firſt, however unwilling he ſeem'd, that he might give opportunity to the Lady to go when ſhe pleas'd. This *Adieu* was tender and touching, and never Man underwent ſo ſevere a Trial. He did not forget, as he went out, to pay his Acknowledgments to the *Confidente* and the Landlady after his accuſtom'd generous Manner. The Lady no ſooner found her ſelf alone, but ſhe enquir'd of her *Confidente* for the Money, and having ſeen it in good Gold, lock'd it up in a Scrutore, in order to be carry'd to the Marquis of *N*---- the next Day. Then leaving upon the Table a very fine Ring for the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, who deſir'd no better Viſits every Day,

ſhe

ſhe went and took Coach at a Lady's, a Friend of hers, and ſo drove home exceedingly ſatisfy'd that ſhe had got clear of an Affair which very much troubl'd her, and which was indeed the worſt that had ever happen'd to her during her whole Life.

The Morning following, our happy Lover, well pleas'd he had at length come to enjoy the Bleſſing he had ſo long ſigh'd for, put on a new Suit of Cloaths, and went to *Maſs* to ſee his Miſtreſs, being more than ordinarily deſirous to know whether he had pleas'd her or not. He enter'd the Church with ſuch an Equipage as made every body to ſtare at him, tho' that was but an ordinary Thing for him to do; and approaching his Miſtreſs with that Reſpect he uſually paid her, tho' with an Air of more Satisfaction than before, he ask'd her in her Ear, How ſhe had ſpent the remainder of the Night. The Lady, who receiv'd him with a great deal of Coldneſs and Reſerve, anſwer'd, ſhe ſpent it as ſhe us'd to do; but could not but wonder what made him to ask her ſuch a Queſtion. He beginning to ſmile, as verily thinking ſhe had rallied, repli'd, He thought he had good Reaſon for what he ſaid, ſince he was ſure ſhe had above half the Pleaſure. At this the Lady bluſhing, cri'd, ſure you Dream to talk to me after this rate. The Lover, greatly ſurpris'd to hear her ſay ſo, look'd round about to ſee if any body heard them, and finding no body near enough, repli'd ſmiling as before, That indeed ſince he had never had that Happineſs before, he might well have taken it for a Dream, had it not been for ſome ſolid and real Circumſtances which convinc'd him to the contrary. I declare, continu'd ſhe, with the ſame haughty Air ſhe aſſum'd at firſt, I know not what you mean, nor can imagine what ſhould induce you to affront me after this rate. How, Madam, repli'd the Gentleman, who now began to be a little warm, Is it becauſe you had a Mask upon your Face that you deny what paſs'd between us laſt Night? And what paſs'd, cri'd ſhe briskly? Nothing, Madam, repli'd he jeering, if you have a mind to have it ſo. But, continu'd he, I little thought you would have made a Miſtery of thoſe happy Minutes that we ſpent together. What happy Minutes, cri'd ſhe in a great Paſſion? Speak, explain your ſelf. Explain my ſelf, quoth he! Why Madam,----- and ſo he went on, and told the whole Story, which being too luſcious

for

for me to repeat, I hope the Reader will hold me excus'd if I omit it. The Lady not being able to bear ſo great freedom taken with her, ſtept up cloſe to him, and told him, he was an impudent Fellow to affront her after that rate, and at the ſame time gave him ſuch a Box o'th' Ear as was heard over half the Church. The Gentleman, 'tis true, had here an occaſion for all his Prudence to hinder him from ſtriking a Woman, which he was about to do, and from behaving himſelf irreverently in a Place that there could not be too much Reſpect paid to. He recover'd then from his firſt Tranſport, and being willing to offend neither good Manners nor his Conſcience, contented himſelf with telling her as loud as he could ſpeak, that every body might hear him, Ah! Madam, then I find I have bought your Favours a little too dear, and for Conſcience-ſake you would give me this Box o'th' Ear back again. You thought, I ſuppoſe, 30000 *Francs* was too much for one Night's Lodging, and truly I now think ſo too; but I'm ſure I paid down ſo much, and have a good *Billet* at home under your Hand to prove it; for don't miſtake your ſelf, Madam, you did not burn the Original, but the Copy only. The Lady beginning to repent of the raſh Action ſhe had committed, from exceeding ruddy that ſhe was before, turn'd all of a ſudden as pale as Death, fearing ſhe ſhould be ruin'd if he had really the *Billet* he pretended to have, and having only Strength to creep out of the Church, ſhe took Coach and hurry'd home as faſt as ſhe could. The Gentleman, about whom all his Friends were got, highly reſenting the Raſhneſs of the Lady, turn'd the Matter to Ridicule as well as he could, for it was not an eaſy matter. This Adventure ſoon made a great Noiſe, not only in the Church where it had given great Offence, but throughout the whole City, where every body related it as they thought fit, but none forgot the Circumſtance of the 30000 *Francs* which they heard the Gentleman inſinuate he had given the Lady for a Night's Lodging. As for the Gentleman, his Friends would needs wait upon him home, and he ſtay'd them at Dinner, when they preſs'd to know of him what had been the occaſion of all that Diſaſter. He told them, his Deſign was to tell them; for ſince he had been ſo abus'd by that Lady, who not content to make a Cully of him, muſt likewiſe affront him in that inſupportable manner, he thought he was

no longer oblig'd to keep her Secrets, though of never ſo great Concern to her. He up then and told them the whole Story, and ſhewing them the Letter, ſome of the Company knew the Lady's Hand. By this means, the Thing became ſoon publick to the Lady's great Confuſion, who being got into the Country, forſook not only Play, but durſt not appear in any Company for a long time after.

I could tell thee, Reader, a great many other Stories relating to Play, if I had no other Subject to entertain thee with but that; but as I have other Things to go upon, thou muſt content thy ſelf with this, which is ſingular in its Kind, yet true to my Knowledge. To go on then, and conclude this Chapter, I muſt needs ſay, I think it would be for the Publick Good, ſince the Villanies in Gaming are every where allow'd, that every body ſhould be permitted them, and no body puniſh'd for practiſing them; that there ſhould be Academies eſtabliſh'd to learn them in, and Maſter-Rogues appointed to teach them, in like manner as there are Fencing-Schools to teach the Art of Defence, not to murder any body, but to defend one's ſelf as often as there ſhould be occaſion. The ſame in reſpect to Play; one may learn the Art of Gaming, and all the Tricks belonging to it, the better to defend ones Eſtate againſt Sharpers, Setters, and ſuch-like Vermin; and tho' there are thoſe that would make an ill uſe of this Liberty, yet there are others to whom ſuch Leſſons would be beneficial, and who would, perhaps, by that very Means be reclaim'd from Play, when no other Doctrine would do it. Then likewiſe Rogues would not have thoſe Opportunities to cheat as they have now, for then we might be able to contend with them upon the Square, and diſpute all Advantages with them. Gaming was invented to unbend the Mind, and divert one in ones Troubles and Afflictions; whenever it exceeds that Rule, it becomes a Paſſion, a Vice, an Infamy, and a Theft. It is now become a Trade, and there are a great many Profeſs'd Gameſters, who will pretend to be very honeſt People; but if they are ſuch as they would be thought to be, they need only conſider the many Diſadvantages and Misfortunes that attend it, to encline them to quit it. Let theſe honeſt Gamſters tell me, if they do not always ſeek to play with ſuch as are weaker than themſelves, and then if their

Action





Action be not as bad as Thieving. Let them tell me, if they do not take any Thing from one they win of, whereas in other Caſes they would be much more ſcrupulous. Let them tell me, I ſay, if they have always kept to the ſame Strictneſs in Play, and whether, when they have loſt, they have play'd with the ſame Integrity as when they have won; if Gaming has not forc'd that from them, which they have afterwards been oblig'd to bluſh for; if, in a Word, they have not a thouſand times ſworn to forſake Play, whereas they have return'd to it the next Minute. But how many Queſtions could I ask you upon this occaſion, who are, perhaps, a much greater Gameſter than my ſelf, and underſtand the Myſtery much better. There are a thouſand Conſiderations to make a Man not only avoid Play, but the Places where it is practis'd. For my part, as I have already own'd to you ſeveral times, it was one of the chiefeſt of my Vices, and which I had greateſt Reaſon to aſcribe my Ruin to. I had us'd it while I liv'd with my firſt Maſter, and conſequently could not avoid it with my ſecond. 'Tis very difficult for one that is in Service, to acquit himſelf as he ought towards his Maſter, if he be addicted to play. I hardly know one that would entertain ſuch a Servant, for if he chances to loſe, the Maſter muſt be ſure to pay for it one way or other; and if he is not entruſted with any thing of Value, as in my Caſe, then he will not fail at leaſt to be wanting in his Duty every Moment, and mind every Thing more than his Maſter's Buſineſs. His *Eminence* having been divers times inform'd of this, made uſe of all gentle Means to reclaim me, but to no purpoſe. One Day, as he was talking to ſome of his principal Domeſticks about me, he declar'd what a Kindneſs he had for me, and how glad he would be of an Opportunity to do me good; but, added he, ſince I find it is impoſſible to reclaim him by other Means, I'll try what diſmiſſing him will do; but ſtill I would have him eat here, and be frequently told, That I would always be ready to receive him again whenever he ſhould forſake his ill Courſe of Life, and return to his Duty. O ſingular Virtue of a Prelate, worthy of eternal Praiſe! who deſerv'd not only to be ſerv'd and belov'd as a Maſter, but to be honour'd as a Father, ſince he treated his Servants more like his Children than Slaves. It was not long before I gave

his *Eminence* an occaſion to put this Reſolution of his in Execution; for ſome few Days after I gave my ſelf ſuch a looſe at Gaming, that I loſt the very Cloaths off my Back, and reduc'd my ſelf to an old tatter'd Waſtcoat and Breeches, which they would not throw at, or it had gone too. This done, I made all the haſte I could home; but what to do, not to wait on his *Eminence* any more, but to avoid the ſight both of him, and the reſt of Mankind, as much as I could. But I muſt have Victuals; why thoſe I had by means of a Brother-Page, who, tho' he brought them, never ſaw me. When I had been miſſing for two Days, his *Eminence* began to enquire after me, and no body daring to tell him why I kept up, becauſe he hated to have us accuſe one another, he began to grow importunate, and would needs know where I was, and what occaſion'd my keeping out of the way. Having underſtood the Cauſe, he was ſo incens'd at my irregular Conduct, and want of Reſpect for him, that he immediately order'd a new Suit to be given me, and ſo bid them put me out of Doors, with this Caution nevertheleſs, That in caſe I ſhew'd the leaſt ſign of Repentance, I ſhould be receiv'd again, and in the mean time be maintain'd with Meat and Drink at his Expence. It was the Steward had this in Charge, who upon diſmiſſing me, gave me all the Aſſurances imaginable of his *Eminence*'s Favour in caſe I would return to my Duty; but Proud, and like a Dog as I was, as if I had deſerv'd every thing, whereas I deſerv'd nothing but this Fate which was juſtly beſtow'd on me, I went away grumbling, and vow'd never to ſet Foot more within thoſe Doors. I kept to my Reſolution, notwithſtanding all they could ſay to me, and thought I ſufficiently reveng'd my ſelf upon his *Eminence* by ruining my Fortune. I became as great a Rogue as ever, and render'd my ſelf highly unworthy of the Grace and Favour Heaven had beſtow'd upon me by the means of this Pious and Good Prelate, whoſe Goodneſs towards me was inexpreſſible. I became, however, at length truly ſenſible of my paſt Folly, and would have conform'd when it was too late. I liv'd with that good Cardinal with greater Eaſe than I could have done with my own Father. He gave me greater Liberty, and would often be pleas'd to hear me talk, becauſe I had a ſort of Wit that diverted him. I am confident even my Father could not have indulg'd me more

than

than he did, nor would have tolerated in me half the Impertinencies and Extravagancies. He never ſhew'd himſelf weary of doing Good, nor ever gave me the leaſt angry Word, tho' I deſerv'd ſo many from him. In a Word, he was Goodneſs it ſelf, and I altogether the contrary, ſo that 'twas in a manner impoſſible we ſhould long agree together, and ſo we parted.

CHAP. X.

Guzman *gets into the* Spaniſh *Ambaſſador's Service, and tells you what Tricks he play'd there; and above all, one very pleaſant one that he ſerv'd a* Frenchman, *and another that he play'd a* Cordouan.

I Follow'd my Humour in every thing, and was ever averſe to all good Advice, reſolving ſtill to take my own Courſe come what would of it, which was the reaſon I always became my own Executioner, and in time ruined my ſelf effectually. After I had thus forſaken my good old Patron the Cardinal, I went rambling about the Streets of *Rome*, not knowing whither I was going, or what Employment I were beſt to engage in next. Sometimes I eat at one Friend's Houſe, for you muſt know I had got Friends by living with this great Man; and ſometimes at anothers, who being not much better than my ſelf, would be ſure always to give me bad Advice; but ſeeing my Money begin to fall ſhort, they at length abandon'd me, for fear I might one Day become a Charge to them. I might, if I had ſo pleas'd, gone every Day and victual'd my Camp at a much more honourable Place, I mean my old Maſters, whither I was frequently invited; but I was ſo bewitch'd, it could never enter into my Head to do my ſelf ſo much good, which in time I had reaſon to repent of heartily. I choſe rather to ſpunge upon thoſe that wiſh'd me hang'd for my Pains. Do not pretend to judge of the Sincerity of a Man's Invitation till you come to eat with him, for 'tis then he will ſhew you his true Countenance. People that invite you, do it for the moſt part out of Compliment, and

therefore thoſe that underſtand the World, are very reſerved upon that Head, and ſuffer themſelves to be invited twice before they come once, The *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, *You muſt not continue long at a Friend's Table, for fear you heat the Chair:* And another adds, *With a Relation, a Week is a great deal; with a Brother, a Month; with a good Friend, a Year; but with your Father, tho' he be bad, you may ſtay all your Life long, for he will hardly grudge you your Victuals.*

Having at length obſerv'd I began to be troubleſome to my Friends, I thought of ſeeking out elſewhere for Suſtenance. The Cardinal's Servants invited me no longer, they began to be weary of me, and beſides he ſoon after fell ſick, and in a ſhort time died, to my great Misfortune, my Folly depriving me of that Share in his Favour which others had, for he left every one of them a good Legacy. Seeing my ſelf thus reduc'd to ſtraits, and knowing that the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, who was one of my deceas'd Maſter's particular Friends, had a great kindneſs for me, tho' he durſt not then take me for fear of diſobliging his *Eminence*, I went now he was dead, and offer'd my Service to him, and he receiv'd me very graciouſly. As he came often to my Lord's, and conſequently I had many Opportunities of ſhewing him what I was good for, he took a great Fancy to me, and thought me proper to divert him. *Spain* has been ever fruitful in good Genius's, and good Senſe ſeems to have been allotted it naturally, we *Spaniards* pretending to be more judicious and ready witted than other Nations commonly are. This Miniſter, who had been choſen for this Embaſſy in a very nice Conjuncture, acquitted himſelf perfectly well in it, being a Man of Parts, and no body had that to ſay againſt him, which might be ſaid againſt many in the ſame Employment; but yet he had one *Foible*, which great Perſons commonly have, and above all we *Spaniards*, and that was, that he was a little too much addicted to the fair Sex, which took off from the Eſteem he would otherwiſe have had in *Rome*, and made him to neglect the moſt important Affairs of his Miniſtry. He ſaw in me a Wit very proper to promote his Amorous Intrigues, and that it was he at firſt deſign'd me for. This, 'tis true, is none of the moſt honourable Employments a Servant can have, but yet it is the moſt advantagious and agreeable, inaſmuch as it makes one Maſter of ones Lord's Secrets, and procures

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one the eaſieſt Acceſs to his Favour and good Will. Great Men muſt have all ſorts of People about them; yet, to ſay truth, I was not over-proper for this Buſineſs; however, when a Man is once born a Rogue, he eaſily brings his Mind to all kinds of Roguery. He began to make uſe of me, by ſending me on ſome petty Meſſages to ſome Ladies, wherein I acquitted my ſelf tolerably well for a Beginner, and at length became ſo *adroit*, that he conceiv'd a more than ordinary Affection for me. In a word, I ſoon became *Fac-Totum* in this Houſe, and all I did was perfectly well lik'd. This made ſome of my Fellow-Servants envy me, eſpecially the Old Stagers, who would often call me Buffoon, and ſometimes their Lord's *Mercury*; but as I gave them no great Occaſion of diſlike to me, and did not pretend to engroſs their Lord's Favour to their Prejudice, they liv'd in good Intelligence with me, and would ſometimes beg Boons of me, for they ſaw I was always ready to oblige every body. When they had any Trick to play any one, they would always come to me, for I was juſtly reputed for ſuch-like Fancies while I liv'd with the Cardinal, and they knew I did not want Wit. We employ'd our ill Nature moſt againſt Paraſites and Trencher-Flies, who never appear before the Cloth is laid, and will ever be finding Fault with ſome thing or other, to ſhew they are Perſons of Diſtinction. Theſe Vermin incommoded his *Excellency* moſt, but we found Ways to get rid of them, for we us'd them very ſcurvily. As for ſuch as were really invited, and whom we knew our Lord had any Reſpect for, we would be ſure to ſerve them with the greateſt Exactneſs. We always waited their Motions, and upon the leaſt Sign were ready to bring them what they wanted. But for others I have been ſpeaking of, who were many times Perſons in a manner unknown, Knight-Errants, and ſuch-like Vagrants, who came impudently to occupy honeſt Mens Poſts, we would not fail to oblige our Lord Ambaſſador, by letting them wait for Drink till they were ready to burſt again. They might make as many Signs as they would, no body regarded them, no body underſtood them. If we let them have a little Drink ſometimes when we could not avoid it, it ſhould be ſure to be ſo little, that it ſhould rather ſerve to encreaſe their Thirſt than quench it, or elſe we gave it them without Ice in Summer, or in ſuch

ſort of Glaſſes, that they ſhould not be able to drink much out of them. If by chance they happen'd to have a good Bit before them, we would not fail to change their Plates ſo ſoon that they ſhould not have time to taſte it, and give them in the room of it ſomething that was very ſalt to augment their Drought, or elſe what was the leaſt inviting at Table without their calling for it, by which means we ſometimes drove away whole Shoals of them at a time. Among the reſt, there was a *Frenchman* ſo very impudent, that he pretended to be Couſin-German to my Lord Ambaſſador, and who of conſequence muſt be a Man of Quality; but you muſt believe him on his Word, for he had no other Proof to bring of it. He was of a very peculiar Character, he talk'd inceſſantly, and in ſuch a Tone, that he ſeem'd to demand Attention; nevertheleſs, what he ſaid was for the moſt part very ſilly, and little to the Purpoſe. His greateſt Topick, and of which he was always top-full, was the Praiſe of his own Nation. To hear him talk, you would have thought there was no honeſt People in any other Country, nor none perfectly accompliſh'd but in that where he liv'd: That there was not elſewhere to be found any Nobility well-bred, well educated, or that underſtood how to live. Then he brag'd of the Greatneſs of his Country-mens Souls, their Fidelity towards their Kings, their Generoſity towards Strangers, and their Diſintereſtedneſs and Integrity upon all Occaſions whatſoever. He ſaid, there were no Women more reſerv'd than his Country Ladies, nor who made Profeſſion of a more auſtere Virtue; that they diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in Converſation as much by their Wit as their Beauty; that the Reſpect they drew from Men by theſe means, amounted very often to a kind of Adoration; that they were towards Foreign Ladies Curteſy and Civility it ſelf; that, generally ſpeaking, there was not a People of more juſt Dealing than were both the Men and Women; that this charm'd all Strangers; that there was not a ſoberer Nation under the Copes of Heaven, nor one where the true Religion was better obſerv'd, and Juſtice ſpeedier adminiſtred without the leaſt Corruption. A thouſand other Particulars he reckon'd up, which I have either forgot, or care not to tell you, for fear of fatiguing you as much as he did my Lord, who having formerly been Ambaſſador in *France*, knew well what Credit to give to theſe Stories. But being

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at length quite tired with hearing ſo much on the ſame Subject, he ſaid one Day to me in *Spaniſh*, which this *Frenchman* did not underſtand, This Coxcomb has weari'd both my Eyes and my Ears. This was enough for me, and his *Excellency* did not ſpeak to one that was deaf. The Company ſitting down to Supper, I made it my Buſineſs to wait upon our *French* Adventurer, who calling for Wine plentifully with a great deal of Aſſurance, after his wonted manner, I were ſure to give him that which was ſtrongeſt, that he might come the oftener, which in truth he did, to quench his Thirſt. I likewiſe took care to help him to the ſalteſt Bits and the largeſt Glaſſes, which out of the accuſtom'd Sobriety of his Country he generally coveted, and drank to the laſt Drop. All this went well, and from his manner of Talking 'twas eaſy to obſerve the Wine began to work. When I found him pretty near gone, I took a large ſilk Twiſt I had prepar'd for that purpoſe, and coming behind him, tied his Leggs gently to the Chair he ſat upon. When Supper was ended, and the Cloth about to be taken away, going to riſe briskly after his accuſtom'd manner, he tumbled, Chair and all, along upon the Floor, but with that Force that the Blood guſh'd out at his Noſtrils and Mouth, and 'twas thought he had broken his Jaw-Bone and Griſtle of his Noſe. This occaſion'd ſuch a Laughter as you may imagine. I was one of the firſt that went to help him up, and untying the String nimbly, he never came to know what had been the occaſion of his Fall. But the Jeſt was in our Grimaces while we were lifting him up, and the Zeal we every one of us ſhew'd to aſſiſt him in this Exigency. One brought him Water to waſh his Mouth, another a Napkin to wipe away the Blood, a third was ready with a Bruſh to clean his Cloaths; and, in a word, every one was ſo forward to ſerve him, as gave ſufficient Diverſion to the Company. For my Lord's Part, he was ready to burſt with Laughter; whilſt, to ſay truth, our poor *Frenchman* was ready to cry. He was, indeed, in a great Pet, but that was what we were glad of. At length whisking out of the Room, without ſo much as taking the leaſt notice of the Ambaſſador, he never return'd any more, which I ſuppoſe his *Excellency* was not ſorry for. All our Tricks did not ſucceed alike. We had ſometimes to do with Perſons that would make a Jeſt of us, and turn all

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our Grimaces upon us, nay, would not budge whatever we ſaid or did. I remember one above the reſt that was a *Cordouan*, and call'd himſelf an Officer. He was a cunning Raſcal, and carried his Impudence much higher than any I ever knew before. Coming in one Day into the Ambaſſador's Houſe about Noon, when his *Excellency* was going to Dinner, he came up to him, and told him with a bold Air, yet very civilly, that he was a Reform'd Officer, born in *Cordoua*, and a good Gentleman, but having met with Misfortunes, he was a little reduc'd, therefore beg'd his *Excellency* would be pleas'd to let him taſte of his Favour. The Ambaſſador having heard his Harangue, and well knowing what it meant, pull'd a little Purſe out of his Pocket, where there were about five or ſix Piſtoles, and being naturally generous, gave it the pretended Officer without opening it. Having ſo done, he thought to have got rid of him, wherefore wiſhing him all manner of Happineſs, and making him a ſmall Inclination with his Head, he turn'd away to go and ſit down at Table. But our Officer would not quit him ſo, for reckoning upon a good Dinner, he was reſolv'd not to let go the Occaſion that preſented for getting one. He follow'd his *Excellency*, and coming up with him, began to give him an Account of his Birth, Life, Proweſs, and what not, till ſuch time as he came to ſit down at Table. He took Place among the reſt, and becoming at length very dry with continual talking, he beckon'd to me to give him ſome Wine, for 'twas I whoſe Lot it was to wait on him. Seeing I did not ſtir for five or ſix Signs he made, and not knowing whether to aſcribe it to Ignorance or Impudence, he turn'd about haſtily to my Lord Ambaſſador, and ſaid with a grave Air, I hope, my Lord, you do not think I have taken too much Liberty in placing my ſelf ſo freely at your *Excellency*'s Table without Invitation. I am a Gentleman, my Lord, and, as ſuch, believe my ſelf not unworthy of any Honour or Civility may be done me by Perſons of your *Excellency*'s Birth and Character. I am moreover, my Lord, proceeded he, a Soldier, which is a Quality that would not diſhonour even a Prince, tho' I ſhould dine with him. But above all this, my Lord, continu'd he, it is meer Neceſſity that puts me upon this Recourſe for a Dinner, and makes me tranſgreſs all ſlight Formalities, which at another time it may be I might

might better obſerve. I thought your *Excellency*'s Table a proper Place to remedy theſe Inconveniencies, and that an Invitation was not neceſſary to make a Man well receiv'd. In fine, my Lord, added he, if it be the Cuſtom in your *Excellency*'s Houſe to give one Drink to ones Meat, I beg your *Excellency* would be pleas'd to order that I may have a Glaſs of Wine upon calling for it. My Lord Ambaſſador not being able to forbear laughing at this fine Speech of this pretended Officer, made Signs to me to give him what he wanted. I obey'd, and brought him Wine, but that ſo little, and in ſo ſmall a Glaſs, that he muſt needs ſee I grudg'd it him. I had no ſooner receiv'd the Glaſs again, and ſet it on the Side-Board, but I ſaw two other Fellows enter, whom I had ſeen twice or thrice before, but who now coming too late found their Places taken. I heard them as I paſs'd by mutter againſt this ſame Officer, whom they look'd upon with an Air of Indignation and Contempt. I drew nearer thro' Curioſity, and ask'd them, if they knew that Gentleman they look'd ſo earneſtly at. Know him, ſays one, to be ſure I do, if you call him a Gentleman, that is but the Son of a Cobler, who lives near the Great Church at *Cordova*, and who himſelf, while in his own City, could never pretend to any higher Station than that of a Tavern-Boy, tho' now I hear, forſooth, he ſets up for a Reform'd Officer. If I catch him out o'th' Doors, ſays t'other, I'll teach him what it is to take Gentlemen's Places, that are Men of Honour, and Servants to his Majeſty and my Lord Ambaſſador; which Saying, twirling about their Whiskers, and ſhaking their Cock's Feathers, whereof they had each a Plume in their Caps, they took the Pains to retire. I ſaw plainly they were a couple of Bullies, who had not much more Courage than the other. I let them go a little way, and then ran after them, and ſaid, Gentlemen, the Gentleman whom you have juſt now ſo groſly abus'd, ſays, he knows you, and you only are the Scoundrels you repreſent him to be; and that if you will be but pleas'd to wait for a Moment, he'll come and give you what you deſerve for treating a Man of his Quality after that rate. With all our Hearts; Let him come, let him come, cri'd they both together, we'll wait for him till to morrow Morning, but we'll ſee what he pretends to. Then I ran to him that ſat at Table, and told him in his Ear,

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but ſo loud that every body might hear me, that there were two Gentlemen below, that deſir'd to ſpeak with him. Let them ſtay till I have din'd, anſwer'd he very gravely. They ſay they cannot ſtay, repli'd I, and that they muſt needs ſpeak with you about a Matter of Conſequence. But they muſt ſtay, repli'd he with the ſame grave Air, for I ſhan't ſure betray my want of Breeding ſo much as to leave my Lord Ambaſſador in the midſt of his Dinner for them. Well, but they know you, added I, and ſay you are but the Son of a Cobler, and that you never had any better Employment than that of a Tavern-Boy. What, do they talk ſo irreverently of me, interrupted he, bluſhing and riſing up in a Paſſion? Yes, they do, repli'd I, and boaſt moreover, they will not budge from the Spot where they are till they have drubb'd you well to boot. Oh! this is not to be born, cri'd he in a huge Fury! if I bear this, I may bear any thing; ſo trying at his Sword once or twice, to ſee if it would move, and turning often about, as if he knew not what he did, he baul'd out inceſſantly, Where are they, where are they, let me come at them! They are below in the Court, repli'd I, waiting for you; come, come, Sir, revenge your Honour, and treat them as they deſerve. Then marching before him, he could not but follow me; and my Lord Ambaſſador and the Company, almoſt ready to burſt with Laughter, ran to the Windows that look'd into the Court, to ſee what would be the *Cataſtrophe* of this Tragedy; but they had not the Pleaſure they expected, tho' the apparent Cowardice of theſe three *Bravo's* was not much leſs diverting. Coming down into the Court, I immediately cry'd, See Gentlemen, here is this Son of a Cobler, this Tavern-Boy; conſider what you have to ſay to him. We know where we are, repli'd they Trembling and Pale, and owe too much Reſpect to my Lord Ambaſſador and his Majeſty, to meddle with him here: Another Time and Place will do as well. Seeing my Man did not anſwer a Word to all this, I reſum'd the Diſcourſe, and cri'd, Let not your being within his *Excellency*'s Houſe prevent your doing the Gentleman Juſtice, he ſhall go out if you pleaſe. With all our Hearts, anſwer'd they, but however we ſhall meet with him ſome time or other. Yes, yes, Gentlemen, replied our bold Officer, you ſhall meet with me, and ſo ſhall I with you; which Saying, he turn'd his Back and

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went in again after a kind of triumphant Manner, as if he had put his Enemies to flight. He return'd into the Hall, where the Ambaſſador and his Friends had taken their Places again. They joy'd him upon his Eſcape ſo happily out of the Hands of two ſuch raſh Bullies. He play'd the modeſt Part, and only ſaid, he believ'd he had in his time had to do with Perſons of as great Courage; then finding he began to have occaſion for more Wine, he would not ſtay till I ſerv'd him, which perhaps might be never, but very reſolutely went to the Side-Board, and having fill'd out a large Glaſs, ſwallow'd it at three Gulps. This done, he ſet down again to Table, for you muſt remember he had not din'd, and fell to as heartily as if he had not eat a Bit, without taking notice of any body. When the Fruit came, which he did not much care for, he ſtarted up, and making a low Bow to the Ambaſſador, told him he muſt ſave his *Excellency*'s Pages the trouble of giving him Wine, therefore immediately went to the Side-Board again, and filling himſelf out a good conſciencious Glaſs, drank it off heartily; which done, he turn'd about and bow'd profoundly again, as it were to thank his *Excellency*, telling him he was now going to look out for his Men, and that he ſhould hear of him again before the Day was over. So ſaying, he retir'd, leaving the Company as much aſtoniſh'd at his Impudence, as they were ſurpriz'd at his Patience with me, and whoſe Tricks he had found ſo many ways to elude.

My Lord Ambaſſador was pleas'd to own, he had not been ſo well diverted for a long time; and whilſt the Company was deſcanting upon it, a *Neapolitan* Gentleman chanc'd to enter the Room, who was an Acquaintance of my Lord's, and who told his *Excellency*, there had happen'd lately the ſtrangeſt Adventure had been heard of for a long while in *Rome*, and which every body went to enquire into. My Lord having a great deſire to know what it was, preſently order'd the Gentleman a Chair, and deſir'd him to tell the Story, which he did as follows:

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The AMOUR *of Count* Palviano *and* Eleonora. *A* NOVEL.

I Am ſenſible, Sir, the Story I am about to relate to your *Excellency* is told ſeveral ways in this City; but as no Body knows it better than my ſelf, I hope I may be believ'd preferably to the reſt. I was both Eye and Ear-Witneſs of great part of it, and what I did neither ſee nor hear, I had from a Friend, who was put in Priſon this Morning for the ſame Buſineſs, tho' he had no other Share in it than being left by the principal Actor to give him an Account how Things paſs'd. I perceive, my Lord, added he, your *Excellency* has Leiſure, and therefore I imagine you will not be diſpleas'd if I enter into ſuch Particulars as I know to be true, and not tell the Story too conciſely. The Ambaſſador told him, he might relate it with what Latitude he pleas'd, nay deſcend to the moſt minute Circumſtances if he thought fit, for that he had Leiſure ſufficient to hearken to him.

Then the Gentleman proceeded thus. I know not, my Lord, poſitively, whether you know the Count *Palviano* or not, yet can hardly think one ſo conſiderable both in Church and State can be wholly unknown to you. The Ambaſſador having ſatisfied him he knew him only by Sight, the Gentleman went on, and ſaid, your *Excellency's* having only ſeen him, is ſufficient to inform you he is one of the fineſt Gentlemen in all this Country. None exceed him either for Beauty or good Qualities, and he was, no doubt, made on purpoſe to charm at firſt Sight. I ſhall give your *Excellency* no long Character of him here, the Sequel of his Story will abundantly acquaint you of his Merit. He was born to be the Ornament of the World, and of *Rome* in particular; and you'l ſoon hear, how concern'd every Body was that he was out of it. I cannot omit telling you, by the by, he was a Cavalier of about 27 or 28 Years of Age, and had Riches ſufficient to ſupport all thoſe good Qualities he was Maſter of, there being no Lord throughout the whole Eccleſiaſtical Dominions that

had a better Eſtate. Being ſuch as I have told you, and deſervedly eſteem'd by both Sexes, he became the Envy of every Body, and was thought the happieſt of Men, when it being decreed he ſhould undergo a like Fate with other People, he all of a ſudden chanc'd to fall in love with one of the fineſt Ladies in the City of *Rome*. He ow'd this Adventure to a certain Holyday, when he went to hear a Conſort of Muſick at the *Minerva*, where a Gentleman, a Friend of his, reſign'd a Place to him that was on a Bench which the Ladies were oblig'd to paſs by. The Conſort ended, the *Count*, who had not a mind to be trod to pieces in the Crowd, reſolv'd to ſtay behind and divert himſelf with ſeeing the Ladies paſs by, among whom he thought there might be ſome of his Acquaintance. He ſaw a great many, but none that he fancied, ſo that he was about to riſe and be gone, when at length came one that had a much better Air than the reſt, occaſion'd not by her Dreſs, which was very magnificent, but by her ſtately Gate, Mien and Modeſty, which laſt charm'd him moſt, and rais'd in him an Inclination to know who ſhe was. He thought at firſt the Care ſhe took to conceal her ſelf under her Veil, which was not cuſtomary for Women to do that were any thing handſome, was no great Argument of her Beauty; but he was quickly after undeceiv'd, when by chance a Woman happening to paſs rudely the contrary way, tore off part of her Veil, which was towards the *Count*, whereby he diſcover'd the fineſt Face he had ever ſeen. The Lady was a little out of Countenance, and endeavouring to recover her Veil, could not, but caſt her Eyes upon the *Count*, who, looking upon her at the ſame time, receiv'd his Amorous Wound. She went on, and left the Cavalier in a kind of Extaſy, ſtanding as if he had been Thunder-ſtruck; but coming at length to himſelf, he walk'd after her, yet ſhe had got ſo much the ſtart of him, that before he could overtake her, ſhe was ſo mix'd with a great number of Ladies that ſtood at the Door, all with black Veils over their Faces, that it was next to impoſſible for him to diſtinguiſh her. This troubled him exceedingly, but having employ'd his Eyes conſiderably in the Search of her, he at length ſaw a Lady enter a *Chaiſe*, who as well by her Shape and Cloaths, as by her Waiting-Woman, he thought muſt be the ſame he had ſeen in the Church.

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He call'd one of his Footmen, and bid him follow that ſame *Chaiſe*, and tell him whither it went, and who was in it. Having given theſe Orders, he went home very well pleas'd that he had at laſt found her out, and that ſhe could not eſcape him as ſhe intended. As he went along he could not but contemplate this charming Lady, who had made ſuch an Impreſſion upon him, that he thought he could paint her naturally. He had never ſeen any Face with ſo much Sweetneſs in it, nor with ſuch beautiful and regular Features. He had never be held a more lively or fairer Complexion, more piercing or tender Eyes, a better ſhap'd Mouth, or, in a Word, any thing in ſo great Perfection, which he fancied the whole World could not equal, or at leaſt exceed. The more he contemplated this Object, the more he became paſſionately in love. He was no ſooner got home, but he was impatient for the return of his Servant. Every Moment ſeem'd an Age till he came, and he enquir'd inceſſantly if he was not come, or if any Body had ſeen him. At length he return'd, and inform'd his Maſter, the Lady he had ſeen was Wife to the Colonel of the Pope's Guards, and that if he had any mind to know more of her, he had the faireſt Opportunity in the World to ſatisfy him, being acquainted with one of the Servants of the Houſe, who would tell him any thing. The *Count* was ſo taken up with his Thoughts of this Lady, that he did not think of giving any new Orders to his Servant upon what he had proffer'd him. He had never ſeen this Colonel's Lady, but had heard much Talk of her Beauty. He had underſtood likewiſe ſhe was exceeding proud, and valued her ſelf much on her Virtue, or, at leaſt, would not have Love made to her, but according to the Rules in *Romances*, which was, to admit of no Favours but ſmall ones, and which ſerv'd rather to encreaſe a Lover's Thirſt, than quench it. A Gentleman, a Friend of his, had ſufficiently experienc'd this, and who, after ſome Months of aſſiduous Attendance on her, was fain to retreat inglorioufly. All theſe Reflections did not nevertheleſs diſcourage our Lover, they rather animated him to the Aſſault. He knew there was no Woman inſenſible, and that if the Lover did not ſucceed, it was more his Fault than his Miſtreſs's. He ſaid, Women had two *Foibles*, that of loving like Men, which they did ſometimes more readily and more

more violently, and that of desiring to be belov'd, or seeming to do so, which was a sort of Vanity that none of them could exempt themselves from, and which insensibly drew them all in after one another. Our Gallant was no Novice in these Misteries. He had known Women of all sorts, and succeeded with many of them, nay hop'd not to be less successful here. Whilst he was entertaining himself with all these various and amorous Thoughts, the Hour arriv'd that Lovers in this Country are wont to make their Passions known to their Mistresses by Sighs and Gestures. He resolv'd not to lose a Moment, therefore mounting one of his finest Steeds, and commanding all his Servants to attend him in good order, he rode to and fro in that Street where his Footman had told him his Mistress liv'd. The first time he came was to no purpose, but the second was more successful, for then he saw something so bright at the Window, that he had no room to doubt it was she, as indeed it was. He had never seen her plainly, and it was impossible for him to guess, thro' the Grates, whether it was the same Lady had so charm'd him in the Church; nevertheless he had a mind to believe it, and his Imagination represented to him that it could be no other. One thing however disturb'd him, which was, that that Lady having been married five or six Years, could not be less than four or five and twenty, whereas this that he had seen in the Church did not appear to him to be above seventeen or eighteen, yet he knew there were some Women that carried their Years better than others; and moreover his Heart being not willing to be undeceiv'd, he declined all further Scrutiny, for fear of falling into some Perplexity a thousand times more intricate than this Error of his could be. Supposing then it must be his belov'd Lady that he saw, he began by some Signs to make a Declaration of his Love, which is customary in this Country, but in return, he had no other Answer than to see the Window let down. This did not at all surprize him, for he had the Vanity to conclude from thence that the Lady understood him, and approv'd of what he had done. So much he thought was sufficient for one Day, that is, Loving, and making his Love known to the Party belov'd. He return'd the next Day, and the Lady dealt by him much as she had done the Day before; but as she was no Novice in these sort of

Miſteries, and had had Gallants before now, ſhe eaſily underſtood from this ſecond Viſit, that this was a Lover of a new Date; yet as ſhe had never had one that came up to him in point of Reputation and Quality, it flatter'd her Vanity, but ſhe was nevertheleſs reſolv'd to adhere ſtrictly to the Rules and Maxims ſhe had formerly obſerv'd in reſpect to others. Pride, Diſdain, Indifference, and even Cruelty, muſt be made uſe of for this purpoſe; and this Perſon, forſooth, muſt ſuffer more than any of his Predeceſſors had done. As for our Cavalier, who had been accuſtom'd to theſe ſorts of Proceeding, and knew that thoſe that pretended to be moſt haughty, were not always the moſt inſenſible, he kept on his Road, and continued for ſome Days his prancing about that Street, but every Day with an Equipage more magnificent than ordinary. He watch'd his Miſtreſs when ſhe came out to go to Church, and would be ſure always to follow her, when he would Languiſh and Ogle like a true Lover. All Things of this Nature ſpeak in this Country, but having a mind to explain his Paſſion farther, he wrote a Letter to her, and made his Servant, who was already acquainted in the Family, deliver it. But this was going a little too far, the Letter was ſent back, and the Servant threatned, in caſe he undertook ſuch Meſſages, to have his Bones broke. All this did not diſcourage our paſſionate Admirer, his Love took but the deeper Root for't, and he would needs make uſe of Preſents, which he knew to be the ſhorteſt way to deal with the Ladies, but he did not ſucceed for all that, his Preſents were refus'd, and ſent back in like manner with his Letters. This vex'd the *Count* very much, for now he ſaw plainly his Miſtreſs began to conceal her ſelf from him, and retir'd from the Window as ſoon as ſhe obſerv'd him coming into the Street. She likewiſe chang'd her Church every Day, and ſo diſguis'd her ſelf, that his Servants did not know her, and conſequently could not follow her as formerly. All this ſhe did the better to prove his Love and Conſtancy, and, out of a Vanity ſhe had, to diſquiet her Lovers, and make them wait upon her as much as ſhe could. Our *Count* became every Day more amorous, and ſought all ways to carry his Point, tho' he ſaw a great deal of Difficulty in doing it. He by chance heard of a Lady who had been formerly of his Acquaintance, and who, being his

Miſtreſs's

Miſtreſs's Relation, ſaw her every Day. He thought ſhe muſt needs be ſerviceable to him. She was one a little upon the Decay, but who had been formerly a Lady in Eſteem, and valued for her Beauty and good Qualities. He reſolv'd to renew his Acquaintance with her, and for that purpoſe going to wait on her, made her acquainted with his Amour. The Lady, who deſir'd nothing more than to be ſerviceable to ſo generous a Gentleman as he was, and to be concern'd in a Love-Intrigue, where the Intriguing Perſon has ever the greateſt Share of the Pleaſure, did not much ſcruple engaging in his Intereſt, tho' at the Expence of her Relations Honour. She promis'd Wonders, and being willing to loſe no Time, immediately went to viſit her Couſin. She forthwith put her upon talking of Love and Lovers, the ordinary Converſation between Women, and found no great Difficulty to bring the *Count* into the Diſcourſe; but *Celinda*, ſo was the Ladies Name, gave no Ear to what ſhe ſaid This diſpleaſing our *Confidente*, ſhe began to reproach her Kinſwoman with Inſenſibility, telling her ſhe knew the whole Buſineſs, and that the Gentleman had come himſelf to acquaint her with it. She then ſet forth the Merit of this Lover, his Diſcretion, his good Humour, his Generoſity, and, in a Word, all the reſt of his good Qualities, which ſhe did not fail to give the beſt Gloſs to. *Celinda* perceiving her Coſen well inform'd of the Matter, and finding ſhe could no longer diſguiſe her Sentiments, acknowledged ſhe had been for ſome time convinc'd of the *Count*'s Inclinations, and agreed with her that he was a very aimable Perſon, but ſaid, that finding no Emotion in her ſelf towards him, ſhe could not think ſhe was culpable for not loving him, nor giving him any Tokens of her Affection. Moreover, ſhe ſaid ſhe liv'd in a perfect good Underſtanding with her Husband, who was very kind to her; and therefore, if ſhe might deſire any Favour from the *Count*, it ſhould be, that he would diſturb the Repoſe of her and her Family no further, but employ his Courtſhip elſewhere, where he might poſſibly be well receiv'd, for as for her part, ſhe was reſolv'd to hearken to no Addreſſes of that Nature. Her Couſin having heard her with a great deal of Attention, would not for the preſent puſh the Matter any farther, but contented her ſelf with having broke the Ice, and refer'd to another Opportunity

to diſcourſe more largely about it, to the end, that gaining Ground by little and little, ſhe might at length be capable of making greater Efforts. She therefore took leave of her; and the *Count*, like an impatient Lover, coming the ſame Night to know the Succeſs of her Commiſſion, ſhe gave him a better Account than the Thing would bear, that he might not deſpair, telling him he need only continue his Amour to ſucceed in it. He made uſe of her to make ſeveral agreeable Preſents to this coy Miſtreſs of his, and which ſhe could not refuſe to accept from a Relation. They were generally Fruits and Flowers that he ſent her every Day, and ſuch as were always the beſt in their Kind, and the moſt in Seaſon. *Celinda* knew well whence all theſe Civilities came, tho' her Couſin pretended to the Honour of them; but as they were only Fruit and Flowers, which ſhe lov'd very well, ſhe did not trouble her ſelf much about them. The *Confidente* continued her Viſits, and made her daily Preſents, which were ſometimes accompanied with Things of greater Conſequence, which had that Effect, thro' good Management, that ſhe was every Day better and better receiv'd. The Mind of this coy Lady began to be more and more ſoftned in reſpect to the *Count*, who would not fail to paſs now and then by his Miſtreſs's Door while the two Ladies were together. So great Pains and Aſſiduity being not likely always to prove Fruitleſs, eſpecially with a Lady that was thoroughly convinc'd ſhe was belov'd, they at length made ſo conſiderable a Breach in *Celinda*'s Heart, that ſhe was prevail'd upon to ſee the *Count* once, that if ſhe could not approve the Addreſſes of ſo compleat a Cavalier, ſhe might at leaſt make uſe of that Opportunity to diſmiſs his Pretentions. It was with no ſmall difficulty that *Celinda* conſented to this Interview; but as it was to get rid of a Lover that ſo endanger'd her Repoſe and Reputation, ſhe at length gave way to it. The only Difficulty was to pitch upon a proper Place for this Meeting, that might give no occaſion of Jealouſy to her Husband, nor of Slander to any Body elſe. The Place was ſoon found, it having already been agreed upon between the *Confidente* and the *Count*. The *Confidente* propoſed to her then, to come one Night and ſup in a Garden ſhe had in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, where her Husband had been more than once, and where, by means of a Back-Door that

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open'd into Cardinal *Rafaeli*'s Garden, ſhe might eaſily have an Interview with the *Count*, who had all manner of Liberty in the Cardinal's Houſe, being his Relation. *Celinda* lik'd this Propoſal very well, and they both had no great difficulty to make their Husbands conſent to it, who often met and amus'd themſelves with ſome Game or other. The *Count*, who was ſoon advertiſed of the Ladies Conſent, got himſelf ready upon the Day of Rendezvous, and did not fail to be there at the Hour appointed, which was ſix at Night. The Ladies no ſooner ſaw their Husbands engag'd at Play, which was cuſtomary with them to be, but they found Means to ſteal away from them to go and prepare for their deſign'd Walk. *Celinda* acquainted her Couſin ſhe intended to go veil'd, as well for Decencies-ſake, as that ſhe was reſolved not to converſe bare-fac'd with the *Count*, and deſir'd her to do the like. Her Couſin told her, that would be a little too unkind towards a Lover that had always diſcover'd ſo much Tenderneſs and Paſſion for her, and to whom ſhe had ever ſhew'd ſo little Complaiſance. She anſwer'd, ſhe had not conſented to this Meeting out of any Deſign to continue the Amour, but rather to break it off, and would not have the *Count* think ſhe met him to augment his Paſſion, but rather to reject and annul it. The *Confidente* would not diſpute with her any farther upon this Head, being thoroughly perſwaded that the *Count* would be able to play his Part with her when they ſhould meet. Moreover, ſhe had obſerv'd her Couſin had taken more Pains that Day to dreſs her ſelf, continuing above an Hour at her Glaſs, which ſhe imagin'd, with Reaſon enough, was not deſign'd to be hid under a Veil. The Ladies now ſet forth out of the Houſe without any Noiſe or Attendance; and having taken two or three Turns in the appointed Garden, they enter'd into a thick Arbour belonging to the Cardinal, which led to a Pleaſure-Houſe where the *Count* was to meet them. As they were walking along, they entertain'd themſelves with talking of this Lover, when all of a ſudden *Celinda* began to feel ſuch an Agitation of Heart, that ſhe could not forbear telling her Couſin of it; who, nevertheleſs, had already obſerv'd it by her faltering in her Speech when ſhe ſpoke to her. This made them both laugh. They enter'd into the firſt Room, where they ſate themſelves down on a Camomil-Bank, which *Celinda*

Linda had more than ordinary occaſion for, being hardly able to ſtand. They began to fear the Lover would make them wait for him, but he was already in another Room, and no ſooner ſaw them enter but he came to them, with a Heart much heavier than *Celinda*'s, becauſe he was more in love. They ſoon perceiv'd him coming, when the fair Miſtreſs's Diſorder began to renew. He was ſo well dreſs'd, that nothing could be ever like him. He began with a feeble and unaſſur'd Accent, like a fearful, but paſſionate Lover, to pay his Reſpects to his Miſtreſs; who having had time to recover her ſelf under her Veil, which was a great Advantage to her, ſhe hearken'd with a great deal of Pleaſure to all he ſaid to her; but, without making any Anſwer to what related to his Love, ſhe told him, ſhe did not know whether ſhe ought to think her ſelf oblig'd to him for the Paſſion he expreſs'd for her, but ſure ſhe was, ſhe had done him too great a Favour upon ſo ſmall an Acquaintance as was between them, yet conſidering the Neceſſity ſhe was under to diſſwade him from his Pretentions, ſhe thought ſhe was not ſo blameable for affording that Interview: That ſhe knew as well as any Woman in *Rome* what was due to his Merit, and how great Eſteem he was in; but ſhe likewiſe knew, and that much better, what Conſideration ſhe ow'd her ſelf and her Husband, who lov'd her tenderly, and with whom ſhe had a great deal of Reaſon to be well ſatisfied: That in regard ſhe was reſolv'd to be wanting neither to one nor t'other, ſhe believ'd ſhe dealt kindly by him in adviſing him to ceaſe his Purſuit, which would be of no Service to him, but rather tend to the Loſs of her Reputation, and the Diſturbance of her Family, which was what ſhe moſt fear'd: That ſhe thought him too much a Man of Honour, and an honeſt Man; and beſides, believ'd he had a greater Reſpect for the Ladies, than to prejudice one whom he had profeſs'd ſo great an Eſteem for: And moreover, after ſhe had been ſo free as to diſcover her Apprehenſions and Uneaſineſs on his Account, ſhe hop'd he would conſider her at leaſt, and forego his Pretentions whatever Trouble it might coſt him. The *Count* fetch'd a deep Sigh, and after having recover'd his Spirits a little, anſwer'd with all the Tenderneſs and Submiſſion a true Lover was capable of. At length, after a very moving Dialogue of two Hours continuance, which

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the *Confidente* would ſometimes interrupt, the *Count* deſir'd his Miſtreſs to permit him to love and ſerve her, tho' it ſhould be for ever without Succeſs, and *Celinda*, not having it in her Power to hinder him, was fain to conſent to it; but ſhe nevertheleſs requir'd of him that he would do ſo without Shew, and with the moſt Diſcretion he could, and moreover beg'd of him, that he would not paſs ſo frequently thro' her Street, chuſing rather to give him leave to write to her ſometimes, as his Requeſt was, providing his Letters contain'd nothing but what was modeſt and civil, and that he gave them open'd to her Couſin, that ſhe might read them before ſhe gave them to her. The *Count*, who thought he had obtain'd Favour enough for one Day, eſpecially from ſuch a Lady as this was, could hardly find Words to expreſs his Acknowledgment; and Matters being thus regulated, *Celinda* began to talk of retiring. The *Count* ſeeing her about to be gone, altogether tranſported with Paſſion, fell on his Knees, and beg'd of her to ſtay ſome few Moments longer, and that, before ſhe retir'd, ſhe would at leaſt be ſo good as to let him ſee her Face. This Requeſt being likewiſe ſeconded by the *Confidente*, *Celinda*, after having ſuffer'd her ſelf to be courted a long time, and threatning to leave the *Count* the Moment after he had ſeen her, ſhe held her Veil ſo ſlightly, that her Couſin had Opportunity to lift it up, whereby ſhe diſcover'd the fineſt Face that ever had been ſeen, and which, being aſſiſted by a ſmall Bluſh, became yet more charming. The Lover ſtill remaining upon his Knees, appear'd ſo confounded and aſtoniſh'd at this Sight, that he was a long while without ſpeaking, which *Celinda* perceiving, ſhe preſently imagin'd it was her Beauty had made him ſo ſilent; wherefore, thro' a gaiety of Temper that proceeded from the Pleaſure ſhe conceiv'd on this Occaſion, ſhe began to utter a thouſand witty and agreeable Things, the moſt charming in the World. All this while the *Count* ſaid nothing, ſeeming to muſe upon ſomewhat that affected him exceedingly. The Lady went on and addreſs'd her ſelf to her Couſin, who, having likewiſe a great deal of Wit, anſwer'd for the poor aſtoniſh'd Lover. This gave time to the *Count* to come a little to himſelf, who ſtarting up, like one that had been awak'd out of a pleaſing Dream, began to make his utmoſt Effort in Apologizing, for the ſmall Attention he had given

to what the Lady was pleas'd to ſay; and aſſuming a more free Air than he had hitherto done, ſhew'd what he could both do and ſay when he was Maſter of himſelf. In the mean time, *Celinda*, who determin'd to be gone as ſoon as the *Count* had ſeen her, was now altogether of another Mind, being the firſt that mention'd ſitting, without being entreated, when the Converſation began to run ſo high upon pleaſant Matters, that Love was ſoon forc'd to give place to Mirth. The *Count*, whoſe languiſhing Eyes had been greatly enliven'd by the Sight of this fair Lady, became quite another Man, and ſupported the Converſation more like a Gallant than a Lover. But the Time of breaking up being at laſt come, *Celinda* talk'd once more of retiring, but her Couſin ſtay'd her, well knowing nothing requir'd her to be gone. As for the *Count*, who from time to time return'd to his Love-Fits, he did not here act the Part of a tender and affectionate Lover; for whether it were that his Mind was continually taken up with Thoughts, or that he had a mind to retire himſelf, he did not in the leaſt ſhew any further Willingneſs to have his Miſtreſs ſtay. *Celinda* obſerv'd it with ſome Surpriſe, and even Concern, inſomuch that ſhe ſoon after roſe up to be gone in earneſt, and he without any remorſe did the like. The *Confidente* obſerving ſo miſerable a Conduct, and which ſavour'd nothing of the Paſſion he pretended, took the Liberty to remember him of it. He then began to fall again into his Paſſionate Airs, but to little purpoſe, having to do with ſo ingenuous a Lady as *Celinda* was, who being thoroughly angry, did not ſtay for her Couſin, but contenting her ſelf with telling her Lover, ſhe knew very well ſhe had done more than ſhe ought to do, but if he was any ways pleas'd with it, he ow'd the Obligation to her Couſin, ſhe retir'd. Her Couſin immediately follow'd; and they were hardly got to the Garden Back Door before *Celinda* could not help looking about to ſee if her Lover follow'd her, or at leaſt look'd after her; but ſhe could not diſcover the leaſt blink of him, which render'd her yet more incens'd than ſhe was before, tho' ſhe ſhew'd nothing to her Couſin but the utmoſt Indifference. The *Count* was likewiſe no leſs concern'd at his being the Bubble both of Love and Fortune; for it was not the Lady's Beauty he look'd after, and was

ſo paſſionately enamour'd of. *Celinda* was in truth a fine Woman, ſhe had exceeding regular Features, an excellent Shape, a good Air, and ſuch other Agreements both of Body and Mind that are not common; but it was not the ſweetneſs of her Countenance, her languiſhing Eyes, a Complexion ſo equally made up of Lillies and Roſes, a youthful Air, and above all, a ſecret Charm, in which his Eyes as well as Heart could be deceiv'd. He was rather ready to run mad that he had ſo fool'd away his Time, and ſpent Two Months in purſuit of a Woman that he now thought deſerv'd ſo little of him. He laid all the Cauſe of his Misfortune upon her, and judg'd her altogether unworthy of the Pains he had taken. In a word, he now began to hate her more than before he had lov'd her, and thought he could not do her greater Juſtice than entirely to forget her. But whilſt he was thus diſingaging himſelf on one ſide, his Heart began to enflame more and more on the other, which nevertheleſs might have been ſupportable, had he known where to find ſuch another Beauty as this was, for her he was reſolv'd to have no more to do with. This Thought altogether diſmounted him, and made him to wiſh heartily he had never ſeen *Celinda*, but always lov'd her without having the ſight of her. But this Thought was ſoon forc'd to give way to a thouſand others more tormenting, and more conformable to his Paſſion. He plainly ſaw he could not live without her, but muſt poſſeſs her, or die with Grief. His Malady encreas'd every Day, thro' the Difficulties he met with in bringing his Ends about. He was no longer Count *Palviano*, nor frequented thoſe Places or Companies where he was us'd to come. He avoided even his Friends, that he might the better enjoy his melancholy Humour. He ſpent his Life altogether in Hunting, which he would employ himſelf in from Morning 'till Night, and never return home but when it was dark, and when he ſhould be ſure to ſee no Body. This furniſh'd Diſcourſe for the whole City, who could not imagine what Cauſe to attribute this Alteration to. *Celinda*, who, notwithſtanding her haughty Carriage, now began to be more concern'd at what related to the Count than ſhe deſir'd, being one of the firſt that was inform'd of the Change in his Courſe of Life, became greatly aſtoniſh'd at it, as was likewiſe her Couſin, inſomuch, that they

they ſeldom diſcours'd of any thing elſe. But what ſurpris'd *Celinda* moſt was, That after ſo many Profeſſions of Love and Sincerity, he ſhould all of a ſudden ceaſe his Tranſports, grow indifferent, and not make uſe in the leaſt of that Liberty ſhe gave him of writing to her. She had obſerv'd a little before ſhe left him, that his Paſſion did not ſeem ſo lively or animated as in the beginning of this Interview; but ſhe could not for her Life imagine how, being ſo tranſported as he was at the firſt ſight of her only in the Church, he ſhould take ſuch a Diſguſt to her upon ſeeing her again, eſpecially ſince her Couſin had ſo often told him ſhe never knew her more Beautiful. Moreover, ſhe reckon'd ſhe had play'd her Part in the late Converſation, and that even he, as fine a Gentleman as he was, had not in the leaſt had any Advantage of her in Diſcourſe. In truth, this Carriage of his exceeded her Imagination; and altho' ſhe would not let her Couſin know any thing of the Trouble ſhe was under, becauſe of her haughty Demeanour, yet ſhe would willingly have been ſatisfied what occaſion'd this unaccountable Conduct in the *Count*. Her Couſin knew not what to think any more than ſhe; but as ſhe was altogether on the ſide of Pleaſure, ſhe told *Celinda*, ſince ſhe had made no more Advances than became her, ſhe would do well to wait till his Mind ſhould be chang'd, and he come and pay his Devoirs as formerly. This Advice would have been reliſh'd well enough by one whoſe Heart was at Eaſe, and who had not felt a Pleaſure and Vanity in believing her ſelf belov'd by ſuch a Man as the *Count* was; but that of *Celinda* was in another Condition, it had made a greater Progreſs than the *Confidente* thought for, and the Impetuoſity of her Humour, as well as the Sentiments of her Mind, did not much incline to Moderation; but ſhe had nevertheleſs Diſcretion ſufficient to diſſemble her Frailties for ſome time: However, at length hearing no News of her Lover, ſeeing him no where, and not having ſo much as a Viſit from the *Confidente*, her Relation, ſhe could hold no longer, but muſt needs go and unload her Breaſt with her ſaid Kinſwoman, ſhe being the only Perſon ſhe car'd to break her Mind to, and who was beſt able to comfort her. This nevertheleſs ſhe did not do without abundance of Tears that fell from her unawares, but which ſhe made her believe were not on the

the Account of her Lover, but for Joy to ſee her. The *Confidente*, who over and above the Obligations ſhe had to ſupport this Affair, which ſhe had firſt ſet on foot, ſeem'd very much afflicted at *Celinda*'s Grief, thro' a tender Friendſhip ſhe had always had for her. She told her, ſhe could not well dive into the Cauſe of this ſo ſudden Change in the *Count*; but if ſhe were to gueſs at it, ſhe ſhould be apt to attribute it to the many Coyneſſes and Haughtineſſes ſhe had ſhew'd to that Gentleman, who was not accuſtom'd to ſuch Repulſes; and who, if ſhe would but afford him the leaſt Glimpſe of Hope, would not fail to return to her as eager and amorous as ever, it being eaſie to perceive, by the Life he led, that his Inconſtancy was not owing to any other Womans Charms, but to downright Deſpair on account of hers. *Celinda* ſigh'd, and was very glad to hear her Couſin talk after that rate, yet could not be of the ſame Opinion, having a quite contrary Notion of her Lover: However, ſhe ſaid nothing of that; nevertheleſs, after a great many Arguments and Reflexions on both ſides, they muſt come to a Reſolution what was beſt to be done. Her Kinſwoman thought nothing more proper than for her to ſpeak to the *Count*, that ſhe might know of him what had oblig'd him all of a ſudden to forbear his Viſits, and whether his leading that ſort of Life was owing to Inconſtancy or Deſpair. *Celinda* lik'd this Expedient very well; ſhe only recommended to her Couſin to manage Matters ſo, that he might not gueſs any Thing came from her, or that ſhe had any Diſturbance on his Account. This being reſolv'd on, our enamour'd Lady began to be a little eaſie, being exceedingly well ſatisfy'd that ſo skilful a Woman as her Couſin was diſpos'd to intermeddle in this Affair. This ſubtle Lady, who had as much Regard to her own Intereſt as the Friendſhip ſhe profeſs'd for her Relation, underſtanding the *Count* was rarely to be ſeen but a Mornings, ſent her Lackey next Morning betimes, to let him know ſhe had a great deſire to ſpeak with him. The *Count* immediately gueſs'd what it was for; and not being willing either to be catechiz'd or reproach'd, made as handſome an Excuſe as he could, ſending her Word he was juſt then getting on Horſeback to go for the Country, and which he did ſoon after. As he rode along the Streets, he could not but ruminate on this Meſſage from the *Confidente*, which he

did

did not doubt the haughty *Celinda* had a Share in. The Remembrance of that Lady gave him ſome Diſturbance, when lifting up his Eyes, and ſighing to evaporate part of his Paſſion, he chanc'd to caſt his Eyes towards a certain Window, which being half open, he ſaw a Face wherewith his Heart was as ſoon ſtruck as his Eyes. The Features ſo reſembled thoſe that had already fill'd his Mind, that he could not but fancy they were the ſame. Altogether tranſported with Love and Joy, and fixing his Eyes on the ſame Window, tho' his Horſe went on his ordinary Pace, he could plainly perceive the Party continu'd to look at him; which cauſing him to make as if ſomething were amiſs about his Bridle, to give him Occaſion to ſtop, he look'd back, and bid one of his Servants ſoftly take notice of that Houſe: But at length, obſerving the Window to be let down, he purſu'd his Journey, leaving his Valet to learn what he could of thoſe People, and bring him Word forthwith. He could no longer think of Hunting after this; but arriving at his Houſe, went to walk in his Garden, entertaining himſelf with the Thoughts of that Day's Happineſs, not being able to account for the Whimſicalneſs of his Fortune, which made him to meet with an Adventure in a Street he paſs'd thro' every Day, that he had ſought for all over *Rome* with infinite Diſquiet. He waited for his Servant with great Impatience, that he might have a full Account of the Matter. He ſaw him coming ſoon after, but trembled for fear he ſhould tell him ſomething that would deſtroy all his Happineſs: He however learn'd nothing but what confirm'd him in the Thought, that this was what he look'd after. The Valet began with telling his Maſter, that there were in this Houſe a young Lady, and an old Woman that waited on her; that this Lady paſs'd throughout all the Neighbourhood for one of the greateſt Beauties in *Rome*; that ſhe was about 17 or 18 Years of Age; and that ſhe went every Day to pay her Devotions at the *Minerva*. He moreover inform'd him, ſhe had only a Father and Brother; that they were Perſons of good Faſhion, but of ſlender Fortunes; that, in reſpect to Honour and Probity, there were no People in *Rome* of greater Reputation; that the Daughter had had a great Number of Addreſſes made to her, but that ſhe paſs'd for one that was no leſs Virtuous than Beautiful; and that ſhe never went

to

to Church, or any where elſe, without her Father or Brother. The *Count* hearken'd to all this with a great deal of Attention and Pleaſure, tho' he ſaw ſo many Difficulties to be ſurmounted, that he knew not how to bring his Ends about. All his Comfort was, he knew where to find this Object of his Wiſhes, and was impatient till the Time came for his returning to the City, that he might ſee his Lady once more before he ſlept. He began then to look upon his Cloaths, and found himſelf a little in *Diſabille*: He employ'd ſome time to put them in order, as well as the Place would permit; and then cauſing one of his fineſt Horſes to be ſaddled, he mounted, and return'd towards the City, taking his Road, as uſual, thro' the ſame Street we have been ſpeaking of. He no ſooner came within ſight of the young Lady's Houſe, but he buſied his Eyes to ſome purpoſe; and when he arriv'd within ken, he ſaw what he ſo much deſir'd, as if ſhe had waited for his Return. His Joy redoubled upon this Occaſion; for he now ſaw plainer than before, that this was an Object worthy of his Deſires. He would needs make uſe of his Time, and therefore immediately fell to making Signs, to give her to underſtand what Pains he felt: But ſhe, tho' ſhe was not altogether ignorant of that Language, took little notice of it, and fancy'd it rather Raillery and Gallantry than true Love, eſpecially in ſuch a one as the *Count*; ſo that without troubling her ſelf any more about it, or making any the leaſt Return, ſhe let the Window remain open, and continued to ſee him paſs by. The *Count* contenting himſelf with this, as fearing he might carry the Matter too far, purſu'd his way home, and took no farther Notice for that time. But he was ſo entirely ſatisfy'd with his good Fortune, and ſo fill'd with the charming Idea's of his beautiful Miſtreſs, that he was no ſooner alighted but he fell to very ſerious Reflections upon his paſt Happineſs. The Remainder of the Day he ſpent in that manner, and when Night came, he did nothing but dream of what had ſo charm'd him the Day before. Upon his awaking next Morning, a new Pleaſure accoſted him; for he conſider'd it was a Day of Devotion, when he did not doubt but to ſee his Miſtreſs at the Church where he had ſeen her before. This made him dreſs himſelf the moſt magnificently he was able, well knowing Women were caught that way as ſoon as any. Whilſt he

was

was thus rigging out, a *Billet* was brought him from *Veronica*, ſo was the *Confidente*'s Name; who having a great deal of Wit, tho' none of the moſt ſerious, wrote to him as ſhe would have done to her Ghoſtly Father, begging of him to give her Leave, as ſhe had a Mind, to quit the World as he had done, to put her Conſcience into his Hands, as one that was a Holy Perſon that liv'd only in the Deſerts. She told him, ſhe had a great many Scruples to communicate to him, which ſhe wanted his Advice upon, but that ſhe could not acquaint him with them but in a particular Conference: That being ſo Zealous, as ſhe believ'd him to be for the Converſion of Sinners, ſhe hop'd he would be ſo good as to make her a Viſit, or at leaſt permit her to come and wait upon him: That ſhe found ſhe was ſtill a Woman, but thought ſhe had no Temptation to fear with ſuch a ſolitary Hermit as he was. In a word, ſhe rallied him with many other Expreſſions of the like Nature, which finding the *Count* in a good Humour, on account of his late good Fortune, he immedirtely determin'd to go and ſatisfie her Requeſt. In the mean time, he return'd her an Anſwer much after the Nature of her *Billet*, promiſing, on the Word of a Confeſſor, he would not fail to come and ſatisfie her in her Scruples, and aſſiſt her to his Power in whatever elſe ſhe deſir'd; but for the preſent he had a little earneſt Buſineſs, and which nearly concern'd him. He muſt go ſee the fair *Eleonora*, for that was the beautiful Lady's Name that he ador'd. He had ſent People to enquire when ſhe went abroad, and when ſhe went to *Maſs*; and having underſtood ſhe was to go that very Night to the *Minerva* to *Veſpers*, he went thither and ſaw her, but had no Opportunity to ſpeak to her. He knew her fine Shape again, her graceful Air, and her noble Look. He gaz'd along time upon her, but that was all he could do. He was however very well ſatisfy'd, and thought Fortune had ſufficiently befriended him the Day before, to make Amends for his Diſappointment now. After *Maſs*, he went according to his Promiſe to Madam *Veronica*'s. She no longer found him that cold and indifferent Perſon he was when ſhe ſaw him laſt, but a Man of Vigour and Heat. He paid her off with Civility and good Words, and even ſuch as ſhe had never receiv'd from him before. He forgot not *Celinda*, but immediately ask'd how

ſhe

ſhe did, and diſcover'd ſome Impatience to ſee her; agian inſomuch that the *Confidente* could not, as ſhe intended, reproach him with his Unkindneſs in not coming to viſit her as he was wont, nor writing to her as he had promis'd to do, ſince he made ſo great Atonement for that, and ſo perfectly acquitted himſelf of his Duty as a Lover. He was ſo magnificently ſet out with fine Cloaths, that he even charm'd her, and ſhe could never think ſhe had look'd on him long enough. She thought he had done all this on Account of his Love for *Celinda*; and becauſe he did not know but he might ſee her that Day at her Lodgings, not being able to imagine he had any other Engagement, or that any other Lady had the leaſt Share in his Affections. This they thought they were ſure of, becauſe they had caus'd him to be watch'd and obſerv'd, and could never yet diſcover any thing tending that way; therefore believ'd with Reaſon enough, that *Celinda* had the ſole Honour of his Paſſion. At length, *Veronica*, after ſhe had had a great deal of Pleaſure in hearing and looking upon him, began, according to her Inſtructions from her Couſin, to ſound him in relation to his eſtranging himſelf ſo long from them. The *Count*, who was already prepar'd for ſuch an Attack, told *Veronica*, he had for a long time had ſo great an Eſteem for *Celinda*'s Virtue, that knowing no other way to ſecure it, he had prevail'd with his Heart to give him Leave to abſent himſelf for ſome time from her, and go ſeek a Retreat where he might contemplate her Perfections with greater Innocency: That altho' this had coſt him very dear, yet he did not doubt but in time to bring his Deſigns about, that he might for the future be in a Condition to expoſe himſelf to the Charms of that bright Lady, without fear of paſſing the Bounds of an innocent and unexceptionable Friendſhip, which he was reſolv'd to maintain always with her: That he was now come to Viſit her on that Account, and therefore deſir'd her to aſſure her Dear Couſin of as much, that ſhe might enjoy her Mind altogether at quiet. *Celinda*, who in Concert with *Veronica*, had heard all this from a Cloſet where ſhe was hid, thought this Reaſoning of the *Count*'s ſo cold and indifferent, that ſhe knew not what to think of it. She fancy'd there was more Art in it than Love commonly inſpires his Vaſſals with, and it is not thus, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, that true

Lovers

Lovers are wont to get rid of their Chains when they have once had them put on. In a Word, ſhe was not at all ſatisfy'd. Women who, like her, love rather thro' Oſtentation and Glory than Inclination and Affection, are ever ſubject to furious Reſentments; but theſe Reſentments that naturally cure tender Souls, do but fire thoſe the more that are haughty and proud. This Lady would not willingly be baffled by the *Count*'s Love, who had agreeably flatter'd her Vanity, and her Remiſſneſs giving way to her Pride that furiouſly ſharpen'd her Amorous Diſpoſition. This daily encreas'd, as you have already heard, and at length became a moſt violent Paſſion. But what ſav'd her from a greater Vexation, which ſhe muſt needs have had to hear the *Count*'s Diſcourſe, was the good Opinion ſhe had always had of her ſelf; for being ſo handſome, as in truth ſhe was, ſhe eaſily imagin'd it would not be over-difficult to convert this Friend of hers into an extravagant Lover; ſo that ſhe did not much trouble her ſelf about theſe fine Reſolutions of the *Count*'s. She had told her Couſin, ſhe would not have him know ſhe was in the Houſe, yet ſhe no ſooner heard him ſpeak, but ſhe was impatient to come into the Chamber where he was; and at length, hearing him talk after the rate he did, could not prevail on her ſelf to forbear: Wherefore coming in briskly, and ſhewing her ſelf all at once, It is upon this Foot, *Count*, ſaid ſhe, of a Friend, and a tender Friend, that I am diſpos'd to admit your Viſits, and the oftner you make them, the more welcome they will be. The *Count* was at firſt greatly ſurpris'd to ſee her, not thinking ſhe had been ſo near; but as he was no longer in love with her, and altogether Maſter of himſelf, he began to recover his ordinary Temper, and cajole her, who had that Day dreſs'd her ſelf as magnificently as he, telling her on this Occaſion all that a ſenſible and flattering Friend could do; inſomuch, that with the Diſpoſition ſhe had already for loving, or rather with the Love ſhe already felt for the *Count*, ſhe abandon'd her ſelf entirely to a Man whom ſhe thought too aimable to be refus'd, altho' he lov'd only out of Friendſhip, as he ſaid he did. This was the Effect of this Interview, from which *Celinda* hop'd for a Cure; yet ſhe met with nothing leſs without the *Count*'s concerning himſelf in the leaſt in it. The Time for Walking being come, it ſerv'd him for a

Pretence to take Leave of theſe Ladies, that they might make uſe of their Liberty in that reſpect, as he deſign'd to do in his. They were both ſo well ſatisfy'd with his Conduct, that notwithſtanding their Inclinations to ſtay him a little longer, they let him go in hopes he would keep his Word, and come ſpeedily by their Door on Horſeback, as he was wont to do. He did not fail to do ſo, after he had been to ſee his Dear *Eleonora*, Love always taking Place of Friendſhip.

Nevertheleſs the *Count*'s Paſſion not ſuffering him to ſpend his Time altogether in Gallantries, he took a Reſolution to gain *Eleonora*'s *Governante* or Waiting-Woman, coſt what it would, which he look'd upon as a good Step towards getting his *Billets* and Preſents receiv'd by his fair Miſtreſs. For this Purpoſe he ſet two Women to work, who underſtood their Trade; but they loſt their Aim, the old Woman being Religious, well-affected to her Maſter's Family, and above all to the young Lady, whom ſhe lov'd as tenderly as if ſhe had been her own Daughter. She had been frequently tempted before now, but nothing could prevail upon her to betray her young Miſtreſs. She knew not how to be treacherous, and thought Love a great Sin when it was not in form. The Two intriguing Women having miſcarried in their Attempts, came with great Confuſion, and reported to the *Count* that employ'd them, that all their Arts and Cunning ſerv'd to no purpoſe, the old Woman they had to deal with being worſe to manage than the Devil. Upon this, the Lover only deſir'd them to get him the ſight of this Waiting-Gentlewoman, that he might talk to her a little; for he thought no Woman, how old ſo ever, but would be eaſier prevail'd upon by the bare Sight of a Man, than the Perſwaſions of never ſo many Women. They contriv'd then to get her to a certain private Houſe, which they ſoon did, and the *Count* was not long after her. The old *Governante*, who knew not why ſhe was brought thither, was greatly ſurpris'd when ſhe ſaw the *Count* there, whom ſhe knew very well, having ſeen him almoſt every Day paſs by her Maſter's Houſe. This troubled her a little, and the rather, becauſe the Two Women had no ſooner conducted her into the Room, but they went away, and left her to him alone. He ſoon brought her to her ſelf by his obliging and courtly way of Pro-

ceeding; when, after a few Compliments, drawing forth a Purſe out of his Pocket, where there were 200 *Ducats* ready told, he ſpread them upon the Table, and cry'd, Good Mother! ſee here are ſome *Ducats* which I intend to make a Preſent of to you, and require no other Service of you but that you will be ſo kind as to deliver this *Billet* to your Miſtreſs. The old Woman, who thought not at firſt that this Money was deſign'd for her, but rather for her young Lady, made Anſwer, trembling, That her Miſtreſs was a diſcreet young Lady, and would by no Means accept ſuch a Preſent. I know, reply'd the *Count*, your Lady is highly Diſcreet, and 'tis That makes me ſo much in Love with her; but as for the *Ducats*, continu'd he, they are not for her, but for you; ſo putting up the Money again, at the ſame time he put both Purſe and *Billet* into her Hands, ſaying, Here, keep this Money for your ſelf, and be ſure you ſay nothing of it to your Miſtreſs, but only deliver the Letter; and if you bring me an Anſwer, I have another Purſe of the ſame Contents to reward you. The old Woman took both Purſe and *Billet*, which laſt ſhe promis'd to deliver to her Miſtreſs; but ſaid, ſhe knew not whether ſhe would receive it or not. She had never ſo much Money in her life, and therefore would be very ſorry if her Lady ſhould refuſe the Letter, for fear ſhe ſhould be oblig'd to return the *Ducats* again. She enter'd *Eleonora*'s Chamber with a Heart full of Hopes, having never had ſo good Fortune before in her Life; and ſhewing her both the Purſe and the *Billet*, very naturally betray'd the whole Secret. Her Lady turn'd pale all of a ſudden, and remain'd Speechleſs for ſome time, from a Confuſion of Thought that ſeis'd her Spirits. She ſaw plainly then, it was as ſhe had fear'd from all the Proceedings of the *Count*. She thought ſhe muſt of neceſſity be undone if the Thing came to take Air, as ſhe apprehended it would ſoon do; and ſhe knew not how to prevent it, unleſs by ſhutting her ſelf up more cloſely than ever, and giving him fewer Opportunities to ſee her, by which Means he would be wean'd from any Pretentions to her. As for the Letter, ſhe was very far from receiving it. It was ſeal'd, and therefore ſhe would needs return it unopen'd, bidding the old Woman carry it back again, and the Purſe too, and telling her ſhe could forgive her for once; but if

ever

ever ſhe did the like again, ſhe could not help acquainting her Father with it, who would be ſure to turn her out of Doors The *Governante* very much concern'd,not only that ſhe was oblig'd to carry back the Money that ſhe had reckon'd upon, but alſo that ſhe had diſpleas'd her Miſtreſs, went with a heavy Heart to find out the *Count*, who ſtill continu'd in the ſame Houſe; and having met him, acquainted him with the ill Succeſs of her Commiſſion, and at the ſame time return'd him the *Billet*, and the Purſe. The *Count* took the *Billet*, but as for the Purſe, he told the old Gentlewoman he was ſatisfy'd ſhe had done her beſt, and therefore would not have it again, altho' he preſently gueſs'd ſhe had blunder'd, by letting her Miſtreſs know ſhe had Money given her, when he charg'd her to the contrary. The old *Governante*, much embarraſs'd between the Fear of diſobliging her Lady once more, and the Joy of having again her Dear *Ducats*, knew not what to do; however at length ſhe yielded to the Temptation, and took them, thinking, if the Worſt came to the Worſt, ſhe had this for an Excuſe, that the *Count* would force them upon her, as indeed he threatned to do. Returning home, ſhe came and acquainted her Miſtreſs, as before, with what ſhe had done, like a ſilly Gipſy as ſhe was; and *Eleonora* was not over-well pleas'd that ſhe had done ſo: However, ſince ſhe had redelivered the Letter, which was the only Thing that regarded her, ſhe was the better ſatisfy'd. She nevertheleſs recommended to her to keep the *Count*'s Liberality as Secret as ſhe could; for ſhould her Father or Brother come to the Knowledge of it, they would undoubtedly uſe her ill on that Account.

Altho' the *Count* had not ſucceeded ſo well as he could have wiſh'd in his Enterpriſe, he nevertheleſs was well enough ſatisfy'd, that he had made known to *Eleonora* in ſome Meaſure the great Paſſion he had for her, referring the reſt to Time for advancing that Affair. As ſoon as Night came, he went to paſs before her Window, as formerly, with a ſplendid Equipage, acting the diſconſolate Lover, but no Body appear'd. The next Day was a Holiday, and he hop'd to make himſelf Amends by ſeeing her at Church; but he was miſtaken, for no *Eleonora* appear'd there. He began to be greatly troubled; and he fancy'd already he had not ſeen her for a Hundred Years, ſo te-

dious her Abſence was to him. He could not tell whether it was occaſion'd by his Letter, or ſome Indiſpoſition, for he ſaw her Father and Brother at Church. To be ſatisfy'd in the Truth, he ſent out his Two Women once more to ſound the old Woman; but ſhe came no more abroad than her Miſtreſs, and ſo they were diſappointed. They learn'd however in the Neighbourhood, that the young Lady was not very well. This both affliсted our Lover, and comforted him, in that his Apprehenſions were not altogether true. She had indeed had a very bad Night of it, or at leaſt pretended to have ſo, that ſhe might excuſe her ſelf from going to Church, where ſhe knew the *Count* would be. This *Cavalier* however was not wholly indifferent to her, he could not be ſo to any Woman; but as ſhe knew not yet what Love was, ſhe was not a little diſturb'd by theſe firſt Motions of it, and which, in Conjunction with the Strugglings ſhe had with her Virtue, did not ſuffer her to ſleep a Wink all Night. It was not the ſame with the *Count*; but he did not undergo leſs Trouble from the Uncertainty he was under, whether his Captivity was agreeable or not to his Conqueror. Impatience, Vexation, Diſquiet, and all the Plagues of Love, began to ſeize him, eſpecially ſince he could not ſee his charming Lady whom he had ſo often been in queſt of. He had paſs'd and repaſs'd a Hundred times a Day by her Window without ſeeing her once; and at laſt, he only ſaw her by Chance at an unſeaſonable Hour, when no Body would have expected her; but which Happineſs he was ſoon depriv'd of, by her letting down the Saſh as ſoon as ſhe ſpy'd him, ſo that he could have wiſh'd he had never ſeen her at all. Sometimes Deſpair was in Poſſeſſion of him, and then again a Moment after he would recover his Courage, and Hope all from Love and Time. He learn'd by chance I was very well acquainted with her Brother, and had a good Underſtanding with him, which made him invite me to Dinner, tho' any honeſt Gentleman was welcom to his Table at any time. Being very familiar with the *Count*, as I had had the Honour to be known to him a long time, and he knowing I had been a Hunting with *Eleonora*'s Brother the Day before, he demanded of me how I had ſpent that Day. I told him, I was that Day a Hunting with a Friend of mine call'd *Valerio*. What, that *Valerio* that is ſo often with you, reply'd

ply'd he, pray who is he? He is a *Cavalier*, anſwer'd I, of an undoubted Reputation. He has all the Wit, Courage, Honour, and good Humour, that Man can have. He is well-belov'd by every Body, goes every where, and deſir'd by all Companies that know him. He has both acquir'd and natural Talents, eſpecially in Muſick, which brought me acquainted with him, and which he poſſeſſes in the higheſt Degree. He plays upon divers ſorts of Inſtruments, but in Perfection on the Harpſichord and Baſs-Viol: And for the Lute, he has a Siſter that touches it to a Miracle. That is to ſay, interrupted the *Count*, ſmiling, Muſick is the pretended Reaſon of your being acquainted with this Gentleman, and his Siſter the real. I ſhould be too preſuming, Sir, reply'd I, to aſpire ſo high; for over and above that ſhe is one of the moſt beautiful and amiable Ladies in *Rome*, I know none that has more Wit, or greater Virtue; and as I know ſhe is not proper for me, I am likewiſe ſatisfy'd I am by no means fit for her. She has too little Fortune to be my Wife, and too much Virtue to be my Miſtreſs. In above Three Year's Time that I have been very intimate with her Brother, I have not heard her play upon the Lute above once, when her Brother prevail'd on her with ſome Difficulty to let us have a little Conſort together. She took her Lute, her Brother the Baſs-Viol, and I the Violin, and our Conſort continu'd about Two Hours. Since that I have never ſeen her, but at the Window, tho' I go often to the Houſe. Her Father has been one of the chiefeſt Men at the Lute in all *Italy*; but now he is grown Aged, his Hands ſhake, and you cannot diſoblige him more than to ask him to play. The *Count* heard all this with ſome Indifference, and without interrupting me: At laſt he ſaid, The Character you give of this *Valerio*, raiſes in me a Deſire to be acquainted with him; and I wonder you have never brought him to ſee me, for you know I love both Muſick and Muſicians; and above all, he is a Hunter, which is my darling Delight. He is a Hunter, reply I, and loves Hunting exceedingly, which occaſions our being the oftener together; and I may ſay, thoſe Two Diverſions of Hunting and Muſick divide our Lives, ſo that we are almoſt continually employ'd in one or the other. But as he is not one that loves to make a Noiſe, or go any where he has not been invited, that has been

the Reaſon I have not brought him to wait upon you; but I will tell him the firſt time I ſee him, that you are deſirous to be acquainted with him; and no doubt he will take it for a great Honour, and be ready to kiſs your Hands as ſoon as you pleaſe. The *Count* teſtify'd his Obligations to me, but choſe to have this Meeting owing rather to Chance than Deſign, and therefore told me he ſhould go to his Country-Houſe at Night, and ſtay there all the next Day, when if I would come a Hunting that way with *Valerio*, he ſhould be exceeding glad to ſee us both. I took this Commiſſion upon me, and did not doubt but I ſhould eaſily bring it about, *Valerio* having long known the *Count* by Reputation, and been often deſirous to be known to him. I no ſooner made him the Propoſal, but he was charm'd at it, and thank'd me a Thouſand times. We preſently ſet about getting Horſes; but that we needed not have done, for at my return home towards Night, I found Two very fine Horſes that the *Count* had ſent me, which he would never take again, but made a Preſent of them to me. We got up early next Morning, *Valerio* and I, and went to wait on the *Count*, whom we found at the Entrance into a Wood, hard by the Highway, with his Huntſmen and Dogs about him, and Fuſees for us. He received *Valerio* in the moſt obliging manner that could be; and ſoon after, putting our Dogs upon the Scent, we had all the Diverſion we could expect, the Weather being good, and the Country full of Game. As the *Count* was never wanting in any thing, he had given Orders we ſhould find a Breakfaſt ready prepar'd near a Fountain, which of it ſelf invited us to a Refreſhment. *Valerio* was charm'd with theſe Civilities, but above all with the *Count*'s Converſation, and his affable and eaſie Addreſs. We continu'd our Hunting after having breakfaſted till about a Eleven a Clock, when we began to bend our Courſe homewards in order to dine. When we came to the *Count*'s Houſe, we found a ſplendid and magnificent Entertainment. When we riſe from Table, it being one of thoſe cloudy Days that are ſo pleaſant in this County, the *Count* ask'd us to walk, that he might ſhew us his Gardens, which his Uncle, from whom he had inherited them, had laid out infinite Sums upon, and conſequently they muſt needs be extraordinary fine. We walk'd Three Hours before we could

could tire our ſelves, ſo many curious and admirable Things offering themſelves every Moment to our view. At our Return, we fell to our Muſical Inſtruments; when the *Count*, who underſtood Muſick exceedingly well for a Man of Quality, play'd his Part on the Harpſichord. If he was aſtoniſh'd to hear *Valerio* play, *Valerio* was no leſs to hear him; for you would have thought he had practis'd nothing elſe all his Life-time, ſo exceedingly well he perform'd. This laſted till Supper, with equal Pleaſure on all ſides. I fancy'd we ſhould now have part of our Hunting Proviſions, for we had none at Dinner, but I was miſtaken; we had nothing leſs, all our Diſhes being of another Kind, and no leſs Excellent than thoſe we had before. The *Count* told us, the Reaſon he did not give us any Thing of what we had taken in the Morning, was becauſe he thought it too freſh, and leſt we ſhould ſup ill; but ſince we had taken the Pains to aſſiſt him in Hunting, we muſt likewiſe take that to carry home what we had got, he well knowing what a Pleaſure it was to a Hunter to eat what he had caught. We endeavour'd to excuſe our ſelves from accepting his Offer, but all to no Purpoſe, for he would needs force it upon us; and moreover, added to it two large Baskets of Fruit, the fineſt that ever were ſeen, one for *Valerio*, and the other for me; all which were ſo equally divided, that you would have thought he had no more Reaſon to favour one than t'other. Some Peaſants were order'd to carry theſe Preſents to our reſpective Houſes, which was done without our Knowledge, and without any of our People's knowing from whence they came. Supper ended, we remounted on Horſeback in order to return home. *Valerio*, who never ceas'd telling me how well he thought himſelf diverted, now he came to take Leave of the *Count*, was ſo confounded with Civilities, that he knew not how to make him ſufficient Acknowledgments, nor teſtifie how much he was devoted to his Service.

We arriv'd at *Rome* much about the time that the *Count* came thither in a *Chaiſe*. We paſs'd together through the Street where *Valerio* liv'd, which was the direct way to the *Count*'s Houſe, and were no ſooner come to *Valerio*'s Habitation, but the *Count* ſtop'd to take Leave of him; but *Valerio*, who knew his Duty, would by all means wait upon him

home. As they were thus Complimenting, the fair *Eleonora*, who knew nothing of this Hunting, hearing her Brother in the Street, ran to the Window to ſee who he was with; and lifting up the Saſh briskly, ſhe was under the greateſt Surpriſe to find that it was the *Count*. As I began to pay my Reſpects to her, the *Count* did the like, and her Brother falling into Diſcourſe with him, ſhe durſt not let down the Window; ſo that the *Count* had opportunity to make himſelf Amends for Ten or Twelve Days that he had not ſeen her. For my part, who had not the leaſt Diſtruſt of this Amour, I was very glad the *Count* had ſeen her, believing this to be the firſt time, to the end that he might be convinc'd that what I had told him of her was true; but I obſerv'd ſhe was a little more concern'd than ordinary at the Sight of him, and bluſh'd, which I attributed to her Modeſty. This Diſcourſe laſted at leaſt a Quarter of an Hour, all which time *Eleonora* look'd at us; but at length, the *Count* inſiſting that *Valerio* ſhould continue where he was, we left him, after having taken Leave of him and his fair Siſter. When I found my ſelf alone with the *Count*, I expected he would talk to me of the young Lady's Beauty; but obſerving that he ſaid not a Word of it, I began the Diſcourſe my ſelf, when he own'd, like one that was indifferent, that ſhe was exceeding handſome, and ſo turn'd the Diſcourſe upon ſomething elſe.

Valerio was no ſooner got within Doors, but being exceedingly charm'd with the Civilities and good Qualities of the *Count*, he talk'd of nothing elſe all that Day, and cry'd him up for a Wonder. God knows what Impreſſion this made on his Siſter's Heart, who was already but too well-diſpos'd not to hate this *Cavalier*, and who lov'd her Brother ſo well, that ſhe would yield to any Thing to pleaſe him. She made him tell, and repeat to her Ten times over, what they had done that Day; and ſhe had always new Queſtions to ask about our Hunting, our good Cheer, and our Converſation, not forgetting our Muſick. But what ſurpris'd the Brother very much, was the Basket of Fruit, and his Share of the Hunting Proviſions, which had been brought without his Father or Siſter's knowing any thing but that he ſent them. He believ'd there was no Man alive knew how to do Things with a better Grace than this

this Lord; and he ſaid, he doubted not but I had as much ſent me of the ſame Kind. This pleas'd both the Father and Siſter extreamly; and the old Gentleman advis'd his Son to cultivate and continue a Friendſhip with this Nobleman, who he told him might one Day do him ſome conſiderable Service, the Fortune of his Family being brought greatly to Decay, and wanting ſuch a Support. *Valerio* being a prudent Perſon, had had the ſame Conſideration with his Father; but his Siſter knew better than either of them whom this Obligation was owing to. She ſaw plainly, if Matters went on thus, her Heart would be apt to eſcape her; but then ſhe conſider'd on t'otherSide,and which comforted her, that if ever ſhe ſhould be ſo weak, it ſhould be for an honeſt Man, and whom all the World ſhould think ſuch.

Next Morning *Valerio* determin'd to go and pay his Devoirs to the *Count*, and thank him for all the Honours and Civilities he had receiv'd from him. He came to get me to go along with him, and I went accordingly. The *Count* was exceeding glad to ſee us; and interrupting *Valerio* in the midſt of his Acknowledgments and Compliments, told him, He deſir'd him to be his Friend without Ceremony, as he was ſincerely his. He bid him be aſſur'd of it, and that he would give him ſome Token of it as ſoon as it ſhould be in his Power. This was directly his Temper, who delighted not in Words, who did every Thing without ſaying any thing, and could not ſuffer it to be mentioned again to him after it was done. We then fell naturally upon the Diverſion we had had the Day before; and as *Valerio* proteſted he had never paſs'd any Day of his Life ſo agreeably, the *Count* ſaid, Since I find, Gentlemen, you are ſo pleas'd with it, it will be your Faults if we have not the ſame, or rather better, to Morrow; when, if you pleaſe, I will carry you to another Eſtate I have ſome few Miles from that where we were laſt, and where I do not doubt you will find abundantly more Game, and greater Diverſion; but we muſt go and lie at my other Houſe to Night, that we may be ready the next Morning betimes. I anſwer'd him, ſmiling, That *Valerio* and I, who had little elſe to do than to mind our Pleaſure, would be ſure to be at his Command whenever he pleas'd. Orders were immediately given for this Purpoſe; and Dinner-time approaching,

proaching, he made us ſtay and dine with him. After Dinner, *Valerio*, who had never ſeen this Houſe where the *Count* liv'd, and which was indeed a very fine and ſtately Palace, which many Cardinals his Relations had greatly adorn'd, diſcover'd ſome Deſire to ſee it; whereupon the *Count* was ſo kind as to carry us himſelf all about it, and where were ſo many Rarities and Curioſities, that we were above Three Hours in ſurveying them all. After this, *Valerio* going to take Leave, that he might have Time to prepare himſelf for the Hunting-Match, the *Count* told him he had time enough and to ſpare, therefore in the mean time they might have a ſmall Conſort; for being to go by his Houſe in their way to the Country, it would be a double Trouble for him to go home now, ſince they would give him Time enough to dreſs as they paſs'd by. The *Count* had always his Love-Affairs in his Head, and fail'd not to make uſe of every Occaſion to procure him the ſight of his Miſtreſs. You may imagine, Sir, that was his Deſign here, verily believing that whilſt they were at the Door, ſhe would not fail to ſhew her ſelf at the Window. As he thought, ſo it happen'd; for ſhe no ſooner heard us coming along, (for the Count had many Servants with him, without whom he never went into the Country) but coming to the Window ſhe lifted up the Saſh and look'd at us, being much better dreſs'd, and appearing more beautiful than uſual. We ſaluted her; the *Count* with his ordinary Gallant Air, and I as well as I could. He ſpoke to me, and then look'd at the Lady, and afterwards gave his Orders to his Servants with the leaſt affected and conſtrain'd Air that could be. When *Valerio*'s Father underſtood we were at the Door, he thought he could not but come and pay his Reſpects to the *Count*, and give Thanks for all his Civilities to his Son, and the Honour he did his Family. The *Count* no ſooner ſaw him but he alighted, and ſhew'd him all the Reſpect due to ſo venerable an old Man. The old Gentleman return'd him many Compliments after the old way; to which the *Count* anſwer'd, That he had found in the Gentleman his Son ſo great Worth and Integrity, that he was overjoy'd at the Acquaintance with him, and that he ow'd the Obligation to me. The old Gentleman reply'd very modeſtly, He

ſhould

ſhould think his Son exceeding happy if he could but merit the Eſteem, and obtain the Affection of his Lordſhip. *Valerio*'s Return put an end to all theſe Compliments. We remounted on Horſeback: The good old Man wiſh'd us a happy Journey, and a proſperous Diverſion. The *Count* told him, he hop'd it would be ſo, and that he would pleaſe to partake of the Succeſs of it. I ſhall tell you nothing, either of the Pleaſure we had in this Day's Hunting, of the good Cheer we made, or of the other Diverſions the *Count* provided for us, they being all of the ſame Stamp, equally Good and Generous. We return'd more loaded with his Civilities than ever; and there could be nothing more excellent nor better, than what he ſent home with *Valerio*, whoſe Share was now much larger than mine, under the Pretence that the old Gentleman was to partake of our Succeſs, according to the Promiſe the *Count* made him. For my part, I was very well ſatisfy'd with what I had. We were impatiently expected back both by the Father and his Daughter, which was a new Pleaſure to the *Count*, and brought new Obligations upon this Family, who thought they could never make Acknowledgments enough.

Things laſted in this manner for ſome time, and *Valerio* and my ſelf were ſure to partake in all the *Count*'s Pleaſures. Never People liv'd ſo happily as we did, but our Pleaſures were but little reliſhed by ſome People. *Celinda* and her *Confidente* complain'd much of our *Count*: They had writ him Two very pert and gallant Letters, but full of Reproaches. The *Count* had anſwer'd the *Confidente*'s, but not *Celinda*'s, becauſe he had a Mind to put an End to that Amour, which began to fatigue and tire him. His Thoughts were now taken up by an other Perſon; and he had no Room for Gallantry, which his Mind could not in the leaſt admit of. He believ'd he could not ſucceed better with a Woman of *Celinda*'s Pride, than by ſhewing her ſome Indifference, and ſo getting rid of her all at once; but then he did not know how far her Paſſion was gone, and how dangerous it might prove to ſlight a Woman of her Temper, who had ſo good an Opinion of her ſelf, and was Extream in every Thing ſhe did. Her *Confidente* might, through Complaiſance, palliate Things to her as much as ſhe pleas'd: She was

but

but too well acquainted with them, and the *Count*'s Conduct ſpoke plain enough. She ſaw nothing there but what ruin'd her, but what put her into a Rage againſt him, againſt her ſelf, againſt her poor weak Heart, againſt her *Confidente*; and, in a Word, againſt every Thing that came into her Imagination. She ſought only Objects on which ſhe might diſcharge the Fury of her Deſpair for ſeeing her ſelf ſo ſlighted by a Man, ſhe that had always ſlighted every Body. Her Couſin, who had once appear'd ſo lively, ſo briſk, and ſo zealous in her Service, now became unactive and inſenſible. She no longer ſhew'd that bold enterpriſing Temper, but became as tame as a Muckworm. *Celinda* thought all this was but the ſooner to drive her to Deſpair: However, ſhe employ'd Emiſſaries to watch Night and Day over the *Count*'s Conduct, to pry into his moſt private Actions, and to follow him wherever he went, who gave her a faithful Account of all. They learn'd that the *Count* went every Morning early to Hunting, and did not return till late at Night; that he ſometimes ſpent whole Days at home in diverting himſelf with his Muſick; that he never ſaw any Ladies; that he would not ſuffer himſelf to be ſeen, even by his beſt Friends; that he ſeldom came abroad into the City; and, in a Word, that he was no more the ſame Man. All this went well enough, and *Celinda* was well pleas'd with all ſhe heard; but what ſhe could not comprehend, or rather what ſhe comprehended but too much, was that in this new Courſe of Life, which they call'd a Retreat from the World, the *Count* was more magnificently dreſs'd than ever, had a finer Equipage, and was never in better Humour, and that this ſhould be only on Account of Hunting and Muſick, ſhe could not underſtand. But what ſurpriz'd her yet more was, that the *Count* was always muſing upon ſomewhat; and ſince he had ſo ſlighted her, ſhe fear'd there was ſome other Woman in the caſe.

Whilſt this Lady thus tormented her ſelf for Love of the *Count*, and he thought of her no more than if he had never ſeen her, an Occaſion offer'd that was much to his Satisfaction. It ſeems *Valerio*'s Father had for 15 Years laſt paſt been in Law for a fine Eſtate of his, which had been unjuſtly wreſted from him by a high Hand, and which contributed

tributed much to the Ruin of his Family. His Adverſary underſtood how to manage his Cauſe very well, was in great Favour with the Court, and beſides was exceeding Rich, three Qualities that he wanted, and for want of which his Cauſe went worſe and worſe every Day, and he was like to loſe it; which if he ſhould do, the ſole Coſts of Suit would be enough to ſweep away all the reſt of his Eſtate. You may imagine the good old Gentleman was not a little diſturb'd at this Thought, and that if this Misfortune ſhould happen to him, he ſhould be like to leave two Children that he lov'd tenderly, miſerable and not wherewithal to ſubſiſt, eſpecially *Eleonora*, who was a Woman, and conſequently could not ſo well ſhift for her ſelf. His Attorney was come to tell him, it was high time for him to think of what he intended to do, and procure Money from his Friends to defray the Charges of the Suit, for he thought his Cauſe would come on that ſame Week. This was to this good old Man, as if ſomebody had come to tell him the Hour of his Death. His Son comforted him thro' the Hopes he had, that the *Count*, who was Goodneſs it ſelf, would aſſiſt him in this Extremity, and not refuſe him his Protection, at leaſt upon this emergent Occaſion. *Eleonora* back'd the Thought of her Brother, and ſaid, ſhe did not doubt but he would do all could be deſir'd of him. This reſtor'd the old Man, inſomuch that he offer'd his Son to go along with him to the *Count*, if he thought his Preſence would be neceſſary: But *Valerio* and his Siſter judg'd it more proper to make uſe of me to break the Matter to the *Count*, and ſound him, whether he was willing to engage in it or not, that according to his Anſwer they might know what to do. *Valerio* had no ſooner ſpoke to me about it, but in the Opinion I was, that the *Count*, who was naturally generous, lov'd him very well, I did not doubt but he would gratify his Requeſt in this reſpect, and told him as much. I bid him be eaſy, and in leſs than an Hours time I would come and bring him good News. I kept my Word, as you will hear. I went immediately to the *Count*, and told him the whole Story. He hearken'd to me with a great deal of Pleaſure; and when I had done, he ſaid ſmiling, I find *Valerio* does not know me. I never deſire to be entreated to ſerve my Friends. I have often told him I was his, and that's ſufficient. Let him but this

Night

Night draw me up a ſhort State of his Caſe, and he ſhall find I will do him all the Service I am able, both in this Affair or any thing elſe. I ran forthwith to *Valerio*, to give him an Account how I had ſucceeded. Both the Father and Son embrac'd me heartily, teſtifying a thouſand Obligations to me for what I had done. The Caſe was ſoon drawn up, and *Valerio* and I carried it to the *Count*, who at firſt ſtop'd *Valerio*'s Mouth, telling him he would hear no Compliments from him, that he did by no means love them, and that, if he would oblige him, he muſt omit them entirely, and accept of him for his Friend, which he had often told him he was. He bid him, moreover, not perplex himſelf about his Cauſe, nor his Father neither, and told him he ſhould be ſerv'd in it without its being known by whom, or who ſolicited for him. He knew well what he ſaid, for he was not a Novice in theſe ſort of Matters, and perfectly underſtood how to go about it with Succeſs. He ſucceeded ſo well, that in 15 Days time *Valerio*'s Father gain'd his Cauſe, with his Charges, without ſtirring over his own Threſhold. Heaven only knows what Joy this occaſion'd in that Family. The *Count*'s Satisfaction was no leſs for to do Service, and important Service to a Friend that ſtood in need of it, at a Juncture when he was like to be ruin'd for want of it, was all that a truly generous Heart could deſire. The Father would needs go with his Son to make Acknowledgments to the *Count*, and he did it ſo ſenſibly and feelingly, that even the Tears ſtood in his Eyes. The *Count* endeavour'd all he could to leſſen the Service he had done him, by the little Pains it had coſt him, and the Juſtice of his Cauſe; but the Father, who was not ignorant in theſe ſort of Matters, eſpecially from the time he had been ſo deeply engag'd in them, knew what to think of it. The *Count* teſtified the great Satisfaction he had in doing what he had done, and would needs detain them at Dinner, ſending for me to make up a Fourth. The Entertainment was ſuch as the *Count* uſually made, exceeding magnificent, and the Converſation was very cheerful, becauſe every Body was in good Humour. Next Day the *Count* would needs make a Viſit to the old Gentleman, and I waited upon him. I acquainted *Valerio* before with his coming, and we went towards Night without any Attendance but the Gentleman that was put in Priſon. The old Gentleman,

who

who underſtood himſelf very well, receiv'd the *Count* with all the Honours due to his Quality; and as he believ'd he could not do too much for a Lord to whom he had ſo great an Obligation, he would needs, after a Quarter of an Hour's Converſation, have his Daughter come and thank the *Count* on her Part. She appear'd in all her beſt Attire, but ſtill her Beauty was her greateſt Ornament, ſhe having one of thoſe Faces that charm wherever they come, and dazle all about them. I believe the *Count* was not the leaſt charm'd in the Company. She enter'd the Room like a Queen, and, without ſeeming concern'd at any thing, told the *Count*, who riſe to ſalute her, after the manner of the Country, as ſoon as he ſaw her, that ſhe was not inſenſible of the ſeveral Honours he had done her Family, but that this laſt Generoſity of his, in intereſting himſelf ſo freely in their Law-Suit, which had had ſo good Succeſs, was ſomething ſo very obliging, that ſhe could not but obey her Father's Orders, who had commanded her to come and make her Acknowledgments to his Lordſhip for ſo great a Favour, altho' it was not over-ſeemly in a young Lady, as ſhe was, ſo to do. The *Count* anſwer'd little for fear of diſquietting himſelf, for how ſhining ſoever his Converſation was at other times, I believe he had now but little Heart to ſpeak, ſo diſturb'd he needs muſt be at the Sight of his Fair Paramour. I obſerv'd this plainly in him, and he never ſhew'd ſo little of a ſprightly Temper as now. He nevertheleſs did his beſt to conceal his Paſſion, yet which was done with much Difficulty. He let us talk a-while, and after ſome time recovering himſelf, began to enter into Converſation, and made ſome Amends for his former Default. But not caring to diſcourſe long, and ſeeing a Lute on the Table, which I believe was laid there on purpoſe to give the Lady an Opportunity to divert the *Count*, he nevertheleſs durſt not ask that Favour either of her or her Father, but whiſpering me, I made it known to the Brother, who ſate by me, who immediately put the Lute into his Siſter's Hands, who, without any farther Intreaty, play'd to us for a whole Hour together ſo charmingly fine, that nothing could be better perform'd on that Inſtrument. The *Count* having made his Viſit three Hours long, and not being willing to fatigue the Company too much, took his Leave, tho' he was very unwilling to part, and we return'd

to

to his Houſe with *Valerio*, whom we brought along to ſup with us. I will not pretend, Sir, to tell you how it far'd with the *Count* after this Interview, nor how much concern'd the Lady was, ſince that would be but Gueſs-work, and beſides, you are better able to imagine it than my ſelf.

The Time being come that the old Gentleman was to go and take Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, he went accordingly with his Son, but it was no longer what it had been formerly, fifteen Years that his Adverſary had had it, and taken no Care of it, having reduc'd it to a very ſorry Condition. The old Gentleman was much concern'd to ſee it ſo ruinous; the Houſe, that had been a fine old *Chateau*, being ſo far gone that it was hardly Habitable. This occaſion'd the good old Man a new Diſquiet, for having ſcarce wherewithal to ſubſiſt his Family, he knew not how he ſhould be able to reſtore theſe Ruins; and if he ſhould ſell the Eſtate in the Condition it was in, it would be in a manner giving it away. He return'd home very melancholy, neither he nor his Son knowing what Reſolution to take. Next Morning *Valerio* going, as he did almoſt every Day, to wait on the *Count*, he ask'd him News of his Eſtate, and whether his Father had been to ſee it. *Valerio* told him in what Condition they found it, but conceal'd from him part of his Father's Concern. The *Count* ſaid, he would go ſee it himſelf, and next Morning we three went a Hunting that way for that purpoſe. We found it truly in a miſerable Pickle, but the *Count*, who had ſome Deſign in his Head, would needs perſwade *Valerio* Things were not ſo bad as he imagin'd, or they ſeem'd; and if he would but ſpare one Years Revenue, he would find People ſhould in two Months time reſtore the Eſtate to as good a Condition as ever. The *Count* perſiſting to perſwade *Valerio* to this, and that he would engage his Father to conſent to it, becauſe he ſaid he had done two other of his Friends the like Kindneſs, *Valerio* could not but return him a thouſand Thanks for all his Favours, whether to him in particular, or his Family in general, but told him, he much doubted his Father would not conſent to give him any more Trouble, ſince he had been but too much oblig'd to him for what he had done already. The *Count* never left purſuing his Point, telling *Valerio*, his Father could not oblige him more than to entruſt that Affair to him, for it

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would be a Diverſion to him, and that he believ'd it would be a Work of two Months, or thereabouts; however it ſhould coſt him no more than one Years Revenue. This Diſcourſe laſted for ſome ſhort time longer, and then we took leave of the *Count*. As we went along, I told *Valerio*, I could not imagine what made him uſe ſo many Compliments with the *Count* upon this occaſion; that undoubtedly he had a mind to do what he deſir'd, or he would not have ask'd it, and that to refuſe to comply with him, was highly to diſoblige him; and laſtly, that the *Count* was Nobleman great enough to have it in his Power to oblige ſeveral Perſons to do this Work with little or no Expence to himſelf. *Valerio* hearken'd to what I ſaid very attentively, and when I had done, he went to acquaint his Father with it in great haſte. He found him diſcourſing with his Siſter, much perplex'd, and unreſolv'd what to do. *Valerio* immediately told him, it depended only on himſelf to be eas'd of that Trouble he was under, and ſo related to him the *Count*'s Propoſal, and what I my ſelf had adviſ'd him to, with my Reaſons for it. The good old Man could not comprehend any thing of all this, and whatever his Son ſaid to him, would not be perſwaded to ſuffer that the *Count* ſhould undertake ſuch a Commiſſion. He had not the leaſt Thought that all theſe Favours came on his Daughters account, but imagin'd they were purely the Effects of a generous Temper, which was not however to be too much treſpaſs'd upon. At length, nevertheleſs, he yielded to his Son's Reaſons, or rather to the Conſideration of his mean Fortune, which would not permit him to do what was neceſſary in this Caſe. As for *Eleonora*, ſhe heard the Reaſons both of one and the other, without proffering her own, tho' ſhe could better diſcourſe on this Point than either of them, as knowing more of the Miſtery; but ſhe thought it better to be ſilent, in an Affair wherein ſhe had ſo much Concern.

Valerio no ſooner ſaw the *Count* than he acquainted him with his Father's Scruples, but that at length he yielded out of Duty, and conſented that his Lordſhip ſhould do what he pleas'd with his Eſtate, and repair and mend it as he thought fit. Hereupon the Lover immediately ſet about it, that he might loſe no Time, and employ'd as many Workmen as he thought neceſſary, as well to repair the

Houſe, as the Land, that both might be finiſh'd by the Time propos'd. *Valentine*, who is the Gentleman that is in Priſon, was charg'd with this Commiſſion, as being a Perſon both Diſcreet and Prudent, and who underſtood theſe ſort of Matters exceedingly well. As he well knew how he ſhould pleaſe the *Count* by his Induſtry, for his Lordſhip put entire Confidence in him, he omitted nothing that might forward the Work, and ſo got the beſt Workmen he could find: But had a *Memorandum* from the *Count* what he would have done, eſpecially to the Houſe, which he took moſt Care of. He did not, however, ſatisfy himſelf altogether with this; he went often himſelf diſguis'd like a Hunter, with a Gun upon his Shoulder, to ſee how the Work went on, and to give ſuch new Orders as he judg'd neceſſary, to the end nothing might be wanting. There were ſix Painters employ'd, and all very skilful in their Art, but where they wrought moſt was in that quarter of the Houſe where it was believ'd the Fair *Eleonora* would have her Appartment. This was finely Wainſcotted, and ſet off with neat Cloſets, ſtately Preſſes, fix'd Tables, and a thouſand other pretty Conveniencies that render'd it wonderfully uſeful; all which was ſo well contriv'd and underſtood, and at the ſame time ſo ſimple and natural, in which the *Count* ſhew'd his Addreſs, that nothing could be better fancied, nor more apt to ſurpriſe at firſt Sight. As for the Paintings, they were generally in the Cloſets and Alcoves, whoſe Ceilings were for the moſt part in *Freſco*. Thoſe Cloſets and Alcoves that were kept ſhut up, had the moſt curious Workmanſhip of all Kinds, which coſt moſt Money, and had moſt Time ſpent about them. This conſiſted of Deviſes, Emblems, Cifres, Hieroglyphicks, and, in a Word, whole Fables. You might there ſee a Hunting *Diana*; another in a Bath; a *Venus* ſtanding upon a Shell; *Europa* on a Bull; and, in fine, whatever elſe was beſt known in the Fable, or moſt ſecret in the Miſteries of Love. All was there repreſented with that Nicety and Exactneſs, that you could not poſſibly meet with any thing better elſewhere; but what was yet more rare and more ſurpriſing was, that all the Goddeſſes had *Eleonora*'s Face, who, nevertheleſs, had never been painted, yet ſee how the Matter came about. The *Count*, among other fine Talents he had, which nevertheleſs he endeavour'd to hide as much

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as others do to publiſh theirs, underſtood Painting to a Miracle, and had ſo well learnt the Manner of one of the greateſt Maſters that *Italy* then had, that he had painted ſome Pieces that even that Maſter himſelf ſaid, he would not diſown, if they had been father'd upon him. Being thus skillful, he at leiſure Hours painted *Eleonora*'s Portrait from the bare Idea he had of her, and made ſo excellent a Piece, that it was fit to be hung up in any Cabinet of the Curious. Having given this Picture to theſe ſix Painters, who had all their Deſigns from him, it was not difficult for them to make exact Copies of it, as indeed they did. I ſay nothing here of the reſt of the Building; which was repaired from bottom to top in ſuch manner, that you could not poſſibly know the old *Chateau* again. I ſay nothing likewiſe of ſeveral Fountains he reſtor'd, of a great Fiſh-Pond become a Marſh, which he put in order, and ſtor'd with Fiſh; of the Gardens, Parterres, Orchards, Walks, and, in a Word, of many other Things that he did to ſet off this *Chateau*; ſince, by what has been already ſaid, it is eaſy to comprehend that theſe Repairs muſt coſt twice as much as the Houſe did when it was firſt bought, but nothing was too much for a generous Man, and one in Love, to do. The ſpace of two Months was too little to effect all this in, and the leaſt Time it could poſſibly be done in, with the utmoſt diligence, was Two and a half, for the *Count* found every Day ſomething new to do. Neither *Valerio*'s Father, nor himſelf, whatever Deſires they might have, knew the leaſt of what was done, but had that Deference for the *Count*, as to let him entirely follow his own Fancy, and therefore would not go about to interrupt him till all was over.

But before I come to ſpeak of that, I ought to acquaint you what happen'd moſt important during theſe two Months and a half, for you muſt believe the *Count*'s Love, which was none of the moſt moderate, made ſome conſiderable Progreſs in that time. He waited Night and Day for ſome favourable Occaſion to advance it, and not long after one happen'd, which was, the coming of the old Woman to the *Count*'s Houſe, to enquire for a Muſick-Book of *Valerio*'s. The *Count* took her aſide, and enquir'd of her how his Miſtreſs did, when this Idiot, who had been altogether won by the 200 *Ducats*, told him all he could deſire. She

was eaſily prevail'd upon to carry a freſh Letter to her Lady; and the *Count*, not caring to be thought ungrateful, gave her a large Gold Ring, which was enough to gain her entirely to his Intereſt. *Eleonora* receiv'd this Letter more eaſily than the *Count* could have imagin'd ſhe would; the old Woman was not chid for bringing it, neither was ſhe forbid to bring any more, but only deſir'd not to ſay any thing to any Body that ſhe had brought this. She had more Diſcretion than to do that, tho', God knows, ſhe had not much. She could have heartily wiſh'd her Lady would have return'd ſome Anſwer, but the Time was not come for that. The *Count* underſtanding by this ſort of *Confidente*, who came on purpoſe to acquaint him with the Succeſs of her Commiſſion, how well his Letter had been receiv'd, took it for a good Omen, and thought he had gain'd ſufficient Ground for once. This made him make a ſecond Attempt, and ſend another Letter, finding the old *Governante* entirely diſpos'd to ſerve him. He deſir'd her to uſe her beſt Endeavours to get her Lady to ſend him a Word or two in Anſwer, or at leaſt ſome ſmall Token, that he might be ſatisfied his Preſumption was not altogether diſagreeable to her. The young Lady was not more cruel in reſpect to this ſecond Letter, than ſhe was to the firſt; for not being able to withſtand the Importunities of the old Gentlewoman, and, perhaps, ſhe was glad ſhe would make them, ſhe yielded to ſend the *Count* a Flower. The Preſent you'l ſay was not great, but pray what can there be eſteem'd Little in Love? What is there that is not thought truly Great, when it comes from a Perſon one ſincerely loves, be the Value of it what it will? To have known the Truth of this, you ſhould have ask'd the *Count* the Moment he receiv'd it. He would have told you, he was ſo tranſported with Joy at the Receipt of it, that it was not poſſible for him to expreſs it. The old Woman was exceedingly well ſatisfied ſhe had executed her Commiſſion ſucceſsfully, both in reſpect to her ſelf, and the *Count*, whom ſhe expected a good Reward from. The *Count*'s Paſſion daily encreas'd, and at length began to have ſome effect upon *Eleonora*'s Heart. The *Billet-douxs* went continually, and if there was no Anſwer, there came at leaſt ſome Flower, or ſuch-like Thing, which was inſtead of one. At length ſhe could keep her ſelf from writing no longer, and what follows

lows was the occaſion of it, or rather a Pretence for it. The *Count* following the Impetuoſity of his Paſſion, thought of nothing ſo much as raiſing that Family, and conſequently would needs do ſomething to make the Brother eaſy, becauſe he knew he was his Siſter's Darling. He underſtood there was a Poſt vacant in the Sacred Palace, and thought that would do very well for *Valerio*. This Poſt was honourable, and brought in a greater Revenue than Places are wont to do in this Country; but what pleas'd him moſt was, that it was in the Gift of one of his Uncles, who lov'd him entirely, and whoſe Heir he was alſo to be. He reſolv'd to loſe no Time, but went immediately and beg'd it, and obtain'd it eaſily enough. Having had this Succeſs, he determin'd to obſerve ſome Meaſures with *Valerio*, and not make him the Preſent immediately. He gave *Valentine* Orders how he would have Things manag'd. *Valentine* no ſooner ſaw my Friend but he took him aſide, and told him there was ſuch a conſiderable Poſt vacant, that it was in the Gift of ſuch a Cardinal, and that if he would but ask it of the *Count*, he did not doubt but he could procure it for him, being the Cardinal's Nephew. This Propoſal fill'd *Valerio*'s Heart with Joy, but the Poſt being ſo conſiderable, and the *Count* having already done ſo much for his Family, he could not have the Aſſurance to ask it. He own'd at laſt to *Valentine*, he had not the Courage to deſire ſo great a Favour; but *Valentine*, on the contrary, us'd a great many Arguments to perſwade him to it, and told him all the Scruples he objected were nothing in reſpect to ſuch a Man as the *Count*, who was truly generous; that every Day did not offer ſuch Opportunities as this; that he might have Reaſon to repent ſeverely if he neglected this; and, in fine, it was what an honeſt Man might very reaſonably make uſe of to advance his Fortune. All theſe Reaſons above half prevail'd on *Valerio*, yet he gave *Valentine* to underſtand at the ſame time, he could not attempt it, unleſs he would be ſo kind as to break the Matter to the *Count* for him. *Valentine* was very glad to hear him ſay ſo, and proffer'd his Service immediately. They went together and found the *Count* dreſſing, when *Valentine*, not ſtaying till *Valerio* ſpoke, open'd the Caſe, as he had promis'd. The *Count* with his indifferent Air, as if he knew nothing of the Matter, turn'd about to *Valerio*,

and ſaid, If that Poſt was really vacant, and not already diſpos'd of, he did not doubt but he could obtain it for him; which ſaid, he turn'd the Diſcourſe to ſomewhat elſe. I came in at the ſame time, for ſcarce any thing was done without me, but the Poſt was no more talk'd of, yet as he went out, and after we had taken leave of the *Count*, *Valerio* told me the whole Story. I anſwer'd, it would be a fortunate Thing for him if he could bring it to bear, but that theſe ſort of Affairs ought by no means to be neglected; that there were always Thoſe that waited for them, and therefore he would do well to go immediately and ſee whether the Place was vacant or not, and accordingly acquaint the *Count*. He ſaid, he was juſt then going to his Father, who underſtood thoſe Affairs better than he, and whoſe Advice he would rely upon, as he was in Duty oblig'd to do. The good old Gentleman hearing his Son's Fortune was ſo likely to be made, went immediately with him to know how the Caſe ſtood, but was not a little mortified to hear the Poſt had been diſpos'd of the Day before, without being able to learn to whom. Whilſt the whole Family was under great Trouble for this Diſappointment, *Valentine* came and brought the Letters-Patents from the *Count* gratis. To pretend to deſcribe the Turn of Joy upon this Occaſion, is impoſſible. Now *Eleonora* could no longer forbear declaring her Obligations to the *Count*, ſince ſhe ſaw how he did Things, and how he had in ſo ſhort a time confer'd ſo many Favours on her whole Family, without any Oſtentation, or taking the leaſt Notice of it himſelf. This ſhe did, tho' ſhe knew nothing of what was done in the Country, which was a far greater Obligation, as it afterwards appear'd to be. In ſhort, ſhe thought, notwithſtanding all the *Decorum* ſhe had hitherto obſerv'd, that ſhe ſhould be one of the moſt ungrateful Women in the World, and unworthy of the Kindneſſes ſhe had receiv'd, if ſhe did not do ſomething extraordinary for the *Count*, ſince all he had done for her Family was in like manner extraordinary. She then reſolv'd to make her Acknowledgments to him by the following Letter, which ſhe ſent by *Valentine*. The Letter ran thus:

"I can-

" I cannot, my Lord *Count*, refuſe my Heart the Satis-
" faction of diffuſing it ſelf in Acknowledgments, ſince
" you have ſo generouſly diffus'd yours in Benefits towards
" our whole Family. If I tell you, I have all the Eſteem
" for you that Woman can have for the moſt compleat
" Cavalier, and even all that one can conceive for the
" beſt Friend, methinks you ought to be ſatisfied with my
" Gratitude; but I fear you deſire ſomething more, and am
" afraid, leſt in proportion to your Favours I ſhould grant
" more than I ought to do in Juſtice to my ſelf. How
" difficult it is, my Lord, not to exceed in ones Sentiments,
" when one has to do with one that obſerves no Meaſures
" in making People ſenſible. Mine will always go ſo far
" as to honour and eſteem you as highly as you de-
" ſerve, but if they ſhould proceed yet higher, and pre-
" ſume to love, they would make me the moſt unhappy
" Creature upon God's Earth. See, my Lord, what it is
" you endeavour at, while you only think to procure me
" Happineſs. I know who you are, and who I my ſelf
" am. We are not born for each other. I have ſometimes
" thought I could have wiſh'd you a Shepherd, and, it
" may be, you may have wiſh'd me a Great Lady, but our
" Wiſhes will never alter us. Let us continue then as we
" are, and be contented with our Deſtiny. It will avail
" us little to think to force it. It is more eaſy and leſs
" dangerous to ſubmit to it. For my part, I will entirely
" bound mine with the Pleaſure I have in telling you, that
" I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble
and moſt obedient Servant,

Eleonora.

You may conclude, the Day the *Count* receiv'd this Letter from his Fair Miſtreſs was a Feſtival to him, which he celebrated with ſuch Tranſports of Joy, that none but as great a Lover as himſelf can imagine. Every Body plainly perceiv'd it, without having it in their Power to gueſs at the Reaſon of it; and *Valerio* and his Father coming at that Time to pay their Acknowledgments for the late Favour

they had receiv'd, which the old Gentleman call'd, The Re-eſtabliſhment of his Honour and Fortune, the *Count* receiv'd them with that Air of Satisfaction and Civility, that it look'd rather as if he had been oblig'd to them, than they to him.

Some few Days after, the Eſtate and Houſe were wholly finiſh'd, and the Workmen were diſmiſs'd, when the *Count* told *Valerio*, he might now, if he pleas'd, go and ſee what was wanting; for as every one had his particular Taſte in theſe ſort of Things, he did not know but ſomething might have been omitted. The Father and Son went accordingly in great haſte, and they were equally confounded at what they ſaw. The good old Man knew not where he was. He no longer knew his Eſtate, and leſs his Houſe. Every thing ſurpris'd him. He walk'd to and fro, and each Step preſented ſomething new to him, he every where found ſomewhat to admire. He was at his Wits-end to think that all this could be perfected in ſo ſhort a time, and yet he had not ſeen half of what there was to be ſeen. In a Word, he look'd upon all a Enchantment. His Son was no leſs ſurpris'd, but he could not forbear laughing at the many Comical Exclamations and Geſtures of his Father. At length, after the good old Man had almoſt kill'd himſelf with going up Stairs and down inceſſantly, and ſpent the whole Day, which was nevertheleſs too little to ſee all, not being able to walk any longer, they remounted their Horſes and return'd to the City. By the Way, the Father told his Son, he would have him go and wait upon the *Count*, and tell him from him, that he did not do himſelf the Honour of coming to kiſs his Hands, becauſe, after what he had ſeen, he knew not what to ſay, and therefore it was beſt for him to retreat as well as he could. *Valerio* had not occaſion for ſo much Diſcourſe with the *Count*, and as for his Father, he could not oblige his Lordſhip more than by doing what he had done, long Compliments being what this Lord dreaded more than any Thing. He turn'd all into Raillery with *Valerio*, who made him laugh, till Tears came into his Eyes with the Relation of his Father's Aſtoniſhment, who, he ſaid, could not believe that any thing was Natural, but all Enchantment. I then was ſent for, and join'd with them in their Merriment about this Eſtate. We din'd, and after Dinner we ſpent our Time partly in little

Amuſe-

Amuſements, and partly in Muſick. While we were preparing for the Conſort, which was towards Night, a Page came and told the *Count*, two young Cavaliers below deſir'd to be admitted to hear it. The *Count* bid him wait upon them up. The Page replied, they were Mask'd. No matter, quoth the *Count*, if they want only Muſick, we ſhall, I hope, have wherewithal to content them. Then the two Cavaliers appear'd, and the *Count* roſe up to pay his Civilities, ſeeming as if he did not know them. They were very magnificently dreſs'd, and having taken their Places without much Ceremony, they applied themſelves to hear us. The *Count* taking his Inſtrument, we took ours, and diverted them for about half an Hour, at the end of which, this being not the End of their coming, they roſe up and gave us to underſtand they had enough. As they were amuſing themſelves about the Room, the *Count* whiſper'd us in the Ear, laughing, that this was not the Buſineſs they came about; therefore, quoth he, do you play on, and I'll go take a Turn or two in the Garden with them, and get rid of them as ſoon as I can to come to you again. We beginning to find how the Caſe ſtood, deſir'd him to diſmiſs us, but he would not, telling us, we ſhould not oblige him by that, for he hop'd by our means to get rid of them the ſooner. But he could not be ſo good as his Word, for he was with them, who were by the by *Celinda* and her Couſin, above two Hours, that is to ſay, till ſuch time as it was dark Night. We heard them laugh heartily from the Hall where we were, and could eaſily perceive they were all in very good Humour. As for the *Count*, nothing leſs could be expected from him, but for *Celinda*, ſhe came altogether on another Account; yet ſhe no ſooner ſaw the *Count* but her Heart was ſatisfied, and ſhe forgot the Complaints and Reproaches ſhe came to utter againſt him; and the *Count*, on his part, knew ſo well how to humour her, and lull aſleep the Grievances ſhe ſuffer'd on account of Jealouſy, that ſhe became at length perfectly eaſy, inſomuch, that when ſhe and her Couſin found themſelves alone with the *Count*, they both unmask'd. *Celinda*, who thought to give a new Uneaſineſs to the *Count*, made uſe of all her Charms for that purpoſe, but without Succeſs. His Lordſhip, however, told us afterwards, he had much ado to ſecure his Heart, ſhe appear'd ſo extra-

ordinary

ordinary Charming. This occaſion'd the ſaying a great many fine Things to her, which pleas'd her highly. Not long after a fine Collation was ſerv'd up, and ſo having reciprocally utter'd a great many Gallantries, ſoft Things, merry Whimſies, Kindneſſes and Proteſtations, to ſee one another often on both ſides, the two Cavaliers took their Leaves and departed, but which was not till the *Confidente* had above ten times remember'd her Couſin it was time to be gone, and that they ran ſome Hazard in continuing there any longer; but what can a Woman fear that is ſo much in love as this Lady was?

The *Count* no ſooner ſaw himſelf at liberty than he came to us again, and found us as he had left us, with our Arms in our Hands, but we muſt ſoon quit them to go to Supper, which was now ready. *Valerio*, upon his Return home, found his Siſter's Mind ſo taken up with what her Father had told her about the Eſtate and Houſe, that ſhe was greatly impatient to ſee both. There was no great Difficulty to perſwade the good old Gentleman to go along with her, for he no ſooner heard her Deſires, but he ſent thither ſome Furniture and other Neceſſaries, that they might be more at their Eaſe, in caſe they were minded to continue there ſome Days. *Valerio* told me of this, and I acquainted the *Count* with it by way of Diſcourſe, who, after a little conſidering, told me, he alſo had a mind to go and ſee that Eſtate, to know if the Undertakers had ſo well ſucceeded as was pretended, and to ſurpriſe *Valerio*'s Father, by coming to dine with him unexpectedly. This ſaid, he bid me get my ſelf ready next Morning, and we ſhould go together. I promis'd to do ſo, but thought, at the ſame time, I ſhould not a little diſoblige my Friend *Valerio*, if I did not give him notice of it. I did it by a few Lines; ſo that when we came, which was much about Dinner-time, we found all Things in good order, and a neat, tho' not an extraordinary Dinner ready to ſet on the Table. Tho' the old Gentleman and his Son ſeem'd greatly ſurpris'd to ſee us, yet the *Count* ſaw plainly enough I had done the Duty of a Friend, and, perhaps, he had a mind I ſhould do ſo, therefore ſaid nothing to me of it. We din'd very well, and afterwards, till the Hour was come for walking, ſpent our Time in viſiting the Houſe, where the *Count* inſenſibly led us from one Room to another,

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diſcovering ſeveral pretty Conveniencies, which we could not before ſee. Among others, he ſhew'd us the little Cloſets in *Eleonora*'s Appartment, which was ſomewhat extraordinary rare, and which no Body knew what to make of, becauſe there appear'd no Entrance, nor any Lock and Key, which was ſupplied by ſeveral hidden Springs. The fineſt Paintings being here, and more eſpecially the various Portraits of the Fair *Eleonora*; the *Count* had no ſooner open'd them, but every Body was aſtoniſh'd with Admiration. 'Tis here indeed, ſaid I, ſeeing no Body elſe ſpoke, that true Enchantment appears, and this *Chateau* ſeems to have been built by the *Fairies*. The manner I ſpoke this in, made all the Company ready to laugh, ſo that we paſs'd all of a ſudden from a ſevere Silence to great Mirth, for we all ſpoke together, and every one ſaid ſomething to the Advantage of the *Count*. *Eleonora* knew her ſelf at firſt Sight by her Pictures, and was greatly ſurpris'd at it. As for the Father and Brother, whether it was they were buſied elſewhere, or that they thought there was ſome Danger in looking that way, they did not ſo much as conſider theſe Portraits in the leaſt; but, for my part, I ſoon found them out, and could not ſufficiently admire them. After having run over the whole Houſe from top to bottom, we at laſt ſtop'd, to reſt our ſelves in a fine Hall, which being very proper for Inſtruments and the Voice, and *Eleonora*'s Lute ſtanding in the Caſe in a Corner, it gave us occaſion to beg once more, that ſhe would be pleas'd to divert the *Count* and the Company with a *Solo* or two. To this ſhe anſwer'd, we all knew ſhe wanted no Entreaty the firſt time we ask'd her, but now we were come to require a ſecond, there muſt ſomething be done firſt to oblige her to it. We ask'd merrily what that Something was. She replied, (but not without a Bluſh) that ſhe would gladly hear the *Count* upon that Inſtrument before ſhe expos'd her ſelf any more. I told her, that was but reaſonable; and as I judg'd the *Count* would not refuſe to comply with her Requeſt, I preſented him the Lute. He acquitted himſelf like one that underſtood that Inſtrument perfectly well, inſomuch that both *Eleonora* and her Father, who knew it rather better than his Daughter, were ſurpris'd at it. After having done, the *Count* return'd the Lute to the Fair *Eleonora*, who play'd to us upon it for above half an Hour ſeveral

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new Pieces of Muſick, which he had never heard before, and which were exceeding harmonious. As ſhe was about to lay down the Inſtrument, her Brother ſtop'd her, and ſaid ſhe ſhould not get off ſo, for he muſt have a Song from her to divert the Company yet further. This troubled her a little, and ſhe would fain have excus'd it, but her Father having whiſper'd her two or three Words, ſhe took up her Lute again, and having tuned it to her Voice, ſung the following *Air*, which was the more welcome, in that no Body thought ſhe had ſo fine a Voice as ſhe appear'd to have, and which, perhaps, could not be excell'd throughout all *Rome*.

The AIR.

Beſtow elſewhere your pois'nous Jealouſy;
Cruel Fury, Cruel Fury to my Love and me.
No more my Heart ſhall languiſh,
Spirits be no more depreſt:
Sweeteſt Hope to chear my Anguiſh,
Return into, return into my Breaſt.

The *Count* was altogether in Raptures upon hearing this Air, and ſeem'd to devour his Miſtreſs with his Eyes as well as Ears. It was indeed too much for one, that was already ſo charm'd with her Perſon, to be attack'd likewiſe by her Voice, which he knew nothing of, but admir'd above all Things in the World. She thought we were ſatisfied with what we had heard, but I made my Court to the *Count*, that he would be pleas'd to entreat her to ſing that *Air* once again, which ſhe did, and then the *Count* knew it to be an *Air* in Vogue, compos'd by a great Maſter, but he could not imagine whoſe the Words were, for they pleas'd him extreamly. He had a great mind to know, and *Valerio*, whom he ask'd the Secret of, told him they were his Siſter's, who ſometimes amus'd her ſelf with making Words to Tunes. This pleas'd the *Count* yet more, and he beg'd of me to deſire *Valerio* to give him a Copy of them. The Time for walking being come, we took ſeveral Turns in the Garden, which was wonderful fine, and at our coming in again, the Sun being almoſt down, and all the Family ready to go to Bed, the *Count* ſaw it was high time to take Leave; which

which doing, he invited the Father and his Family to come next Morning betimes and partake of the Diverſion of a Fiſhing-bout, which he deſign'd to give them in a large Pond he had about half a League from his Houſe of *Palviano*, where he judg'd there muſt be good Fiſh, becauſe he had not fiſh'd there for at leaſt a Year. He ſaid, if they would be ſo kind as to come, he would be ſure to ſend his Coach for them in the Morning early. The good old Gentleman lov'd theſe ſort of Country Diverſions extreamly, and if he had not, he could not have refus'd the *Count* what he deſir'd of him. He told him conſequently, he would be ſure to wait upon him, and bring his Son along with him. All this while there was not a Word ſaid of *Eleonora*; but the Father and Brother going, they could not diſpence with carrying her along with them, ſince ſhe lov'd Country Sports as well as either of them. The *Count* and I taking Horſe immediately, we ſoon got to his Houſe, where we found Supper ready. Next Morning, riſing very betimes, we went to the Pond to ſee if any Care had been taken about the Fiſhing, and we found almoſt every Thing in order, there being twenty expert Fiſhermen and Peaſants, and *Valentine* at the Head of them, who had always the general Orders. This Pond was one of the fineſt within ten Leagues of this City, not only for its Largeneſs, but its Beauty and clear Water, for its Bordure of Flowers, its Graſs-Plots, and a thouſand other Ornaments. But what is yet more curious, and at the ſame time more delightful, was a ſort of Enchanted Caſtle, which floated upon the Water, and charm'd at firſt Sight with its variety of Paintings, and Gold that glitter'd every where. I call it Enchanted, becauſe it was built upon *Pontons*, and could be eaſily mov'd any where without any Bodies being ſeen. It had neither Oars, Sails, nor Tackle in view, yet two Men only, that lay conceal'd, could move it by means of two Ropes, tho' it was a very large Wooden Machine. It had a great Hall in the middle, which was to eat in, with a large Dome at top, round which there was a Gallery for Muſick. At the four Corners of this Hall there were four Cloſets in the Form of Towers, each of which had a Hanging-Balcony, all cover'd with a *Treillis* and Muſcat-Vines, which was a great Trouble to maintain. There were two large Entrances into this Caſtle, which anſwer'd

to

to two Avenues, that came up to the two Ends of the Pond. As the Company came commonly thro' one of these Avenues, 'tis generally to one of these Ends of the Pond that the Machine mov'd. When we found all Things were ready, we enter'd into one of these Avenues, thro' which we knew the Company would come; and we had not walk'd above a quarter of a League before we saw the Coach coming, *Valerio* having rais'd his Father and Sister betimes, not only because he would not make the *Count* stay, but by reason he had a mind to be at the beginning of the Diversion himself. For the *Count*'s Part, who was well acquainted with the nice Humour of the Father, he was more than ordinarily afraid his *Eleonora* was not with them, especially when he observ'd they came so early, and he could not help acquainting me with it: But he soon after saw her in the Coach, which afforded him all imaginable Delight. He nevertheless seem'd surpris'd at the Sight of her, telling her he could not have believ'd she would have given her self the Trouble to come so far, and, that, above all, she would have rise so very betimes for a Trifle. Her Father answer'd, 'Twas a Diversion she had never seen, and moreover 'twould have been melancholy to have left her alone in the House. We were no sooner seen coming, but the Machine began to move, and it was got to the Borders of the Pond almost as soon as we were come thither. The Father, with his Son and Daughter, were greatly astonish'd to see a House float, and come to receive them at the brink of the Pond, without any Body's being perceiv'd to move it. We were no sooner got into it, but it return'd to the Place from whence it came, which was the middle of the Pond, where the Anchors were no sooner cast out but it remain'd fix'd. Both *Eleonora* and her Father were charm'd with the Neatness and Magnificence of this little Building; but, as they were not willing to lose any more Time, they refer'd the considering of it till after the Fishing was over. The Fishermen were already in the Water, or in their Boats; and as we had a mind not to stand idle, *Valerio* and I got into one Boat, and the *Count* and *Valentine* into another, to give Orders. I will not pretend to describe all the Pleasure we had, that being impossible; it is sufficient to tell you, that never People were better diverted, for we took Fish in great Abundance,

* * * and

and ſome that were exceeding large. *Eleonora* and her Father, who were plac'd in a Gallery with a Carpet before them, had all the Share in the Diverſion they could deſire, for they ſaw every thing that paſs'd, and a good Fiſh was no ſooner taken, but it was carried up and preſented to them. Never had *Eleonora* ſo much Pleaſure before, but however great it was to us all, we muſt quickly abandon it, not only becauſe our Men began to be tir'd, but by reaſon the Sun incommoded us ſo much, that it was hardly to be endur'd. Dinner-time being at length come, we enter'd with the *Count* into the *Chateau* to refreſh our ſelves, and laugh at the many Accidents had happen'd during the Fiſhing, when the Fiſhermen, to divert the Company, play'd a thouſand Tricks with one another. All theſe little Stories, and the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Paintings of this little *Chateau*, having buſied us till Dinner-time, the Machine began to move a ſecond time, to carry us to a Houſe where an Entertainment was prepar'd for us, and which had been built for that, and to ſerve for a Magazine for our Fiſhing-Tackle and Equipage. We had a noble Entertainment, conſidering we were but four in Company. There was no Want of Fiſh or Fleſh, every Thing abounded both for Eating and Drinking. I was at a Loſs how we ſhould ſpend the Afternoon till it was time for us to go home, when, after an Hours pleaſant Converſation, two Lutes, a Viol and Violin, were brought us, and were what we were wiſhing for, none of us being without Muſick-Books. The firſt Lute was preſented to *Eleonora*; the next to the *Count*, which he offer'd out of Complaiſance to the Father, but the good Man excus'd himſelf in the beſt manner he cou'd, and deſir'd the *Count* to make uſe of it: *Valerio* ſeiz'd the Viol, and I the Violin; ſo we began as fine and agreeable a Conſort as we could have heard in *Rome*, which laſted till 'twas time for us to retire, and we had notice the Coach was ready. *Valerio*'s Father, out of a Compliment, pray'd the *Count* to give Leave that they might accompany him to his Houſe, becauſe it was in their Way home, at leaſt not far out of it. The Lover deſir'd nothing more; however, he civilly pretended to excuſe him that Trouble, yet in ſuch manner, that the Father found 'twou'd not be taken ill if he did. So we ſet out all together, and drove ſo, that we arriv'd at the *Count*'s in a little

little more than a quarter of an Hour. The Sun being ſtill very high, and three Hours to Night, the *Count* deſir'd *Valerio*'s Father, who had but an Hours driving home, to ſtay a little, tho' 'twere but while he and his Daughter cou'd ſee his Houſe and Gardens. The young Lady ſhewing a great Deſire to do ſo, the old Man did not need many Entreaties. They alighted out of their Coach, and firſt view'd the outſide, which was moſt magnificent, tho' the inſide was very fine. The Parterres, the Fountains, Walks and Arbours, are as pleaſant as in any Nobleman's *Villa* near *Rome*. No Body had better Flowers or Fruit, nor in greater Abundance, as well to pleaſe the Taſte as the Smell, or entertain the Sight. I will not ſtand to tell you a hundred ſoft Things the *Count* found Opportunities to ſay to the Fair Lady in this Walk; I ſhould not have done in leſs Time than it took up. You may eaſily gueſs, by the Sequel of this Story, what he talk'd of, and how he paſs'd his Time. He cou'd court as well as any Man; and I can aſſure you, he ſaw his Affairs pretty well advanc'd before they parted; for tho' *Eleonora*'s Father was always at her Elbow, and very cautious of truſting her out of his Hearing, yet the *Count* open'd himſelf to her, and ſhe gave him an Anſwer without any ones obſerving them, or knowing what they ſaid. But they had not walk'd long, before an Opportunity preſented for the *Count* to make his Compliments in Publick. They were going down a very curious Alley, to ſee a fine Arbour that was there. The *Count* headed the Company, and was about to enter it with his Miſtreſs, when on a ſudden two Ladies bolted out in Masks, to the Surpriſe of us all, one of them breaking from the other, who would have ſtop'd her, ran againſt *Eleonora*, and puſh'd her ſo rudely with her Elbow, that ſhe recoil'd two or three Steps. *Eleonora* thought ſhe could not revenge her ſelf better for ſuch an Inſult, than by burſting out into a Fit of Laughter. The *Count* was terribly enrag'd at this, and could not help ſhewing his Reſentment by crying out in an angry Tone, *'Tis too much, too much, Madam*: Yes, replied the Lady, turning her Head aſide with a ſcornful Air, *'Tis too much for a little Inſignificant Citizen. Eleonora* was more nettled at this Reproach, tho' it did not affect her, than at the Blow of her Elbow, and replied in as fierce a Tone as ſhe, *Thoſe little Inſignificant Citizens, are not*

ſo

ſo Infamous as thoſe that come and ſeek Men in their very Houſes. The Lady anſwer'd, *I ſee you are well provided, you have two Cloaks: And if you have but one,* ſays *Eleonora, you are an honeſter Woman than I take you for.* The Lady ſaid no more, either believing there were too many againſt her, or ſeeing her Companion, who was not willing to quarrel with the *Count*, had left her, and was already almoſt out of Sight; ſo ſhe follow'd her, and both got into their Coach, which waited for them a little way off. The *Count* was vex'd to the Heart that any Adventure ſhould have done his Love for *Eleonora* a Prejudice. He was penſive and melancholy after it, which ſhe obſerving, ſaid, We are certainly come here very unſeaſonably; Say rather, Madam, replied the *Count*, you have deliver'd me from a great deal of Trouble, but I am ſorry 'twas at your Expence. The Miſchief, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, is not very great; theſe are Things one Woman ought to forgive another, and 'tis better to ſuffer than to do them. There are fooliſh Women, replied the *Count*, as well as wiſe, and all Men of Senſe deſpiſe the former, as much as they adore the latter. They then chang'd the Diſcourſe, which this Accident had made more ſerious, and leſs agreeable, than it had been all the Day before. The Arbour we went to ſee, was the fineſt about the Houſe; there was a ſort of Bath and Fountain in it, Graſs-Beds and Seats, together with a hundred Ornaments of Ever-Greens, with which we were ſo charm'd, that we ſtay'd there ſome time. Then the *Count* invited the Company to go to another which was as fine, and there we found a delicious Collation of Sweetmeats, Fruit and Wine. Time generally flies away in ſuch Entertainments; and before we were hardly well ſeated, *Valerio*'s Father, perceiving it grew late, began to ſhew ſome Uneaſineſs, and thanking the *Count* for the Honour he had done him, deſir'd Leave to continue his way home; ſo taking *Eleonora* and *Valerio* with him, he went into his Coach; which, after mutual Compliments on all ſides, drove away. We got a Horſe-back, accompanied them a Mile or two; then bidding them farewell till next Day, we rode to Town.

As ſoon as we were by our ſelves, the Count could not help diſcovering how vex'd he was at the Rudeneſs of thoſe Two Ladies, eſpecially *Celinda*'s extravagant Behaviour; but knowing the imperious Humour of that Woman, and of

what Follies ſhe had been guilty, he was afraid of quarelling with her, leſt *Eleonora*'s Reputation might ſuffer, which was as dear to him as his Life. He had taken notice how the Father was concern'd at the Affront that was offer'd his Daughter, not ſo much for his Daughter's ſake, whom he knew to be above it, as for the Count's, who he ſaw was in Pain about it; telling him, his Daughter's Honour would not ſuffer by a Blow from a Woman, whoſe Heart 'twas plain was touch'd, and he believ'd ſhe had Reaſon to do what ſhe did. As for me, I knew the Two Nymphs immediately, I had been a Servant of *Veronica*'s, and all the Town knew her Couſin ran after the Count. I let *Valerio* know ſomething of the Matter, who, like a Man that knew the World, only laugh'd at it, and was the Perſon who contributed moſt towards bringing the Company into good Humour again by rallying upon it, for which the Count was extreamly pleas'd with him. The Count finding I knew the Two Ladies, told me, all his Concern was for fear they ſhould know *Eleonora* or her Father, which he could not think they did by what *Celinda* ſaid, in calling her Citizen, her Father paſſing for a very good Gentleman; but he was not long in ſuſpence about it, for when he came home, *Valentine*, whom he had order'd to inquire what theſe Ladies came for of their Servants, told us, that *Celinda* had ſent her Lackey, a ſharp Lad, to know where the Count was, who underſtood by ſome of the moſt indiſcreet of his Servants he was gone a Fiſhing, and alſo the Particulars of what had paſs'd, and who were with him. Upon which thoſe Ladies reſolv'd to wait for him at his return, believing he would not bring his Company to his Country-Houſe, becauſe her Lackey was told he did not deſign it. The Count was thoughtful upon hearing this News, foreſeeing the Conſequence of ſuch a Woman's Malice as *Celinda*'s. To prevent it, he went early next Morning to *Veronica*; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, would have laid all the Blame on her Couſin, and told him all the Matter as it happen'd, and with what Deſign they came there, only for a Walk, not thinking to find any Company there; ſhe confirm'd all *Valentine* had ſaid, and how, by means of one of his Lackeys, they came to know what had paſs'd at the Fiſhing, and that, notwithſtanding *Celinda* had call'd *Eleonora* Citizen, ſhe knew very well who ſhe was; and tho' ſhe had

had not ſeen her before, had often heard of her, *Camillo* her Husband's Lieutenant-Colonel being in love with her. She told him then, what a furious Paſſion her Couſin was in all the way home, and how mad *Eleonora*'s laſt Words had made her. The Count was very ſilent all the while, But when *Veronica* had done ſpeaking, he pray'd her to go to her Couſin's from him, and ask her how ſhe intended to live with him for the future, either as a Friend or otherwiſe; and he would have her conſider well with her ſelf, for he could be as troubleſome to her as ſhe was to him. *Veronica* went immediately and found her Couſin a little calmer, having eas'd her ſelf by ſending for *Camillo*, and telling him all ſhe knew, and more of the Count's Amours with *Eleonora*. *Camillo* was one of thoſe Bravo's, who had rather Shoot a Man thro' a Window as he paſs'd along the Streets, than fight him fairly, or aſſaſſinate him at Night arm'd Cap-a-pè with two Cut-Throats to ſecond him. He had already been guilty of two or three ſuch notable Actions. He was born to an Eſtate, and with his Money purchas'd his Commiſſion, which had more than once ſav'd him from the Puniſhment he deſerv'd for his Raſhneſs and Violence, tho' it had often drain'd his Pocket to get clear of the Troubles his Rage brought him into. He was handſome, but a great Boaſter and Talker, having in all Things a good Opinion of himſelf, which is common in Men of his Make. He had been in Love with *Eleonora* two Years, his Paſſion reſembling the Tranſports of a Mad-man more than the Addreſſes of a Lover. He at firſt hector'd, and made a Buſtle, threatning to kill all his Rivals; which had ſuch an Effect, that they all gave way to him. However, he was never the happier for it with his Miſtreſs, who, to avoid ſeeing him, had for a long time kept within Doors, not ſo much as going to Church on Holidays. Upon which he roar'd and rav'd, threatning to kill himſelf if ſhe did not come out. He would lie at her Door all Night to watch for an opportunity to ſee her. Her Father, to get rid of his Impertinence, threw himſelf at the Feet of a Cardinal ſince dead, and beg'd his Protection againſt him. His *Eminence* ſo reſented *Camillo*'s Extravagance, with reſpect to *Eleonora*, and ſome other Faults he had committed, that 'twas debated whether he ſhould not be broke, and baniſh'd the Eccleſiaſtical State. He had notice of the Danger he was in before

'twas too late to prevent it, and ſtood in need of all his Friends Credit to defend himſelf againſt this Blow; which he did, but on Conditions that were very hard for him and his Love, which were ſignified to him by his Colonel. One among others was, that he ſhould never think more of Courting that young Gentlewoman, unleſs in an honourable Way, and that his Deſign was to marry her, and her Friends conſented to it; and was forbidden to go thro' the Street ſhe liv'd in, or diſturb any body who made Love to her, upon Pain of looſing his Commiſſion. This Sentence ſomewhat abated the Fury of ſo dreadful a Lover, for he knew he had to do with Judges, who would ſhew him no Mercy if he broke the leaſt Article of the Treaty. Thus, if he was not leſs Amorous, his Paſſion became more moderate. He durſt not paſs by her Door in the Day-time, but at Night he ſpent whole Hours in watching up and down before it; and us'd to lie at an old Lieutenant's of his Regiment, who had two Rooms ready furniſh'd in a Houſe ſo near *Eleonora*'s Father's, that there was only a narrow Lane between them: There he ſtay'd all Night looking out of the Window, as well to try if he could ſee his Miſtreſs, as to obſerve if any Rival came that Way. When he firſt courted her, he had no Thoughts of marrying her; but afterwards being better acquainted with the young Lady's Virtue, and more in Love with her, and would willingly have made the Propoſition, had he not thought both the Father and Brother would not have hearken'd to it. They were ſo offended with him for his furious Behaviour, that they inclin'd to it as little ſince the Sentence againſt him, as before, ſo he endeavour'd to gain their Eſteem and Friendſhip by a quite contrary Conduct: I mean, by Diſcretion, Moderation, and even Civility and Reſpect, which he ſhew'd on all Occaſions when he thought they ſaw him, or could hear of him. Thus the Father became well enough pleas'd with him, only he did not think fit to make him his Son-in-law. His Deſire to marry *Eleonora* encreas'd by the Addition that was made to her Fortune on her Father's recovering a good Eſtate, for which he a long time was at Law. Her Brother alſo had a very honourable and profitable Poſt, ſo that *Eleonora* was now a good Match for any one. 'Twas on this Account that he redoubled his Cares, and try'd all the Ways he could think of to gain the Brother's good Will. He appear'd

pear'd ſo chang'd in his Temper, that all the World admired at it. And in this State was his Heart, when *Celinda* troubl'd it and his Brains with the dreadful News I have before mention'd. She made the Matter worſe than it was, which ſhe had a way of doing, by a malicious Turn ſhe gave every Thing. She told all the Story of the Fiſhing, as if ſhe had been there preſent, and of the Dinner alſo, the Walk and Collation, having had it from one of the Count's Lackeys. She did all ſhe could to raiſe this Lover's Jealouſy, too apt to take Fire of it ſelf. He turn'd pale, trembl'd, and fell into ſuch a violent Paſſion, that he did not know what he ſaid or did. When ſhe had done this, ſhe was ſatisfy'd, thinking ſhe had done enough, and ſhould ſuddenly be reveng'd. *Camillo* went away in ſuch a Fury, no body could have imagin'd the Count and his Miſtreſs would live twenty four Hours after it; at leaſt *Celinda* hop'd he would do ſomething or other that ſhould ruin her Rival, and oblige the Count to leave her. *Veronica* came to her a Minute or two after *Camillo* left her: She acquitted her ſelf of the Commiſſion ſhe had receiv'd like a Relation and Friend, knowing what ill Conſequences might happen from a Quarrel between a young Woman as *Celinda* was, and a Man of the Count's Quality. Her Couſin, tir'd with her Arguments on that Subject, interrupted her, ſaying, There was no occaſion of ſo much Advice, and ſo many Reflections; that ſhe had done what ſhe reſolv'd to do; that ſhe knew the Count, and would never have any more to do with him, nor think of him, nor ſpeak to him as long as ſhe liv'd. *Veronica* anſwer'd, 'Twas very well: But if ſhe would act like a prudent Woman, ſhe ſhould part with him like good Friends, for the Count was able to oblige her and her Family, eſpecially her Husband, who might expect conſiderable Services from him. *Celinda* made ſlight of it; and *Veronica* taking Leave of her, return'd home to write the Count word in what Temper ſhe found her; but ſhe ſoften'd the Matter as much as ſhe could out of kindneſs to her Kinſwoman, and to pleaſe this Lord. The Count and ſhe let it ſleep, as if there would no more come of it, which was pardonable in him, becauſe he depended on what *Veronica* had ſaid; but not in her, who was a Woman that knew the World, and was acquainted with her Couſin's Character and Complection, which was not likely

to put up ſuch an Affront. Women ſeldom go from violent Jealouſy to Indifference, which *Veronica* would have perſwaded the Count was her Caſe. 'Tis the laſt Thing a Woman can do to forgive a Man that has deſpis'd her. The Count believing *Veronica*'s Information, thought he had ſaid enough to check *Celinda*, and make her hold her Tongue. He was impatient to write to *Eleonora*, who he doubted not was vext at her unlucky Meeting with thoſe two Ladies, and the Scuffle that happen'd, which ſhe was apprehenſive would make a Noiſe in the Town. He began his Letter, by repreſenting how much he was ſorry for the Ladies extravagant and rude Behaviour; but he had taken care ſhe ſhould be wiſer for the future, and that the Thing ſhould go no farther. To which he added, That if he could be ſo happy as to have a Moment's Diſcourſe with her, he would tell her the whole Story of the Meeting, of which ſhe had innocently been the Cauſe. The Count argu'd as he would have it; but *Eleonora* had a Soul that was not to be amus'd like thoſe of other Women. However, ſhe lov'd the Count, tho' ſhe hardly knew it, and was jealous at the ſame time, that to her own thinking ſhe did not know what Love or Jealouſy was. She bluſh'd, and chid her ſelf for her Weakneſs; but her Reflections only encreas'd her Diſeaſe, and her Brother blew the Fire into a Flame, by telling her *Celinda* was one of the Beauties of *Rome*, who, as 'twas ſaid, was paſſionately in love with the Count. *Eleonora* would fain have ask'd her Brother, whether the Count was not in love with her too, but ſhe could not tell how to bring it about, fearing ſhe ſhould ſeem too inquiſitive. The following Night was a cruel one to her; ſhe was the firſt that was awak'd in the Houſe, and the firſt ready to return to the City, where, as ſoon as ſhe arriv'd, ſhe was thinking to write to the Count when ſhe receiv'd the Billet he ſent her, and her Anſwer, as *Valentine* told me, was to this purpoſe;

" If to be belov'd by a Man of Honour, as you are, can
" injure the Reputation of a young Lady of my Character,
" I ſhould not ſtay to be told of it by the World. I know
" how to tell my ſelf, and, as pleaſant or advantageous as
" it might be to me, have Virtue enough to renounce it.
" But Love is no Crime; 'tis not always in our Power to

" love

" love, or not to love, as we pleaſe. If all the World " knew your Paſſion for me, and that I cannot ſee ſo much " Merit as is in you with Indifference; what then? Sooner " or later they will know how far my Concern goes, and " that I remember my Duty, when others forget theirs. " Let the proud Lady ſay what ſhe will, my Lord, don't " give your ſelf ſo much Trouble to ſweeten her. Let her " Rave, and make as much Noiſe as ſhe can, I ſhall only " pity, or perhaps deſpiſe her. I may get more by her be- " ing Mad and Furious, than Honourable and Diſcreet. A " tender ſilent Jealouſy is what I fear moſt. But I can't " comprehend how, as you ſay, I was the Cauſe of that " Beauty's coming there: 'Tis a Riddle to me, and, out of " Curioſity to know more of it, I ſhall agree to what perhaps " out of Love I could not have conſented to talk with " you about. There's no more harm in Talking, than " in Writing; if Perſons write, and don't talk in this " Country, in others they talk, and don't write, Cuſtom, " and not Virtue, governs in theſe Caſes. As for me, what- " ever I do for you, I ſhall take care of mine. *Iſabella* " will tell you what I have reſolv'd. Endeavour to make " uſe of it, 'twill be to no purpoſe to ask more of me; 'tis " all I can do, and all you are to expect of me.

The Count had ſeveral times deſir'd of *Eleonora* a Moment or two's Converſation with her in all the Letters he wrote her. He had repeated his Requeſt *viva voce* on all Occaſions, as at Fiſhings, and at his Country-Houſe. She had not abſolutely deny'd him, ſaying only, ſhe queſtion'd whether ſhe could do it or not. The old Woman, who was every Day better diſpos'd towards the Lover, becauſe her Purſe every Day was the fuller for it, ſolicited her Miſtreſs earneſtly, with her uſual Simplicity, to oblige the Count ſo far, for ſhe believ'd he would marry her, and ſhe and all her Family had Obligations to him. *Eleonora*, who in the main, deſir'd a Meeting as much as he, being importun'd by her, told her, ſhe could not ſee how it could be done; ſhe would never conſent to receive him in their Houſe by Night or by Day, tho' he was to marry her on the Morrow; neither could ſhe agree to talk with him out of a Window, that Way being liable to many Inconveniencies; wherefore if ſhe knew any Expedient, ſhe bad her propoſe

it. The old Woman repli'd, There was a Dormer-Window in a Buttry joyning to her Chamber, by which, without any manner of expoſing her ſelf, ſhe might ſatisfy the Count. *Eleonora* laugh'd to hear an old Fool, as ſhe was, mention the moſt convenient Method for their Interview that could be thought of. This Woman's Room was on the Ground-Floor, and the Light only came into it through a Window that look'd into the Court. In this Room there was a ſort of Buttry, to which there was no Light but what came thro' a little Dormer-Window that look'd into a narrow Lane, and had two Iron-Bars a-croſs it, ſo cloſe, that all could be done was to put ones Hand or Arm thro'; however 'twas convenient enough to talk at, or for ſeeing any one at a proper Time, being about a Man's height. The old Woman having found out this Place, *Eleonora* appointed the Count a Meeting at it, if he could make uſe of it, there being no other ſo proper about the Houſe, no body ever ſuſpecting any ones coming into the narrow Lane, there being no Buſineſs to be done there. The old Woman rejoycing that ſhe had ſuch good News to carry the Count, haſten'd away with it, and the Anſwer ſhe wrote to his Letter. She was as welcome as ſhe wiſh'd to be. The Lover deſir'd no greater Happineſs, than to ſee and talk to his Miſtreſs alone. No matter whether in a broad Street or narrow Lane, whether thro' a Dormer-Window, whether the Place was clean or dirty, all was equal to him, provided *Eleonora* was there. He ask'd *Iſabella*, If he might not be ſo happy as to meet her that very Day, Lovers being always impatient. She repli'd, Her Miſtreſs bad her tell him, he might come at Night at Eleven a Clock, that he ſhould knock ſoftly thrice at the Window, and it ſhould be open'd to him. The Count was in an Extaſy to think of this charming Interview, and the Expectation of it was as tranſporting as the Meeting it ſelf. The Hours ſeem'd too tardy, and never was Time better watch'd or told. When 'twas Eleven a Clock, he ran to the Place of Rendezvous, and all the way was in a Rapture. A Man muſt be a Lover, and a paſſionate Lover too, to know what he felt in his Soul. He came to the Window, made the Signal, and the fair *Eleonora* open'd it her ſelf. She waited for him trembling all the while, for ſhe was not us'd to allow her ſelf ſuch Liberties, tho' they were

common

common in this Country even among the moſt virtuous Women. I ſhall not enter upon the Particulars of their Converſation, 'tis eaſy to imagine what it conſiſted of. *Eleonora* bad the Count talk ſoftly, becauſe her Father lay directly over that Room. Sighs and Oaths, which may be made without Noiſe, were not ſpar'd on the Count's ſide; and we may ſuppoſe the Fair let ſome tender Sentiments eſcape her, and perhaps more than ſhe was willing to diſcover. The Count told *Eleonora* the whole Story of the Affair with *Celinda*, and ſhe was very well ſatisfy'd. This was follow'd with Proteſtations of Fidelity, eternal Love, and all that Tenderneſs can inſpire two Perſons of their Senſe and Breeding with to ſay on ſuch an Occaſion. The Count was not weary with waiting, tho' the Clock had ſtruck Two before the Interview broke up. *Eleonora* often told him, 'twas time to be gone, and he ſhould not abuſe the Liberty ſhe gave him. He obey'd at laſt; but before he went, he put his Hand through the Hole, and *Eleonora* gave him hers, which he kiſs'd a thouſand and a thouſand times with Tranſports not to be expreſs'd. Then the Window was ſhut, and the Count withdrew ſo glad, and ſo content with his Fortune, that he could not ſleep a Wink all Night, which he thought he paſs'd more pleaſantly, than if he had ſpent it in the moſt agreeable Slumbers. He was ſcarce up and dreſs'd before a Page came to tell him the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Pope's Guards deſir'd to ſee him. He knew him, had been viſited by him, and he ſometimes came to dine with him; ſo his Viſit did not now ſurpriſe him, it not entering into his Thoughts that he came about *Eleonora*, tho' he had heard talk of his being in love with her, and the Extravagancies he had been guilty of on that Account. He had been told, the Sentence paſs'd againſt him had made him wiſer, and that he thought no more of her; ſo he bad his Page bring him in. *Camillo* ſeem'd to be in ſome Confuſion, but that was no more than he us'd to be when he endeavour'd to put on a civil and complaiſant Carriage. The Count receiv'd him with his uſual Freedom, and ask'd Leave of him to dreſs himſelf, after which they walk'd into a Gallery that look'd into the Garden, for the Benefit of the Air. *Camillo* all this while talk'd confuſedly, like a Man whoſe Head was full of ſomething elſe; at laſt he ſtood ſilent ſome time, and then all at once ask'd the Count with

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the ſame Confuſion, If he might preſume to take the liberty to open his Heart to him, and tell him the truth of a Matter, on which both his Eaſe and his Life depended. The Count was a little ſupris'd at ſuch a Queſtion, and whatever Face he put upon it, gueſs'd that *Camillo*'s Flame was not quite extinguiſh'd, as he had imagin'd; that *Celinda* had broke her Word, and been talking to him of *Eleonora*. However he reply'd ſomewhat ſternly, He might ſpeak boldly, for ſay what he would, he was prepar'd to hear him. Upon which, *Camillo* reſum'd the Diſcourſe, like a Manth at falls from one Confuſion into another, and was at a loſs what to ſay, telling him, he had heard he was in love with *Eleonora*; that he was not the only Perſon in *Rome*, who did not know he had courted that young Lady about two Years. He ſhould be ridiculous, to require a Perſon of his Quality to have any regard for him, and forbear loving ſo lovely a Creature, if his Deſign was the ſame; but he hop'd, that if his was only an Intrigue of Pleaſure, which it muſt be, a Man of his Rank being above thinking of Marriage with a young Woman of hers, he would be ſo honourable and generous as to Sacrifice a ſmall Inclination to him, ſince he intended in a few Days to ask her in Marriage of her Father. The Count, who began to look very coldly on him, finding he talk'd to him in that Tone, grew as gay and eaſy as he us'd to be, and reply'd, He believ'd he knew him well enough, to ſuppoſe he was not a Man who could explain himſelf to him, or any one when requir'd; but his civil Way of Proceeding had engag'd him to tell him in two Words all that he knew of the Matter, which was, that he had a Value for all *Eleonora*'s Family; that her Brother was his particular Friend, who, like himſelf, was a Man of Pleaſure and Honour: As to his Siſter he ſhould not trouble his Head on that ſcore, but puſh on his Deſign as vigorouſly as he could: That he would by no means hinder it, knowing how advantagious it would be for her to marry an Officer of his Merit and Fortune: That if he did not care to ask her in Marriage of her Father, he might employ ſome one elſe to do it for him; and he gave him his Word, that from the Moment he ſhould have the Father or Daughter's Conſent, he would renounce all ſort of Commerce with the Family to give him no manner of Umbrage: That he would never go into the Houſe, nor thro' the Street, unleſs 'twas

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on an extraordinary Occaſion. *Camillo* either believing he could not ask more of him, or thinking 'twould be in vain if he did, ſeem'd to be very well ſatisfy'd, and full of Gratitude for the Count's Goodneſs to him: So taking Leave of him, he went to *Celinda*, to whom he had free Acceſs as the Second Officer of her Husband's Regiment. She had not ſeen him ſince the Day he went from her in ſuch a Rage, and as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe expected to hear of ſome of his Pranks againſt the Count and his Miſtreſs; but underſtanding how he had manag'd himſelf, and what all his Fury and Threats came to, tho' this Hector had told it much more to his Advantage than the thing had really happen'd, ſhe was in a terrible Paſſion with him, upbraiding him with his Cowardice, and deſpiſing him as a Man that was not at all proper to revenge her. So looking on him with Indignation, ſhe ſaid, Is this the brave *Camillo*, that was to drive away the Count as well as his other Rivals, who was not to ſleep till he had had Satisfaction, and was to cut off the Fair One's Noſe if ſhe ſo much as look'd upon him? For thus impertinently had *Camillo* talk'd at the firſt Tranſports of his Fury. He was nettled at her Reproaches, and reply'd, He had ſaid no more than he would do ſtill; but he would go regularly to work, and let all the Blame lie on the Count, if he did not keep his Word with him. As yet he had no Cauſe to complain of him, for he could not have anſwer'd him more honourably than he did, when he queſtion'd him about her; and if he had done otherwiſe, as great a Lord and as Brave as he was, he would have found *Camillo* with his Sword in his Hand give Place to no Body. 'Twas time enough for that yet, and he would ask the young Lady in Marriage before Night. *Celinda* would not talk to him any more about it, fearing her Reſentment would appear too plain if ſhe puſh'd him farther upon revenging her; and that ſhe ſhould ſeem too much concern'd, ſhe ſaid only, that the Count endeavour'd to amuſe him with a falſe Indifference, and would not ſo eaſily have abandon'd his Miſtreſs, had he not been ſure his Propoſals would be rejected. She did not like *Camillo*'s Delay, and intended to quicken him by this Reproof. *Camillo* anſwer'd, If it was ſo, he ſhould know what he had to do; that he would try what it would come to before Twenty four Hours paſs'd over his Head, and afterwards ſhe ſhould

ſee

ſee who were in Fault, his Rival or his Miſtreſs, that he might place his Vengeance right. You'l end this Buſineſs as you have begun it, ſays the Lady. I have begun it, reply'd the Lover provok'd at this new Reproach, like a Man, perhaps, of too much Honour; but you may aſſure your ſelf, Madam, if I don't meet with the ſame honourable Treatment, I ſhall end it like one that's too Furious. He went out haſtily, having ſpoke theſe Words without ſtaying for an Anſwer, and ran directly to a Kinſman of his, who was intimately acquainted with *Eleonora*'s Father; was a Man of Senſe, and fit for the Buſineſs he intended to employ him about, which was, to make the Propoſal of Marriage. His Kinſman knowing how much all the Family was againſt him, would have been glad to have been excus'd, believing there would be no Pleaſure for him, nor Honour for the Lover in ſuch an Attempt; but he was afraid of making him angry by refuſing him. He endeavour'd to put him off of it, or at leaſt to perſwade him not to make ſuch a plain Propoſal, but to try firſt how they were inclin'd to it, that he might not have the Diſgrace of being refus'd for his violent Carriage, which he was ſure they had not yet forgot. The fierce *Camillo* grew a little Sour at the very Name of being refus'd, and reply'd, He was weary of the Delays he had met with; That he had courted the Lady two Years, and ſome how or other would ſee an end of the Buſineſs: If her Relations had been a little Angry with him, they ſhould conſider he had not offended but out of an Exceſs of Love, and that for ſix Months paſt he had behav'd himſelf towards them and her ſo well, that his Civility and Moderation had been obſerv'd and commended; for the ſake of which they ought to forget what had paſs'd eſpecially for that he was as good as they, and might with Reaſon pretend to a greater Fortune. His Kinſman ſeeing him in that Humour, and that 'twould be in vain to endeavour to adviſe him againſt this Step, he being Headſtrong and Whimſical, told him he would do his Duty, and go about it immediately, but he would not be anſwerable for the Succeſs of the Affair, of which he was very diffident. *Camillo* was ſtill in the ſame Tone, ſaying, He had nothing to do, but to go and propoſe the Thing; and whatever was the Iſſue of it, he was come to a Reſolution concerning it. Thus his honeſt Couſin was forc'd to undertake a Thing, of

which

which he knew no Good would come. He waited on *Eleonora*'s Father, and after the uſual Compliments between Gentlemen and Friends, he told him the Occaſion of his Viſit. The good Man, who underſtood himſelf very well, anſwer'd, That he had a great Eſteem for *Camillo*'s Perſon, knowing him to be a Gentleman, who was well born, had a good Eſtate, and was a Man of Merit, whoſe Alliance would be an Honour to his Family; but the Buſineſs did not altogether depend on him; That he was not to be marry'd for his Daughter, but his Daughter for her ſelf, and therefore 'twas reaſonable ſhe ſhould be conſulted on the Matter, which he would do, and give him a more poſitive Anſwer the next Day. *Camillo*'s Kinſman perceiv'd he muſt expect nothing but good Words, and that the Father deſir'd Time only to prepare a handſome Denial. However *Camillo* could not complain of him, nor he of *Eleonora*'s Father. The Friend had done his Duty, and the Lady's Father carry'd himſelf in it like a Gentleman, who wanted neither Senſe nor good Breeding. He told *Camillo* of it, and the Lover ſeem'd to be well ſatisfy'd, flattering himſelf ſtill, that the Anſwer would be favourable.

The Count had already us'd himſelf to write twice or thrice a Day to *Eleonora*; and he did not miſs letting her know the Subject of the extraordinary Viſit he had receiv'd from *Camillo*; the Particulars of which he reſerv'd till their next Meeting, deſiring he might have the Happineſs to ſee her as ſoon as poſſible. She return'd him an Anſwer in the following Words, which I got a Copy of, and ſo did ſeveral others; the Letter being made Publick, as you will ſee by the Sequel of the Story.

" I gueſs very near, my Lord, what was the Occaſion " of *Camillo*'s Viſit. My Father ſpoke to me this Afternoon " about the Propoſals of Marriage which have been made " him in his Name. I anſwer'd in two Words, I was well " as I was, and *Camillo* ſhould never be a Husband for me, " nor have I ſacrific'd very much to you in refuſing him: " You know the Man. If I had not the Sentiments which " I have for you, I ſhould not think better of him. All " Men, my Lord, are not like *Camillo*; I don't fear Love, " becauſe I don't know what it is, and perhaps ſhould not " be the happier if I did. What Difference there is between

Men!

" Men! When one has ſeen and known you, how little
" does one care to ſee and know any Man elſe! But, my
" Lord, if I am born for you, as you ſay you are born for
" me, how comes that ſince our Hearts are ſo well agreed,
" our Fortunes ſhould agree no better? All I can ſay to it
" is, the Choice of our Deſtinies is not in our Power, and
" I found that of my Heart made before I ſo much as
" thought of it. So the Fate of our Hearts is the Buſineſs
" of the Stars, we might be happy if we could make them
" fix'd. You will find what, my Lord, are my Fears of
" yours, for we are always held Independent of that
" which govern us; I feel already 'twill coſt me dear to
" loſe it. Come to Night at the ſame Hour, I'll tell you
" the reſt, and know of you what paſs'd between you and
" this *Camillo*.

When *Celinda* knew who it was that had robb'd her of the Count's Heart, though in truth he never lov'd her but with a guilty Paſſion, ſhe reſolv'd not to be ſatisfy'd with a ſingle Vengeance, which was all ſhe expected from *Camillo*'s Jealouſy; ſhe ſet her Wits to work to revenge her ſelf on *Eleonora* alſo: And to that end hir'd Perſons to watch Night and Day if the Count enter'd his Miſtreſs's Houſe, and learn as much as they could of thoſe Lovers ſecret Intrigues from the Servants, or others employ'd in them. Her Lackey, who, as I have ſaid, was a ſharp cunning Lad, and one of her Spies, on whom ſhe moſt rely'd for Intelligence, came and told her, That he had ſeen an old Woman go often from the Lady's Houſe to the Count's. Whence *Celinda* imagin'd ſhe carry'd Meſſages from one to t'other; ſhe then gave them Orders, if poſſible, to ſurpriſe that old Woman when ſhe went next to the Count, and take from her what ſhe was carrying to him, promiſing the Boy a great Reward if he ſucceeded in it. The hopes of this Reward, made the Lad more zealous than before to ſerve his Lady. He diſguis'd himſelf, put on a Mask, and waited for the old Woman's coming. 'Twas late, and he was going to retire when he ſaw her approaching, he let her paſs by, and follow'd her till ſhe came to a By-Place, where no body could ſee him; he then pull'd her Hand out of her Pocket with the Billet in it, which ſhe carry'd thus for fear of loſing, and caught it from her. The Woman being ſo frighten'd,

frighten'd, ſhe could neither defend her ſelf nor cry out. He left her trembling as ſhe was, and ran with the Letter to his Miſtreſs. *Celinda* triumph'd over our Lovers by this Device, and was over-joy'd when ſhe ſaw how *Camillo* was treated in the Letter, not doubting of the good Effect which it would have on ſo fierce a Nature as his. She had not Patience, late as 'twas, to ſtay till next Day, but ſends for him immediately to communicate the News to him. He came, and as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe ſaid with an Air of Raillery, What's become of your pacifick Negotiation, *Camillo?* He repli'd, It is in a thriving Way, being very well ſatisfy'd with the Father's Anſwer, and the kind Things he ſaid of him; but he deſir'd a little Time to talk to his Daughter, which was juſt and reaſonable, and to morrow he ſhould know the Succeſs. That is to ſay, reply'd *Celinda*, The Buſineſs is as good as half done. I believe ſo, ſays *Camillo*. And you are providing your Wedding-Cloaths, quoth ſhe. *Camillo*, who naturally did not love Raillery, eſpecially on ſuch a Subject as this, perceiving ſhe laugh'd at him by her laſt Words, began to be upon the Fret: And ſhe, to anger and provoke him the more, gave him *Eleonora*'s Billet, ſaying, There, read that; perhaps you'l learn more News out of it concerning your pretended Marriage than you are willing to know. *Camillo* open'd the Letter, and read the Sentence of his Death; of a Death the moſt cruel and frightful that a Man of his Humour, and his amorous and jealous Temper, could ſuffer. I have ſaid enough of him already for you to imagine into what violent Rage *Eleonora*'s Contempt of him, and Love for his Rival, threw him. He talk'd like one out of his Wits, till Fury and Deſpair ſtruck him dumb. *Celinda* ſnatch'd away the Letter from him for fear he ſhould tear it; 'twas too uſeful a Thing for her to loſe it. He would have a Copy of it, which ſhe wrote and gave him; he there left her, without ſaying what he was going about. 'Tis certain, if the Count had gone to the Place of Rendevous at Night, and had not had notice of what had happen'd, he had been ſhot, tho' *Camillo*'s Rage was more againſt *Eleonora* than him. But the old Woman with much ado crawl'd home, and told her Miſtreſs the Miſchance that had happen'd to the Letter. *Eleonora* turn'd pale when ſhe heard it; 'twas a dreadful Blow to her, and the worſt ſhe had ever received

ved in her Life; but ſeeing there was no Time to be loſt in adviſing the Count of it, and hind'ring the Meeting, ſhe wrote him three or four Words only, to tell him, the old Woman would inform him of the Accident which had happen'd to a Billet ſhe had written to him, and which was of great Conſequence to her; that 'twas neceſſary to diſcover the Author of this Treachery, for ſhe ſhould never be at reſt till ſhe knew what was become of the Letter. She forbad him to come to the Place of Rendezvous, becauſe mention was made of it in it, and ſhe would not be there. When this Billet was ſeal'd up, ſhe made the old Woman hide it, where any one would have a hard matter to find it, and ſent her to the Count another way. The Lover read it, heard the Story which *Iſabella* told him how the Letter was taken from her, and was ſo concern'd for *Eleonora*'s ſake, that he was almoſt beſides himſelf. He examin'd the old Woman about the Lad's Dreſs and Mien, but ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſo frighten'd, that ſhe could give him no Account of either the one or the other. He anſwer'd the laſt Billet, and, in all the moving Phraſes he could think of, endeavour'd to expreſs his Sorrow for the Misfortune that had befallen them, promiſing that he would not ſleep till he had News of the laſt Letter, and had chaſtis'd the infamous Traytors. He gave this Billet to the old Woman, and bad her go home by the Way where ſhe was aſſaulted, and to fear nothing, for two Men ſhould follow her, and prevent her being ill us'd; *Iſabella* ſeeing her ſelf thus under Convoy, took Courage, and went home that way without meeting any Oppoſition. The Count all this while walk'd muſing up and down his Chamber, meditating a thouſand cruel Deſigns of Reſentment and Revenge againſt *Camillo*, whom he believ'd to be the Author of this Treachery. As ſoon as his Men were come back, he took two others arm'd along with him, and went directly to *Camillo*'s Houſe, to take him thence by force, and carry him to a Place where he might oblige him to reſtore the Billet, and treat him afterwards as he ſhould think fit; but no *Camillo* was to be found. He ſent three or four Men about diſguis'd to ſee for him, but they could get no Tidings of him. He order'd him to be ſought after at the Guard, and all Places where he us'd to lie, but no News of him. *Camillo* was all that while at his old Lieutenant's near *Eleonora*'s Houſe, where

he

he ſpent the Night in watching for the Lady's coming, as 'twas hinted in the Billet. The Count not knowing what to do, and having hunted about till Midnight, return'd home very diſconſolate that he could do no more, adjourning the Proſecution of his Search till next Day, reſolving to execute his Deſign upon *Camillo*, tho' he found him in the midſt of the Pope's Guards: But he was ſcarce got home before he receiv'd a Billet from *Veronica*, which put him out of Pain; informing him, That her Couſin could not forbear coming that very Evening to tell her what ſhe had done, triumphing in ſo glorious an Action by ſhewing her the Letter. She did not believe her Revenge would be compleat, unleſs 'twas known eſpecially to *Veronica*, who had heard the ſevere Reflections *Eleonora* had made on her, wherefore ſhe reſolv'd ſhe ſhould ſee ſhe underſtood how to do her ſelf Juſtice for ſuch Affronts. But *Veronica*, who did not concern her ſelf in this Quarrel farther than her Friendſhip to her Couſin engag'd her in it, and who ſaw more than a Woman blinded by Paſſion; and as to the Conſequences of it, pity'd her Madneſs, foreſeeing the Misfortunes that would befall her for it, and that are not yet over with her; ſhe did not ſtand to give her Couſin wholeſome Advice, becauſe ſhe perceiv'd ſhe was not in a Condition to hearken to it. However, fearing to ſhare the Miſchief that might come to her, and perhaps deſiring to oblige the Count, as ſoon as ſhe was gone ſhe wrote to him all ſhe had learn'd of her about the Billet; and that no body might diſcover her Informations, ſhe diſguis'd her ſelf like a Servant, and carry'd her Letter her ſelf, recommending it to his People as a Letter of Conſequence to be given him immediately, and away ſhe went. Indeed ſhe could not have done him a greater Piece of Service, for it deliver'd him out of a great deal of Trouble which he was giving himſelf, by the Revenge he meditated againſt *Camillo* for an Action of which he was not guilty; and beſides he could have got nothing by his Violence, but the Copy of the Billet he was hunting for, *Celinda* having the Original by her, and being the Author of the Treachery. He contriv'd all Night long, how he might effectually have Satisfaction for this Affront done his Miſtreſs and himſelf. As ſoon as 'twas Day, he gave *Valentine* the neceſſary Inſtruction what ſhould be done in that Caſe, and firſt he or-

order'd him to get *Celinda*'s Lackey apprehended as a Thief and Aſſaſſin. And the Count being a Man of ſuch Quality and Intereſt, needed only to write to the Magiſtrates about, which he did it. The Lackey was ſeis'd and thrown into the Dungeon of the Jayl. The following Billet from *Celinda* to *Camillo*, was found in his Pocket when he was taken coming out of his Miſtreſs's Houſe.

" I hear the Count is mightily concern'd for the Loſs of " the Letter; that he did not reſt all laſt Night about it, of " which he ſpent the greateſt Part in running up and " down ſearching for the Perſon that play'd him this " Trick, and the reſt in writing Letters. I am very much " afraid he thinks you did it. Stand upon your Guard, and " eſpecially if he talks to you, have a care how you give " him the leaſt Reaſon ro ſuſpect 'twas I, for he may ruin " me. Pray ſend me back the Copy of the Billet by my " Lackey, for he knows my Hand. Farewel, let me ſee " you before Dinner, that we may conſult together what " is to be done in the Caſe.

CELINDA.

The *Barigello* or Provoſt, who ſeiz'd the Lackey, took this Letter from him, and carry'd it immediately to the Count, perceiving it related wholly to him, and would pleaſe him to ſee it, as indeed it did. He was glad the young Fellow was apprehended, and gladder that he had got *Celinda*'s Letter. After which, he thought he needed only ſend *Valentine* for his, and he would not be at the Pains to write to her; bidding him tell her, That ſhe could not do better for her ſelf and all her Family, than to ſend him the Billet, otherwiſe he would ſpeak to her Husband, and make her deliver it up by force. *Valentine* went to *Celinda*'s, but ſhe was gone out. For when ſhe heard her Lackey was thrown into Jayl on the Count's Complaint as a Thief and Aſſaſſin, ſhe was terribly alarm'd, as well on account of the Billet he had about him, which ſhe had written to *Camillo*, as fearing he would confeſs the whole Story, and that 'twould make a Noiſe, and come to her Husband's Ears. So ſhe ran, all undreſs'd as ſhe was, to her Couſin's, to know if ſhe had given the Count

Count notice of what had paſs'd concerning the Billet, and to adviſe with her what ſhe ſhould do to ſoften him, and procure her Lackey's Liberty. She had ſcarce told her what ſhe came about, before *Valentine*, not knowing ſhe was there, went to *Veronica*'s, to thank her in his Maſter's Name for the Obligation ſhe had laid upon him, and to aſſure her he would acknowledge it on all Occaſions, in which ſhe might think fit to make uſe of his Service: But underſtanding *Celinda* was with her, he deſir'd to ſpeak with her as a Man that had ſomething of Conſequence to tell her, for which he had been at her Houſe. *Celinda* was more and more confirm'd in her Suſpicions, that the whole Matter was come out. So ſhe ask'd *Veronica*'s Leave that the Man might enter her Chamber, and ſpeak to her before her. *Valentine* was glad of that; in he went, and very gravely deliver'd his Meſſage, giving her to underſtand the Count was not a Man to be dallied with, and ſhe muſt reſtore the Billet immediately, or expect to meet with ſuch Troubles as would be the Ruin of her Husband and all her Family, which would fall upon her ſelf firſt, and overwhelm her. The haughty *Celinda* was frighted at theſe Threats, and endeavour'd to find out ſome Excuſe, ſaying ſhe had burn'd it. But *Valentine* continuing to talk to her in a high Tone, threatned to have her carry'd out of the Houſe before he ſtir'd, unleſs ſhe deliver'd the Letter. Her Couſin beg'd her to do it with Tears in her Eyes; and *Celinda* hoping her doing it would prevail upon the Count to releaſe her Lackey, *Valentine* promis'd to intercede for him; but adviſ'd her to write a Letter to his Maſter, who was enrag'd at her, to bring him into a better Humour; which ſhe did, and the Count was glad of it, it being a Confirmation of the other Letter. However he took no notice of it, thinking it would not be Prudence in him to let the Lackey have his Liberty till he was puniſh'd for his Inſolence. He rejoyc'd that he had got the dear Billet, eſpecially finding 'twas of ſuch Importance; he preſently let her know he had it, and ſent it her back that ſhe might not doubt it. He wrote her a full Account of his Adventure in the Search of it, and ſent her alſo *Celinda*'s Two Letters, that ſhe might have the full Pleaſure of the Succeſs of this Affair. *Valentine* had the Charge of delivering the Packet to the old Woman to give it to her

Miſtreſs, the Thing being of too much Conſequence to be truſted with any one elſe; ordering him to bid the old Woman tell her Miſtreſs, that the *Count* would make her another long Viſit on purpoſe to give her an Opportunity to ſend an Anſwer, if ſhe thought fit, and it might be given to him when he return'd. *Eleonora*, who had not ſlept all Night for the Concern ſhe was in about her *Billet*, was extreamly comforted to ſee it in her own Cuſtody again, tho' ſhe did not doubt but Copies were taken of it, and would be diſpers'd about Town. However 'twas a great Matter that ſhe had her own Hand-writing again, that it could not appear againſt her, and that ſhe might now diſown the Letter, and all that could be ſaid of it to her Father and Brother, whoſe hearing of it ſhe was moſt afraid of. She was well pleas'd alſo to ſee her Rival's Letters, and her Pride abated; ſhe would not fail to return her Thanks to the *Count* for the Zeal he ſhew'd on this Occaſion; and he having deſir'd that he might ſee her at Night, having a great deal more than what he ſaid to ſay to her, ſhe permitted him to come, but recommended to him to be well attended, for ſhe ſtill was afraid of *Camillo*, that he might ſhew him Foul-Play. This Anſwer being written down, and ſealed up, was given to *Valentine*, who deliver'd it to his Maſter. And now every thing was to go as the *Count* would have it, who in the Afternoon had another Meſſage from *Celinda* on behalf of her Lackey, *Veronica*, at her Couſins earneſt Requeſt, coming with it: The *Count* told her, ſhe had ſo ſenſibly oblig'd him by the Advice ſhe had given him, that 'twas not in his Power to deny her any Thing, yet he deſir'd her to conſider a little of what Conſequence that was; and if he was enlarg'd, he muſt require two Things; the one, That *Celinda* ſend him the Copy of the Letter which ſhe had given to *Camillo*, and the other, That if the Lackey was enlarg'd, he ſhould be driven out of *Rome*, and never return, on pain of being ſent to the Gallies. *Veronica* anſwer'd, That as to the Copy, *Camillo* had, and what ſhe believ'd to be the only one that was taken of it, her Couſin intended to deliver it up, and would have done it before could *Camillo* have been found; but whatever Search had been made for him, no News of him could be heard, but that he was gone into the

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Country to paſs away the Time on the ill Succeſs of his pretended Marriage. And as to the Baniſhment of the Lackey, ſhe hop'd, when *Celinda* had done all that could be deſir'd of her, he would grant him an entire Pardon. The *Count* ſhew'd that he would not be inflexible on that Article, and *Veronica* took her Leave of him to carry her Couſin his Anſwer, That if ſhe would have her Lackey ſet at liberty, ſhe muſt preſently procure the Copy of the *Billet* ſhe had given *Camillo*, ſend it to the *Count*, and engage there were no other Copies of it ſpread about: The Truth is, *Camillo*, the better to conceal his Deſigns, being a Man that was expert in all bloody Exploits and Aſſaſſinations, got a Horſeback the Evening before, and gave out at his Houſe, and at the Guard, That he was going into the Country for few Days, that he might not be accus'd nor miſtruſted to have given the Blow he meditated. He accordingly rode out at one Gate of the Town, and in at another; left his Horſe with an Acquaintance of his to make uſe of upon occaſion, and, wrap'd up in his Cloak, retir'd to the old Lieutenant's Houſe near *Eleonora*'s. The Lieutenant having receiv'd Notice of his Deſign to come there, waited for him at the Door, and introduc'd him without Noiſe, or being ſeen of any Body. He paſs'd the Night, as I have already hinted, watching to ſee if the *Count* came to the Place of Rendezvous, either to do a Brave Thing, as he call'd it, or to ſee what paſs'd, and take his Meaſures to revenge himſelf another time; and, if he could, rather on her than on him, being moſt enrag'd at her, and there was leaſt Danger in having to do with her than with him: Tho' the *Count* did not appear that Night, he thought he ſhould have him one time or other, and reſolv'd to wait for him, that he might not miſs his Blow, nor ſtir out of that Houſe till he had had Ocular Demonſtrations of the Commerce between them. It was not long before he had full Satisfaction on that Head, for the next as had been agreed upon between the two Lovers. He came about 11 a Clock, accompanied by two Men; he did not know him at firſt, it being dark, and the *Count* cover'd with a long Cloak, which he giving to one of his Men, *Camillo* perceiv'd it was him by the greatneſs of his Air, and the brightneſs of his Cloaths, which ſhone with Diamonds.

He ſuppos'd he was to enter *Eleonora*'s Houſe, or talk to her thro' a Window, which was what he deſir'd: But he was very much ſurpris'd to ſee him enter the narrow Lane, where he did not believe there was ever a Door or Hole to peep into the Houſe at. The Room he was in had a Window on that ſide: He ran thither, ſaw the *Count*, heard the three Raps at the Dormer-Window, took it for the Signal, and ſoon after the Window was open'd. He liſten'd attentively ſome time, heard Voices, but could not diſtinguiſh the Words. He had his Fuſee ready loaden in his Hand, and could not have miſs'd wounding the *Count*, had he not kill'd him: But beſides, that his Fury againſt him was ſomething abated ſince yeſterday Morning, by abundance of Reflections on the Murder of a Perſon of his Quality, he ſaw the two that accompanied him, whom he knew to be as Brave as he; and that reſtrain'd him. So like a wiſe conſiderate Man, he laid by his Fire-Arms, and contented himſelf at that time with being the Spectator of a Scene, the Pleaſure of which was for another, and not for him, and which he hop'd to ſtain with Blood, at the Expence of thoſe that gave him ſo wretched an Entertainment. It laſted two or three Hours, and he all that while was ready to burn with Envy and Rage. At laſt it clos'd: He heard them bid one another Adieu, and the Kiſſes that follow'd; the like of which he had heard before, and thought they were Kiſſes on the Hand, yet they pierc'd his Heart as much as if he had ſeen them printed on her Lips. He ſpent this Night in leſs Tranquillity than the laſt, and his Rage was ſo great, that the Day brought him no Eaſe: Our Lovers delighting ſtill extreamly in ſeeing and converſing with one another at Night, were lull'd aſleep by the Sweetneſs of ſo charming a Converſation, and did not miſtruſt that any one would intervene to diſturb their Pleaſures. Next Morning they communicated to one another their Impatience to meet, by Letters, and the following Night was appointed for their Meeting; but never was Meeting more unhappy, and dearly they paid for their laſt Pleaſures. The furious *Camillo*, after having meditated a thouſand ways to revenge himſelf on *Eleonora*, thought of cutting her over the Face, and ſpoiling her Beauty, the moſt dreadful Miſchance that could befall a young Woman. He found

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he might do it through the hole in the narrow Lane; and knowing the Hour and Signal, might impoſe himſelf upon her for the *Count*, and ſo get an Opportunity to do her the Miſchief he had projected. He was provided with a Fuſee, Two Piſtols, a Sword, a Hunting Knife, which was as keen as a Razor, reſolving to uſe that which was moſt proper for his Purpoſe. He came out of the Lieutenant's Houſe ſoftly, as long before the uſual Hour of Rendezvous as he thought was reaſonable for him to expect he might do what he intended, and get off. He ſlip'd into the narrow Lane, came to the Dormer-Window, gave Three Raps, as he heard the *Count* did; and *Eleonora*, who juſt then came to *Iſabella*'s Chamber, hearing the Noiſe, ran to open it; and, thinking to ſurpriſe the *Count*, thruſt her Hand out as an act of Gallantry, which was immediately ſeis'd in a horrible manner, and ſhe had ſcarce Time to cry out as ſhe did before ſhe found her ſelf without a Hand; ſhe fell down in a Swoon, and had not Power to ſay a Word. *Iſabella*, who by chance was in a Room adjoyning to hers, and did not believe the *Count* was come yet, or that there was any Body at the Window, hearing her Miſtreſs cry out in ſo lamentable a manner, ran frighted out of her Wits to ſee what was the Matter; and when ſhe ſaw her bleeding on the Ground, imagining ſhe was dead, ſhe fell down by her in a Swoon alſo. The Father, who, as I have ſaid, lay over head, was but half a-ſleep, and awoke at the Noiſe, which ceaſing on a ſudden, he could not tell whether he dream'd, or had indeed heard his Daughter's Voice, till hearing *Iſabella* cry out alſo, and tumble down, he ſuppos'd ſome Miſchief had happen'd to the old Woman, and that 'twas ſhe, and not his Daughter, who cry'd out before: So he roſe, put on his Morning Gown, and went down to ſee what was the Matter. *Valerio* was not yet gone to Bed; and hearing a Noiſe, and his Father afterwards riſe and go down, he took his Candle, and haſten'd to *Iſabella*'s Room. He came there as ſoon as his Father: And who can tell the diſmal Lamentations they made at the Sight of ſo melancholy a Scene, poor *Eleonora* lying there all bloody, and dead as they thought, and the old Woman by her! The Father could hardly ſpeak or ſtir, ſo great was his Sorrow and Surpriſe? The Brother, whoſe Cries were loud

enough to reach the Heavens, ran to his Sister, and found her Bleeding, and without a Hand: He did all he could to stop the Blood, but all he did was in vain; however, he perceiv'd there was Life in her, and told his Father that she would die only through loss of Blood, desiring him to hold her Arm while he call'd a Surgeon. He ran away as fast as he could; and going through the same Street the *Count* was to come by to the Place of Rendezvous, met him, but he was in so much Concern he did not know him, being wrap'd up in his Cloak, *Valentine* following his Master. *Valerio* knew him, and, weeping, cry'd out, Ah, *Valentine*, where's my Lord? The *Count*, surpris'd at the mournful Voice with which he spoke, stop'd short, and ask'd, What's the Matter? Why do you run so fast? Ah, my Lord, reply'd *Valerio*, my Sister is murder'd, her Hand is cut off: I am going for a Surgeon, a Friend of mine, but am afraid she will not live till I come back. Oh Heav'ns, says the *Count*! What do you tell me! Go you, continued he, hardly able to express himself, to your Surgeon, and you, *Valentine*, fetch mine. *Valerio* telling him, that his Father, who was half dead, might want such a Man as *Valentine*: The *Count* sent him to him immediately, and he came in good time, for the Father could not have help'd his Daughter any longer. The *Count* call'd his Surgeon himself; and both of the Surgeons arriv'd at the same time. They found *Eleonora* a little reviv'd by the little Remedies *Valentine* had made use of, but she was so weak she could hardly look up. They were all frighted to see what quantity of Blood she had lost, and doubted whether or no she could survive it. The *Count*'s Physician came also. The young Lady was carried into her Chamber, her Arm view'd, and they found her Hand cut off so cleanly, as if it had been done with a Razor. The Surgeons apply'd the necessary Remedies to it, and she swooned away twice or thrice in the Operation. The Wound was not mortal, unless the loss of so much Blood render'd it so. The *Count* advis'd that nothing should be said of it, as well to amuse the Assassin, as to prevent the making a hundred false Stories on so fatal an Adventure, which might be injurious to the Lady's Reputation. The Surgeons were therefore charg'd with Secresie, who, having done their Business

ſineſs, retir'd, but the Doctor ſtay'd. They oblig'd the Father to go to Bed, he being himſelf more dead than alive. *Valentine* wanted ſadly to know how this Misfortune happen'd, to acquaint his Maſter. He could not enquire of *Eleonora*, becauſe ſhe was not in a Condition to ſpeak. He ask'd the old Woman, but ſhe knew nothing of it, being then in her own Room; only ſhe ſaid, ſhe believ'd 'twas done through the little Window, which was eaſie to be ſeen by the Blood ſpilt in the Street, and down the Wall of the Houſe. No Body could tell what was become of the Hand, nor imagine how it could come through the Hole, unleſs *Eleonora* had contributed her Part. In a Word, after much Reaſoning upon it, which was all to no purpoſe, ſome of the Family were ſo curious, as to go and ſearch the other ſide of the Lane, where they found the poor Hand with two Rings ſtill on its Fingers; the Wretch having drop'd it, and thought of nothing but to fly as faſt as he could out of Danger. Every Body believ'd 'twas *Camillo* that did the bloody Deed, enrag'd at the young Gentlewoman's refuſing to be his Wife. *Valentine* knowing how impatient his Maſter would be to hear ſome News of his Miſtreſs, and ſeeing there was no more need of him, return'd home. He found the *Count* in ſuch a Condition, that one would not have expected his Life a Moment hardly, never was Man ſo afflicted; and if *Valentine* had not behav'd himſelf very prudently, by telling him the Surgeons and Phyſitian were of Opinion ſhe would not die, he could not in all probability have out-liv'd that Night. *Valentine* told him all he knew of the Adventure. After which, the *Count* ſent him again to inquire how *Eleonora* did, and order'd him to go every two Hours, which he did till the next Day Evening, when the *Count* would go ſee her himſelf, not being able to ſtay from her any longer. His Grief encreas'd when he enter'd the Houſe, eſpecially when he ſaw the Father, who was extreamly ſurpris'd to ſee him ſo pale and ſorrowful, for he was not himſelf; and ſaid ſuch moving Things on the Concern he was in for this fatal Misfortune, that they perceiv'd what they had not till then ſuſpected, that *Eleonora*'s Beauty had touch'd the *Count*'s Heart; and he was far from making it a Myſtery to them, declaring, That he was come to let them know,

know, he was the innocent Cauſe of this Aſſaſſination. He firſt ask'd how ſhe did, and was told ſhe had ſlept a little after Dinner, and ſeem'd to be ſomewhat better, but ſhe was Feveriſh. As ſoon as ſhe came to her ſelf, ſhe ask'd for her Hand; and when ſhe heard 'twas found, ſhe rejoyc'd extremely. The Time of the ſecond Dreſſing being come, the Surgeons and Phyſician examining it, declared, the Arm was mending, but the young Lady was weak, and they were afraid of her Life, the Fever continuing. However, they would not frighten the *Count* and the Father, by telling 'em ſuch ſad News; they ſaid only, they could not as yet make any Judgment of the Danger. The *Count* endeavour'd to prepare himſelf for the worſt that could happen; and ſeeing 'twas high time to ſpeak to her Father, he took him aſide, and diſcover'd his Love to his Daughter, proteſting 'twas honourable and virtuous, and no more than ſo lovely a Creature deſerv'd; and to ſhew he was in earneſt, he demanded her of him in Marriage. The Father was amaz'd to hear a Perſon of the *Count*'s Quality talk ſo, eſpecially conſidering the Condition his Daughter was in; and not ſuffering himſelf to be dazled by the Honour ſuch a Propoſition did to his Family, he repreſented to him at large, that he was too generous, praying, with all Subminiſſion, to give him Leave not to let him wrong himſelf ſo much, and to refuſe a Thing of which he might one Day repent if his Daughter liv'd, and which would injure his Reputation if ſhe ſhould die, her Quality being by no means equal to his. The *Count*, who was not in a Condition to uſe many Words, ſaid, in ſhort, He ſaw in his Daughter all that he deſir'd to have in a Wife, and whether ſhe liv'd or died he would never marry another Woman. He pray'd him not to oppoſe it, nor diſſuade him from it, for he was reſolv'd with his Conſent to make her his Wife immediately, deſiring he would only communicate it to Two or Three of his Friends, whom he would have to be Witneſſes of their Marriage. The good Man perceiving 'twas the *Count*'s Reſolution, and not knowing what Anſwer to make, reply'd, That he was afraid the World would put an ill Conſtruction on his permitting him to overwhelm him with Honour and Kindneſs; but he hop'd he would be ſo juſt to him, as to own 'twas againſt

againſt his Will. The *Count* embrac'd him; and having ask'd him to give him his Word upon it, and the Father doing it with Joy, ſaid, He was as glad as a Man could be under ſo much Affliction, and only deſir'd his Daughter might live. After that, he would not ſtir out of the Houſe, looking upon it as his Father-in-Laws. The next Day, the Phyſician ſaid *Eleonora* was much better, her Fever was abated, and ſhe talk'd a little livelier than ſhe had done ſince ſhe was wounded; which perhaps was caus'd by her hearing the Count was in the Houſe, and that he even lay there. She deſir'd to ſee him, but the Doctor was afraid 'twould cauſe ſome Change; but ſhe preſſing it very much, he conſented, provided ſhe promis'd to talk little, for her Life was concern'd; and the *Count* was too much intereſted in it not to take Care to manage it as tenderly as he could. The Lover came in, and they were left alone. She felt ſome Emotions at the firſt ſight of him, but it did her no Hurt, and ſhe return'd to her State ſhe was in before: As for him, he was like a Man half dead. He fell down on his Knees, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, and 'twas ſome Moments before he could ſpeak a Word, contenting himſelf with taking hold of her poor wounded Arm, and kiſſing it a Thouſand and a Thouſand times. She told him, in a few Words, how that Misfortune happen'd to her; and the *Count* was ready to die of Grief at the hearing of it. He comforted her as well as he could, ſaid all that ſo tender and paſſionate a Lover could think of on ſuch an Occaſion; but he did not mention a Word of their Marriage, it being thought improper: So they reſolv'd to ſtay, and ſee how ſhe was the next Day firſt. The Doctor ſeeing the Interview laſted a little too long, told *Valentine* of his Uneaſineſs about it; and he went into the Room and told the *Count*, who, knowing he ſhould be moſt ſorry if it did her any harm, took his Leave, promiſing to ſee her again the next Day. When he was come out of the Chamber, the Lover deſir'd to ſee his Miſtreſs's Hand that was cut off; which was brought him neatly wrapt up in fine Linen. The *Count* could not help weeping, and ſhaking with Horrour of ſo barbarous an Action, at the ſight of the dear Hand which he had ſo often kiſs'd with tranſporting Pleaſure. In the Evening, when the

Surgeons

Surgeons came to dreſs *Eleonora*'s Arm, he order'd his to ſet ſome skilful Goldſmith to make a Hand of pure Gold, that the other might be embalm'd and put up in it, as in a Caſe.

The Father, by the *Count*'s Deſire, invited Three of his Relations, Gentlemen of Faſhion, to come to his Houſe; and he had a long Conference with them about the *Count*'s Deſign to marry his Daughter, which they thought was the greateſt Honour that could happen to their Family. They all together went to his Chamber to pay their Duty to him, and return him their Thanks for his Kindneſs to their Kindred, and the Glory he would bring to all their Houſe by an Alliance with it. The *Count* receiv'd 'em very honourably, and ſhew'd in his Anſwer his Eſteem and Affection for all their Family, and the Value he had for the young Lady's Virtue and Merit. The Company talking more at large on this lovely Perſon's Misfortune, every Body concluded that *Camillo* was the Author. Little was ſaid of the *Count*'s Amours, which were the Occaſion of it; becauſe they were unwilling to aggravate his Sorrows, by entring upon ſuch an ungrateful Subject. The *Count* at laſt deſir'd they might be married the next Day, and that they would all Three come then with a Prieſt and Notary of their Acquaintance to ſolemnize their Nuptials. On the Morrow the Doctor ſaid the Diſtemper was not ſo violent as before, at leaſt not worſe, tho' the Fever continued. The *Count*, however, was reſolv'd not to defer his Marriage, hoping 'twould help to reſtore her to her Strength, which ſhe only wanted by the Pleaſure ſhe would take in it. Her Father viſited her to tell her the News; and indeed, if any Thing was capable of giving her Joy, and ſave her Life, 'twas ſuch a Felicity as that, which ſhe did not expect, and was ſo tranſported to her, that ſhe ſweated all over, and ſwoon'd away, out of which Swoon ſhe was eaſily recover'd, there being more Rapture than Diſeaſe in it. She even ſeem'd to be better all Day after, during which the *Count* ſtay'd by her Bed-ſide, on Condition that they were neither of 'em to talk. In the Evening, her Relations came with a Prieſt and Notary. The Marriage was celebrated to the equal Joy of the Two Lovers; and, in acknowledgment of her Affections, the *Count* preſented his

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs with a Diamond-Necklace worth 20000 *Crowns* that had been his Mothers: Beſides this, he gave her Two Diamond Bracelets, which he himſelf ty'd round her Arm that was not wounded; and a Diamond Ring, which he put on her Finger. There was a magnificent Feaſt at Night by the *Count*'s Order; at which were preſent, the Bride's Relations, the Prieſt, the Notary, and the Doctor; the whole Company being as joyous as the Occaſion requir'd. The next Day, which was the Fourth of *Eleonora*'s Fever, ſhe ſeem'd to be worſe, which was imputed to the Emotions ſhe was in the Day before, when the Ceremony was perform'd: The greateſt Feſtival ſhe ever knew, or was to know as long as ſhe liv'd. The *Count* never left her; but both of 'em obſerv'd the Doctor's Orders, not to ſay a Word. The Fifth Day ſhe grew worſe, and the Phyſician ſaid, her Strength fail'd her very much. The Sixth Day ſhe was worſe ſtill: The whole Houſe was alarm'd, and none more than the *Count*. The Surgeon brought him the Golden Hand he had order'd to be made; and the Goldſmith had ſhewn his utmoſt Art in the Workmanſhip: The true Hand was embalm'd, and treaſur'd up in it, as in a Caſe. After which, the *Count* demanded of his Bride if ſhe would give him that dear Hand; and ſhe replying, That nothing now was her own, but all his, and that ſhe had along time ago given it him with her Heart; he put it in the Cavities of the hollow Gold Hand, adorn'd with ſeveral Diamond Rings. He ſhew'd it to her; ſhe was extreamly well pleas'd, ſaying, That ſhe had nothing now to deſire in the World, and ſhould die contented. In the mean time the *Count* order'd all his Affairs, ſo that he might leave the Town when he would at an Hours Warning. His Gentleman of the Horſe was gone away with his Domeſticks Four Days before to a Caſtle he had Six Leagues off, in the Road to *Naples*. He kept no more Servants with him than he had preſent Occaſion for; and hearing in the Evening that *Camillo* was come to Town, he went and lay at his own Houſe, to prepare for the Execution of the Deſign he had meditated. Part of the Night he ſpent in writing Letters to his chief Relations and Friends to leave with *Valentine*, that as need requir'd he might make uſe of 'em, and inform thoſe Lords of all that had paſſed. The next Morning,

ning, having finish'd what Business of Importance remain'd unfinish'd, he went about Twelve a Clock in the Forenoon to the Palace to walk before the Guard-Room, as he some times did, hoping *Camillo*, who being the Second Officer of the Regiment was commonly there, would be on Duty then, and he might have an Opportunity to talk to him, and engage him to go home with him. This wretched Man, for he must be so call'd, tho' he did not deserve the Name of a Man, or Pity from any Thing Humane, fled into the Country as soon as he had perpetrated this horrid Act. From thence he sent a faithful Servant, whom he could trust, twice or thrice to Town to hear what was said, and if the *Count* stir'd upon it: But being inform'd always, that it did not make the least Noise; that he was not sought for, nor prosecuted for this Business; that every Thing was quiet at *Eleonora*'s Fathers; that the *Count* was in the Country, as he had given out, and not a Servant left at home; that 'twas thought the young Lady was out of Danger; and her Relations would not have it known for fear of her Reputation; that there being no Witnesses to prove the Fact upon him, as he might be sure there were not, he might return boldly, and take on the Discharge of his Commission, as if nothing had been done. So on the Sixth Day he mounted his Horse, and rode to Town, where he arrived about Eight a Clock at Night; and the Seventh, went to the Guard, as he us'd to do. About Twelve a Clock the *Count* came there, and *Camillo* being the first that spy'd him, to remove all Suspicion from him, accosted him with an open and smiling Air; asking him how he did, because he seem'd so alter'd, and so pale. The *Count* reply'd, He had been Five or Six Days in the Country, and had fatigu'd himself a little with Hunting, which had put him somewhat out of Order; but he would rest himself now, and leave Hunting a while, to divert himself with Musick: To which end, he should have a good Consort at his House in the Afternoon, and if he would come and partake of it, he should be very welcome. *Camillo* humbly thank'd him for the Favour he did him: And the *Count* added with an obliging Air, To dine with him; saying, He had a very good Dinner at home, made up in part of the Game he kill'd yesterday,

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and

and had only the Gentleman's Company who was with him. He added, If you'll make a third Man, come along with us, and you will oblige me. Tho' *Camillo* did not know the Gentleman that was with the *Count*, he gave into the Deceit, and without any more Words or Ceremonies went home with 'em. The Cloth was laid in a Hall, at the end of which was a Garden, where the *Count* us'd to have his great Dinners, when he had not a mind to be heard in the Street. The Diſhes were ſerv'd in, and the *Count* ask'd *Camillo*, whether he would not drink a Flask of *Florence*, for he had ſome that was Excellent. He knew he lov'd it, and would be fuddled with it ſometimes. *Camillo* lik'd the Propoſal. A Taſte was brought him, and he found 'twas as good as the *Count* ſaid it was. So the Glaſs went round; and the *Count* hugg'd himſelf, to think he was ſo likely to have a compleat Revenge. All the Doors of the Houſe were faſt ſhut; he had no Body in it but Men for his Purpoſe, and his Man could not eſcape him. He drank to him often, to encourage him to drink; and ſo did the other Gentleman, whom the *Count* had got there to aſſiſt him in his Deſign: But there was no occaſion of tempting him to Drink, for, beſides that, he lov'd drinking naturally, the Wine invited him to take off his Glaſs freely, and he drank of it plentifully when he was prepar'd for it. The People that waited according to the Inſtructions they had receiv'd, when he call'd for Wine, gave him ſome out of a Bottle in which were Drugs that would make him drunk the ſooner. Three or four Bumpers of this did his Buſineſs, inſomuch that, not being able to ſit up any longer, down he fell dead on the Floor, at leaſt in appearance. Then the *Count* commanded him to be ty'd Hand and Foot, and his Body bound to a Marble-Pillar near the Chimney, with a Halter about his Neck. When that was done, he left him under the Guard of Four luſty Fellows, of whom the Chief was the Perſon that din'd with him. They had Orders how to proceed in executing this wicked Wretch, (which they began about Six a Clock, when he came a little to himſelf) with affronting, railing at, and tormenting him. The *Count* went to his Father-in-Laws, as well to give *Valentine* the neceſſary Inſtructions in his Affairs, he having not been at home in

Three

Three Days, that no Body might ſuſpect him to be concern'd in *Camillo*'s Fate, as to ſtay with his Wife the little while ſhe had to live. He watch'd with her till Nine a Clock, and then return'd to his own Houſe, not ſaying a Word whither he was going, or that he had got *Camillo*, or what he was doing; only he told 'em, he had a Buſineſs of Importance to conclude that Night, and would be back in Two Hours. When he came to his own Houſe, he found his Patient quite ſober, not ſo much by the Time ſince he was Drunk, as by the bloody Affronts and Torments he had endur'd. As ſoon as the *Count* enter'd the Hall, he ask'd him with a doleful ſubmiſſive Voice, how he had offended him, ſo as to provoke him to let him be treated ſo unworthily and cruelly? The *Count*, without looking upon him, or anſwering him, ſat down in an Elbow Chair that was plac'd near the Table over againſt the Aſſaſſin, and there he began to hear coolly (and looking ſtedfaſtly upon him) all his Complaints and Lamentations, without interrupting him. When he found he had done, he took out the Golden Hand which he had in his Pocket, put it upon the Table, open'd it, and ſhew'd the Hand of his Dear *Eleonora*, asking him if he knew it. *Camillo* at this fatal Sight, which brought his Crime to his Remembrance, was ſtruck dumb, hung down his Head and Eyes, and had not Strength to ſay a Word, but he groan'd as if he was already giving up the Ghoſt.

Then the *Count* upbraided him with his Barbarity, and execrable Treaſon; and kiſſing the Hand a thouſand times, and thinking on the Danger his lovely Wife was in, he ſpoke ſo paſſionately, *Camillo* ſaw his Death was reſolv'd on. He had however recourſe to Prayers, confeſs'd his Crime, and implor'd Pity and Mercy of the *Count* for Heaven's ſake and *Eleonora*'s. All the Anſwer he made, was to ſhew him the Dear Hand again; and as he kiſs'd it, Two of the Men that were by ſeiz'd one of *Camillo*'s Hands, and the Third cut it off with a Sabre. They then left him for half an Hour, all which time he cry'd out in a frightful manner. The *Count* after that ſhew'd him the Hand again, and as he again kiſs'd it, the Men cut off *Camillo*'s other Hand, and left him to languiſh another half Hour; at the end of which, having loſt the uſe of his Speech with the

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Effuſion of his Blood, they ſtrangled him with the Halter that was about his Neck. The Tragedy thus finiſh'd, the *Count* order'd his Men to carry the Body at One a Clock, and hang it up at the ſame Place where he perpetrated the horrid Fact, with his Two Hands ty'd to his Neck, and theſe Words written in large Letters over his Head:

" What leſs did the moſt Perfidious and moſt Cruel Mon-
" ſter, that ever came from Hell, deſerve, after having commit-
" ted ſo barbarous an Action as to aſſaſſinate a young Lady,
" worthy of the Adoration of Mankind for her Virtue
" and Merit, as well as for her Beauty, than to have his
" Two Sacrilegious Hands cut off, and to die like an infa-
" mous Traytor.

The *Count* having nothing more to do, return'd to his Father-in-Law's, whom he found with his Son in a very great Affliction, having no hopes of *Eleonora*'s Life. She had ask'd for him twice to ſee him a few Moments, and take her Laſt Adieu before ſhe dy'd. The News piere'd the *Count*'s Heart, who reply'd, He ſhould at leaſt have this Comfort, that he had reveng'd her Death. The Father was extreamly ſurpris'd at the News, but Sorrow had ſpoil'd his Taſte of Vengeance: On the contrary, he let the *Count* ſee he was very much troubled he ſhould expoſe himſelf in ſuch a manner out of Love to his Family. The *Count* reply'd, There was no need to fear the Conſequence, and that he ſhould have dy'd with Deſpair if he had not done it. He afterwards viſited his Dear *Eleonora*, whom he found ſo ill, that he ſhould have been ſtill more ſorrowful than he was, had the Heart of Man been capable to know more Sorrow. He fell down upon his Knees at her Bed-ſide, and told her, ſhe ſhould not Die unreveng'd, for the infamous Traytor was juſt then expiring in a Halter for his Barbarity to her. That 'twas the Villain *Camillo* who did it, and whoſe Name will be abhorr'd as long as the World laſts. She could only ſigh, and ſay, 'twas more than ſhe deſir'd; for ſhe had pardon'd, and could have wiſh'd that he had pardon'd him alſo, and left Revenge to the Almighty. She alter'd after this News, and could ſpeak no more; which threw the *Count* into ſuch a Tranſ-

port of Grief, that all who ſaw him thought he would have loſt his Life, or his Senſes. He kiſs'd and embrac'd her poor wounded Arm; and ſhe ſeeing him in ſuch a ſad Condition, did her utmoſt to Comfort him: She pray'd him not to forget her as long as he liv'd, and to protect her Family, which ſhe recommended to him. The *Count* reply'd, That her Family now was his by Marriage; and if that was any Conſolation to her, he ſaid, He had given Order that ſhe be treated with the Honours due to his Dear Wife. She then embrac'd him; and there was ſo much Love, Tenderneſs, and ſuch moving Actions on both Sides, that the hardeſt Heart could not but have melted at ſo ſad a Scene: The poor ſick Lady dy'd away under it, and the *Count* gave a Shriek that alarm'd the whole Houſe. Thoſe that were preſent, did what they could to recover the Lady, and the *Count* alſo, for he could no longer ſupport himſelf under his Grief, but Speechleſs ſunk into the Arms of his Man *Valentine*. They were all inexpreſſibly griev'd for the Fair *Eleonora*, who was breathing her Laſt, and for the *Count*, who was little better; and who beſides expos'd his Perſon, by ſtaying in the City ſo long after what he had done to *Camillo*. *Valentine* ſeeing him take ſo little Care of himſelf, told *Valerio* and the Phyſician, that they muſt take him thence by force, and compel him to be gone: Which they did, his Dear *Eleonora* deſiring him for her ſake to depart; but he would not go till he had once more embrac'd her: After which, they again Swoon'd away together. They took the *Count* in his Fit, and carried him to his Coach, which waited for him; and *Valentine* recover'd him with Spirits, accompanying him Two Leagues out of Town, where he took Horſe, and rode off. *Valentine* retutn'd in the ſame Coach to take Care of the *Count*'s Affairs, and *Eleonora*'s Funeral, who dy'd Three Hours after the *Count* left her. She was bury'd with Pomp ſuitable to her Husband's Quality. As ſoon as 'twas Day, the Magiſtrates of the Town heard of *Camillo*'s Body hanging up in the Lane. They enter'd *Eleonora*'s Father's Houſe to enquire about it, and he ſaid, he knew nothing of *Camillo*; but his Daughter had been aſſaſſinated, and was juſt expiring. They examin'd him, his Son, and the old Woman, upon Oath; and it being reported about, that *Camillo* din'd

with

with the *Count* the Day before, his Houſe was ſearch'd, but they found only *Valentine* and Two Women Servants. This is the whole Truth of ſo Tragical a Story, which doubtleſs had ill Conſequences on account of the Share the Two Ladies had in it, eſpecially the Colonel's Wife, who muſt have been very much troubled for her Two Letters, and her Lackey's Impriſonment, who was not yet releas'd.

The Ambaſſador and the Company were ſenſibly touch'd with the Relation of this Tragedy: They heartily pity'd the unfortunate young Lady, and the *Count* as much as ſhe. The Story laſted all the Afternoon. They took a little Walk after it, and then return'd to Supper, to which the *Neapolitan* Gentleman, who told it, was invited.

F I N I S.